Outdoor America

DECEMBER, 1925

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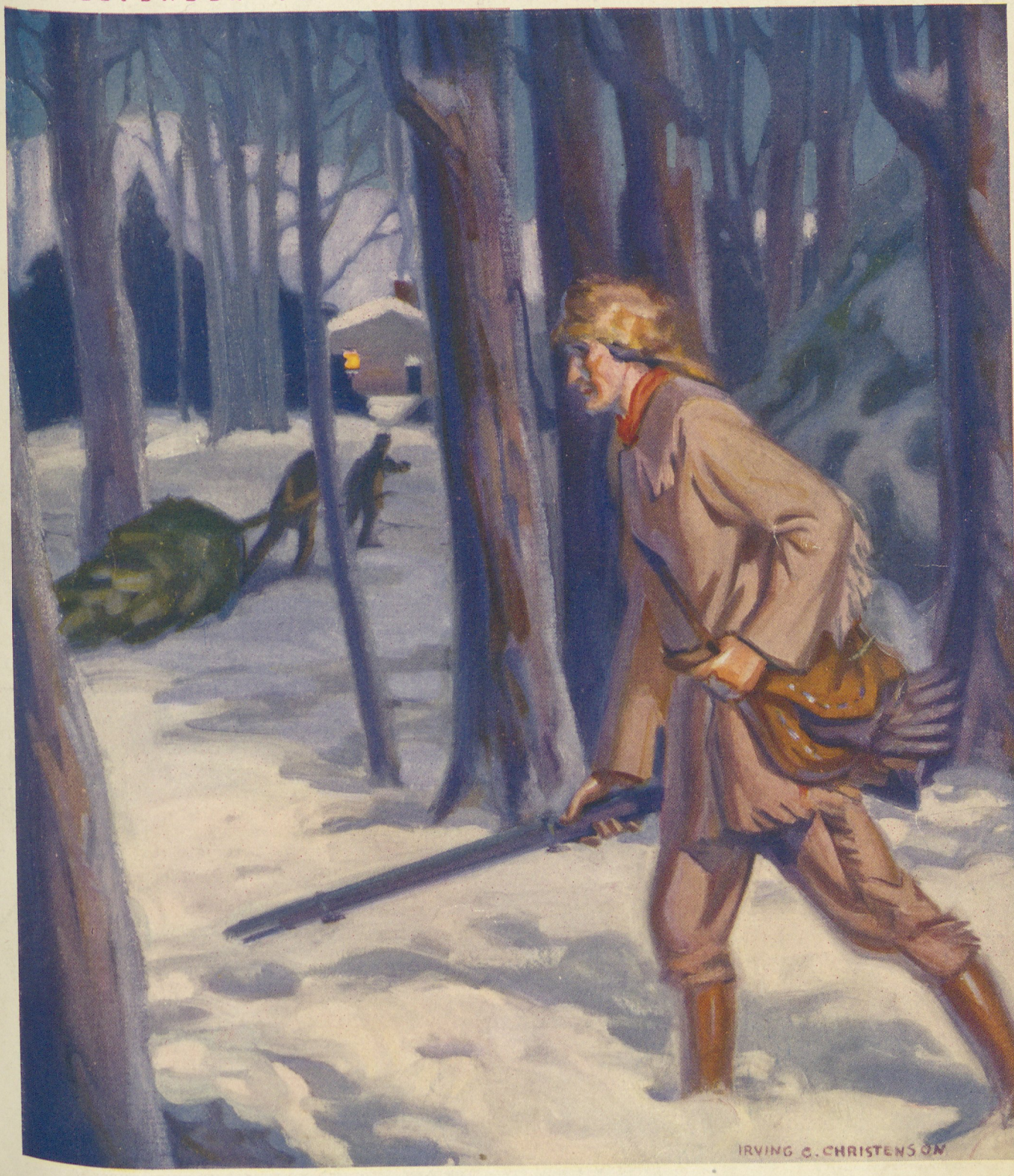
DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE



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By

Frank Winch

Formerly

Assistant Director of Sales E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

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For more than twenty years I have been before the public as a writer, sportsman, rifleman and angler. It has been my privilege to appear on the lecture platform of the largest clubs, civic, patriotic, fraternal and sportsman, in the United States. Millions of people have read my writings; millions more have heard me broadcast over station W. J. Z. Radio Corporation of America. Those of you who know me personally, and thousands of you do, have reasons to know that I have never in any way, at any time, commercialized my love for the outdoors nor have I ever accepted compensation for my writings or addresses. I worked and wrote for the love of the thing, the fun of the thing; and the best years of my life have been consecrated to the cause of better sportsmanship. Naturally all of this leads to the upbuilding of a personal following throughout the country, a colossal number of readers in every part of the United States, and these hosts have honored me with their friendship. This then is my answer to the loyalty that you have shown me, and on it I stake the reputation that it has taken me over twenty years to create, a statement from a square shooter to the best pals any fellow ever had, my brother sportsmen. *You can make money in Florida.* I'll tell you how—I'll send you without obligation a copy of Inside Facts on Realty Investments in the land of Sunshine and Golden Promise.

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The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than four years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. No officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers and artists in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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A Christmas Gift De Luxe

You can talk about your fishin'—catchin' fish that weigh a ton—
Of the balmy Caribbean as it ripples in the sun;
You can rave about the palm trees in the sunny south—but shucks,
When I want some real outdoor sport, I'll take mine shootin' ducks.

Bert Brown.

Vol. 4 No. 5

December Outdoor America 1925

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

Lost River

By Ben East

Do you remember "The Son of Kasper?" Well, "Lost River" is another gripping tale of the north woods country of which Ben East writes entertainingly. Mr. East has just returned from his vacation and has sent us another yarn "Mukwa," which will run in an early issue.

FAR up on the southern slope of the Canadian ridge, a hundred odd miles east of the dark pool of spruce cloaked ridges in which the Nipigon stretches her silver body, is the country of the Little Beaver.

It is four years since Dan Taylor sent me first to stop at the lonely cabin of Jim Grayson, nestling in the edge of the spruce on the north shore of the little hill-framed lake. Four years since, in a low valley, timber flanked, I watched the stain of red widen on the shoulder of the albino buck whose trail I had followed for a week—and watching, without knowing it, I burned out for all time the desire within me to kill. Four years since I sat that night in the cabin, and watched through the one square window, the buck swinging head down, in the starlight—and watching came to know that the desire to kill had passed. Four years since I heard from the big grave man by the fireplace, the story of a pal who had taught him not to kill, and who was down with the spruce at the edge of the Little Beaver now; since I heard him say at the finish, "The pal—his real name was Little Moccasins—" and then, "Didn't Dan tell you I was a Squaw-man?"

It is two years since, in the same cabin I heard from Jim the story of Fangs, who was the wolf son of Kasper—a man's dog and a woman's dog—the pal's dog.

Two years since he told me how Jacques Duprez, a Hudson Bay man from the Post on Nipigon, came one night to Benoir Grayson, whom the Chippewa call the Humming Bird, and who is the daughter of Little Moccasins and Jim—came one night when the pack of gray wolves ran hot on the trail of the wolf-dog, Fangs—how he came and proved he was not a coward.

I shall not go to the country of the Little Beaver again, for the trophies I might bring back—they are there in plenty, in the forest about the little lake—and I will leave them there. But once each year at least, I shall go back to the rough hewn cabin, in the shelter of the spruce, though I do not go to kill.

When the hardwood ridges flame russet and red and gold, and the tawny fields lay, full garnered, tranquil in the sleepy autumn sunshine, the call of the wilderness about the Little Beaver comes strongest—it is then that I shall make the journey, as long as the Master of Life is willing. And always I shall go with the hope that big low-voiced Jim Grayson will reward my coming with some tale of the vast Canadian wilderness, whose child he is.

The hardwood slopes are flaming now—the call is on every touch of the crisp cool morning winds. The blue mirror of the Little Beaver, snowy rimmed with white sand—the dark spruce rising up and up on the ridges behind the cabin—the frost-touched strips of beech and maple in the narrow valleys—the black ribbons of the rivers, cutting the forest—their foamy stretches of white water as they hurry down the slope to where Superior, bridal-veiled with autumn mists awaits their tumultuous coming—these are the mirages that drift in the smoke blue air of distant skylines under each mellow noon-day sun!

And while I dream of them, there comes to me the story of Jean Dardin, the story Jim told me one October night a year ago, while we sat by the crackling fire in the rude stone fireplace of the cabin. From across the lake there came the hoarse challenging bellow of a moose. Close upon it a gray wolf on a ridge to the east, greeted the rising hunting moon with a long quavering song of loneliness. There was a space of silence then, and finally from a dead spruce stub just behind the cabin an owl broke in upon it with mournful hooting. We had smoked silently for a long time, each of us studying the dancing grotesque shadows the fire was flinging into the far corners of the cabin, each too busy with his thoughts to speak. The dark-skinned son of the Humming Bird sat grave-faced on Jim's knee, as silent as we were. When the owl's cry had died away in the timber, and silence fallen on the forest again Jim spoke.

"This night reminds me of Jean Dardin's night."

I was not surprised. I waited, without answering. I would have the story presently. Since he had told me the story of the mound under the clump of spruce at the edge of the lake, there was no tale of his wilderness that this quiet woodsman would not tell.

It is ten Falls ago that Jean Dardin guided for Tom Mayhew . . . So Jim rewarded my silence finally . . . They came across the lake there, one October night just at sundown, in two canoes. I watched them cross and when I saw Jean in the stern of the first canoe I went down to meet them. There were four in the party. This Tom Mayhew was in the bow of Jean's canoe. He stepped out first, a man all of six feet tall, and wide for his height. His face was pudgy and as red as the sun across the lake. He had no neck. His head was crowded down on a thick roll of flesh, above his heavy shoulders and his grizzled iron gray beard covered the under slope of a triple chin. A big man all around; but not all through. I could feel the petty meanness of him thrust out at me even before he stepped ashore.

"So you own the shack where we stay tonight?" He had sized up the cabin before he bothered to speak to me.

The second canoe crowded up onto the sand then. The guide I knew. A Chippewa from the Nipigon, who had guided under Jean for four years. Then I noticed for the first time that the one who rode in the bow of the Indian's canoe was not a man. She stood up, balanced carefully, and stepped ashore. A little slender girl with hair the color of sunlight through the willows in October, and eyes the color of the lake in June. Never have I seen a girl from the outside who stood out against the spruce and the lake and the ridges as did Helen Mayhew. She had been so made for open skies and sunshine, that years of other things had not been able to spoil the picture.

We gave up the cabin to them, that night, and by our campfire, down on the shore there, after supper, Jean told me the story.

He had had a letter two weeks before from Dan Taylor. Dan and Jean and I had camped together when Jean was only a boy. Dan was sending this man Mayhew up to Jean to guide. Dan hated him, he said. "Bulbous" they called him at the foundry.

He was overbearing and mean and lazy, Dan's letter said, and he hoped and believed Jean would be able to cure all of it at once. "I want you to lay out the hardest trip a man was ever guided over," was the way Dan wound it up. "Take another

guide with you—one that won't give out, and you take turns! Drive him till he gives in, and then tell him that I warned you that he would give you a hard trip—that he boasts that Tom Mayhew is a man made of his own gray iron. That will goad him on, and remember Jean Dardin, gray iron is brittle! When he breaks, sneer at him, call him a woman, and then send him back to me! Tom Mayhew, broken, beaten, whipped, by a pair of poor ignorant guides, as he would call you, may be fit to live with! If the Canadian ridges can break a man of gray iron, across their own rugged backs, then lead him up and break him, Jean Dardin!"

"So we planned the trip—Koot-nai, and I," Jean explained. "We would come up here to your cabin by canoe. It is not so bad. Here we would leave the canoe, and push fifty miles in to the falls of the White-Water. He was after moose. We would tell him a story of a bull, a patriarch, who fed around the ponds to the west of the White-Water. There would be more things than two men could carry. We would make three packs, all heavy. Fifty miles of that would do a lot for him. Then we would rush the hunt for three days, let him get his moose, and the fourth morning pack out, with the hide and head. We should have broken him, coming out, Jim Grayson!"

I nodded. "You would have broken such as he is, going in!"

"We met the train, and then there stepped off with him this neice of his—this bit of summer sunshine."

I watched Jean's face as he spoke, something on it warned me. Jean was not new to girls of the outside. Four years he had spent in a college in Montreal, four years when we who knew him up here wagered he would not come back to us at all. But he had come, telling me in his gay French way, that he had found no girl whose voice was as sweet as the wind in the spruce tops, that he had seen no eyes as bright as the flash of a sunbeam on a river rapid! And now as I heard him speak of this Helen Mayhew, I divined suddenly that he had heard a voice sweeter than the wind in the spruce tops, and looked at eyes brighter than the flash of a school of sunbeams!

And remembering the picture she had made when she had stepped up out of Koot-nai's canoe that evening, and remembering how Jean's father had loved his own golden-haired bride, I did not wonder!

"And now," Jean went on, "the trip inland is off. We cannot break the man of cast iron, after all. If, for her sake you will let them stay in your cabin we will hunt with him, till he has killed his moose, and then we will take them down the river and send him back unbroken." Jean's eyes were dreamy. "Perhaps sometime he may come alone."

"Perhaps sometime, Jean, he may go back alone, is what you are really thinking."

Jean started, and then laughed gayly back at me. "Perhaps he may, who knows?" He put up his pipe with that, and unrolled his blankets.

We cooked breakfast the next morning over a little open fire, down by the lake. While we were frying trout the girl came out of the cabin. She stopped just outside the door and took a long breath of the crisp air. Her eyes were as bright as the morning sun on the frosted spruce needles, and both Jean and Koot-nai left off their work about the fire to catch the little expression of delight that burst from her lips at the beauty of the morning. She was down by the fire with us when Mayhew came outside. He was still tired from the upriver trip, the day before, and his greeting was a grunt of dissatisfaction at the hard bed we had given him. Again I watched both Jean and Koot-nai break off their work to listen, and this time they flashed each other an understanding look.

He had Koot-nai bring out the rifles after breakfast. His own was nothing short of an elephant gun; for Helen he had brought a lighter caliber rifle, still too heavy for the girl to carry through the brush all day.

"Well, how soon do we get moose?" he demanded of Jean. "You've bragged a lot about this moose country. We're ready to see, now."

Jean shook his head gravely. "I have not meant to boast," he said. "There are moose here. We shall get you a shot, presently. It is not best to hunt them by day, though. At sunrise they will come down to the shore to feed, or at dusk we can call them. This is the rutting moon."

Mayhew was short. "I didn't hire you to direct the hunt," he said coldly. "I've shot moose before. All I want you to do is to find them for me."

"It is difficult to get a shot on a dry day like this will be," Jean reminded him. "I could have gotten you a shot by being on the river at daybreak, but I thought you would be tired, and not want to be called," I saw his eyes go to Helen's face at this, "You have a week, and moose are fairly plentiful."

Mayhew stared at him a long minute without answering. Then, "Taylor has a hell of an idea as to a good guide," he said coldly.

Jean turned shortly to the Indian. "Throw us up a camp, Koot-nai," he said quietly. "I will go out with Mr. Mayhew."

I knew from the look on his face, that when that day's hunting was finished the breaking process would be well begun after all, and Bulbous Mayhew would have no moose!

Mayhew was more surly than before. "I hired both of you as guides," he burst out. He jerked a thumb at me. "He can throw up the camp."

Both Jean and the girl spoke together, to remonstrate, but I stopped them. I wanted to see it played out.

"We only need a wind break of logs, Jean, this clear weather," I reminded him. "I'll be glad to fix it. Go ahead and show Mr. Mayhew some good hunting."

I caught the answering flash of Jean's eyes, and was satisfied.

"Get your rifle, Helen." His tone was gruff satisfaction at having belittled all of us.

"I don't believe I want to hunt today, Uncle Tom," she told him slowly. "I'm rather tired, and besides its so pretty here, I just want to stay and look at things. Tomorrow, maybe, I'll hunt with you."

He lost his temper entirely at that. "Say, what do you think I bought you that rifle for?" he bellowed at her. "And in the next place, do you think I'm going to have you hanging around here alone all day, with a backwoodsman I never saw before till last night?"

Jean was on his feet, and would have beaten me to it, but before either of us could move, the girl's voice cut in, icy as the north wind.

"Uncle, if you speak that way to me again, on the entire trip, I shall take one of the guides and start for the railroad within a half hour. I told you when you gave me that rifle that I should never point it at a live wild creature, and I have not changed my mind. I shall not hunt with you, today nor any other day. Please consider that settled. I should like, however, to stay and enjoy the trip, but if you do not apologize, right now, to Mr. Grayson, for what you implied concerning him a minute ago, I shall pack up to return, at once!"

Bulbous Mayhew knew his match.

"I didn't mean to make you sore, Helen," he said grudgingly, "and I didn't mean anything about him. I was just disgusted, that's all."

He started toward the cabin, and a white throated sparrow burst suddenly into song, from a low pine, a yard or so from him. He swung the elephant gun up, and the roar of it drowned out the song. He was a good shot. The sparrow drifted out on the still air, a little puff of feathers.

Koot-nai and I were alone by the fire. The Indian spoke for the first time that morning.

"All day yesterday on the river, he shoot birds like that, to see them die. Frogs in the reeds, turtles on the ends of logs, anything alive he shoot. M'sieu Jean tell him finally, he scare moose, deer, an' everything. He stop then. Birds with white throat my frien'. Perch on my tent pole and sing all day when rain come, and sky is gray. If I don't guide him, I choke him for that!"

I laughed. "Jean will fix him for that before night, Koot-nai," I reassured the Indian. My own blood was boiling, though.

They left afoot. At the edge of the clearing Mayhew threw

GYPSY TRAILS

By Harold Renwick Flint

Trees,
Shadow etched
Against the sky;
A campfire dim;
Sweet-scented boughs on which
To lie;
Wild ducks honking, southward
In their flight:
These are magic signs
Of a gypsy night.

Stars,
Point on point
Against the blue;
A crescent moon;
A song within my heart,
And you:
These are gypsy trails
I follow after;
These have wooed the Romany
With love and laughter.

W. E. Cain

Koot-nai spoke in an awed whisper, "The Mad Bear," I can see his white coat.

up his rifle, and fired again. The bark flew from a pine root where a chipmunk had lifted his bright inquisitive eyes to watch them pass.

Jean's voice floated back to me, cold and distinct.

"If you have a feud with life, Mr. Mayhew, you cannot indulge it in this wilderness while I am guiding you. I told you yesterday that careless shooting will ruin your chances of getting so much as a deer."

"Say, who—" Mayhew cut in, but Jean's voice stopped him.

"If that will not keep you from shooting at every live thing you see, perhaps this will. If you kill another creature outside the realm of real game, on this trip, we will take Miss Mayhew back to the railroad, Koot-nai and I, and leave you to make the trip out any way you can! If you had killed that chipmunk, we would be packing now!"

Bulbous didn't reply, but from where I stood I could see venom in his face.

I came out of the cabin a half hour afterward, and Helen Mayhew was gone. She came out from among the thick growth of young spruce, finally, to where I was building a fire reflector of logs. Her eyes were alight with something she had seen.

"I have watched something," she told me, almost in a whisper of exaltation, "some little brown thing, in the lake. A pair of them, building a little round island of moss and reeds, out in the water. They carried mouthfuls, swimming with their heads just out, and then they climbed up, and built, oh so carefully, with their forepaws. What were they?"

"Muskrats. They are building a house in that patch of rushes below the point there."

"Muskrats—" and then after a minute, "and I have worn a coat made of them! How many of the little round houses must have been emptied to make it!" There was regret in her eyes and voice. "I'm glad I know better, now!"

She insisted on cleaning up the dishes after dinner, and when I noticed her again she was feeding the chipmunk that Bulbous had missed that morning, with scraps of bread from between her fingers.

She came to me while I was getting supper.

"Mr. Grayson," she said, "there is something I should like very much. Koot-nai must know some beautiful legends of his people. Could you get him to tell them to me?"

"I don't know, Miss Mayhew. Koot-nai is quiet like all good guides, especially Indians. I have known him for years, and if he knows a single folk-tale, I have never heard it. I know though, that he likes you, from the way he watches you. I'll tell him, and do the best I can for you."

She thanked me, and then after a minute, "There's something else, too. I'm very sorry for the way Uncle acted toward you this morning. You are very kind to take us in this way, and Jean Dardin has treated us very well." She paused a minute. "He does not seem at all like—like I expected a guide would be."

"Jean has had four years in college, Miss Mayhew," I explained. "Perhaps that is why. He only guides because he loves the forest and its people."

"Oh—" From the look of surprise in her wide eyes I knew Jean had not let this be known to her. Then after a minute she changed the subject abruptly. "I trust you will not dislike us too much because of Uncle's ways?"

"We shall not dislike you at all, and a week in the wilderness has been known to change a man, before now."

They came in just at dusk, Jean and Koot-nai and Bulbous, and I knew at once that the day's work had been well done.

"There was a twinkle in Jean's eyes, and even Koot-nai smiled when Mayhew pitched his rifle into a corner, and flopped down, limp and inert, on the bunk.

After supper Jean told me the story. They had found moose-tracks within a half hour. Koot-nai had pretended to trail. The wind was so slight that Mayhew could not tell its direction, and so they had led the hunt straight with it, to insure that he should see no game. They had declared that the trail grew fresher, and so had not even stopped for lunch. Then late in the afternoon they had given up, and led back in a wide circle, through rough country, to the cabin.

Mayhew was too famished to rest, and too tired to eat! And never have I heard a man so bitter in his denunciation of a hunt!

While we washed the dishes I told Koot-nai what the girl had asked of me. He was silent for a long time. Finally—"If the talk around the fire comes right tonight—maybe." I knew it fell far short of a promise.

We sat here in the cabin that night for a long while, smoking. Bulbous was still cursing the day's hunting.

"Shall we try for moose again at daybreak, with the canoe, Mr. Mayhew?" Jean asked him finally.

"I've had enough of tramping around after moose," he growled out. "Is that all you've got to hunt up here?"

Jean's voice was expressionless. "Not at all. We have duck and partridge—" he paused a minute, "and song sparrows," he drawled finally.

I saw Helen's face flush with shame, and Jean was suddenly contrite.

"There are deer in plenty," he hurried on before Mayhew could answer, "and bear and wolves and lynx, though they are harder to hunt."

"Is it true that any of those three will attack a man in the forest, M'sieu Jean?" Helen had acquired Koot-nai's form of greeting, and was using it, with a little sense of restraint, in place of plain Jean.

"A lynx might spring upon a man if he were freezing or starving, and so helpless," Jean told her, "though I doubt it. Of course a lynx cornered or trapped is different. The wolf packs will follow, but will not close in. They say that up on the treeless barrens, where they run gaunt from hunger, it is different. Game of easier killing is too plentiful in the timber."

"You've got a good opinion of your own powers," Mayhew cut in with a caustic laugh. "I don't suppose there is a thing in the whole woods that you are afraid of. Not even a she bear with cubs," he sneered.

"There are but two animals in all the Canadian wilderness this side the Rockies, that I should fear to have cross my trail, if I were alone, without weapons," Jean replied. "One is a timber wolf with rabies—" He paused a minute. "The other is the mad bear of the Indians."

I was surprised at that last. I knew there were legends among the Indians of a mad bear. A great mythical monster, half bear, half human, they talked of, but no credence was ever given any part of the tale by the white hunters and guides. True they did not belittle when the Indians told their stories—but to hear even Jean speak of it, of his own accord, in this grave way—I was puzzled.

"Have you seen the mad bear, Jean?" I asked him.

I think he read the doubt in my voice. His eyes were very grave when he answered me. "No, Jim, but three months ago, in the berrying season, I saw two Chippewas who had. The one told me the story. The other—" he spread his hands expressively, and glanced at Helen Mayhew. I understood. Not a story to be told to her.

Mayhew started to speak, but Jean headed him off.

"Koot-nai," he said, "I overheard Jim asking you tonight, to tell Miss Mayhew a legend of your people. I don't believe even Jim ever heard the story of Lost River. Tell it to her, and then they can judge for themselves about the Mad Bear."

Koot-nai shook his head. "I don't tell story," he said simply. "I guide. You tell it, Jean."

Jean hesitated a minute.

"Please, M'sieu Jean, if Koot-nai won't," Helen pleaded.

Jean laid his pipe aside and began, in a voice purposely low, out of respect for the tribal beliefs, half dead, half alive, in Koot-nai.

"Far to the south of us is a land that the Chippewa called the Sunshine Land. The main body of the tribe migrated to it from their older home, here in the bleak Canadian wilderness, as long ago as the lives of four very old men. In this Sunshine Land there is a river, that the Chippewa call the Oc-que-oc—the Whites' Sainted Water. You must know of it. When the men and women of the Chippewa became too old to be of use to the tribe, they came to this river of Sainted Water, and went a very long journey down it. From that journey none returned. So the tribe was kept young, a nation of strong women and brave men. There are white men who have seen them come to that river, the old and crippled. For days after the tribe was camped upon its shores, they still came, straggling by, one by one, the ones who could no longer hasten—that they might make that last journey down the river where their fathers had gone. The white men who lived by it, will tell you, they have watched them come!

Canoes and paddles the Chippewa had not upon this river! The Master of Life was in the stern of each spirit-craft, they needed nothing else.

To the tribe the river is sacred. Their old men still lament that the white men have looked upon it, And lamenting this, the old men still rejoice that there is another river, where the white men have watched no Chippewa come.

It is the Lost River, and before their people went to live in the Sunshine Land, before they knew the Oc-que-oc, it was upon the Lost River that the old of the tribe journeyed to the sunset! Down it the first Chippewa departed. Down it they say the last Chippewa will some day depart. They use it no longer—but so long as a Chippewa remains in the old home of their people, the Lost River will keep its trust, and longer. Of the old men and women who journeyed upon it never to return, it has given up the spirits of all, the bones of none!

There came once to Lost River, in the moon when the forests are touched with the flames the frost lights, a maiden, who was to journey upon it. She had tripped upon a ledge, and broken an ankle. Because the medicine man said she would never be of use to the tribe, she had been offered for the journey. With her, also to follow the river to where its shore becomes the Sunset Land, was her lover.

The medicine man had lied. The maiden's foot would heal, and when it was well he wanted her in his own lodge.

It was planned that the lover should go first upon the journey. It was done—and then the medicine man cried out suddenly to the tribe, "I hear the heavy voice of a bear grunting in the forest! He is saying that the maiden shall not go upon the river, that her foot shall be made well!"

When she would have leaped in they held her back. She went out that night, and sat upon a rock beside the stream to look down the way her lover had gone. Suddenly there came up to her from the forest along the river bank, a great bear, snow white. He sat up, swaying before her.

'I am your lover who went upon the journey today. It was my voice that grunted in the forest. The medicine man fears me, he shall fear me till he too has taken the journey.

'While you live, my spirit shall stay in the beast you see before you—I shall be a friend to your people—when you too, journey down the sun-lit current of the Lost River, my spirit shall join yours, and the beast you see before you shall become a Mad Bear, a creature whom men shall fear forever, who shall avenge many times the wrong my people have done to me.'

The maiden stood up on the rock then, and the dark river claimed her! To this day the Mad Bear wanders along the shores, hunting the children of his people. No man lives who is brave enough but that he may well fear to meet him!"

Jean stopped and we were all quiet for a minute. "That's the story," Jean said simply, "and the Mad Bear is there!"

"Do you believe the legend, M'sieu Jean?" Helen asked him gravely.

"No. Neither does Koot-nai, there, for that matter. But it has lived in the tribe for what must be ten or twelve generations, and I suppose at various times the tale of some doing of the Mad Bear has cropped out to keep the legend alive, and make the Chippewa believe. This I do know, though. For the last ten or fifteen years the stories of the doings of the Mad Bear have been frequent and persistent, and I know myself, that there is a bear along the shores of Lost River that is different from any other south of Hudson's Bay!"

In the silence Mayhew snorted contemptuously. Koot-nai was the first to formulate a plan for his downfall.

"Maybe you don't believe even what M'sieu Jean say, Mr. Mayhew?" he demanded.

"No, I don't," Bulbous retorted. "I never saw a nigger or an Indian yet that wasn't a born liar, and when a man knows more about fool Indian stuff than he does about guiding, if he hasn't got some Indian in him, I guess he's in that class anyway!"

Koot-nai overlooked the insult to himself and Jean. "Maybe you like to hunt the Mad Bear for yourself, Mr. Mayhew?" he asked with quiet dignity.

"I sure would," Mayhew blustered. "Where is this Lost River?"

Koot-nai calculated a minute in silence. "A day's journey by land, across the divide," he said. "Another day's journey by canoe, down a rapid river.

"Two days across the ridges, by land. We would be there."

"We'll leave in the morning," Mayhew decided shortly. I thought he looked a trifle pale. "Will you come with us, Helen?"

"Of course I'll come, Uncle." Jean glanced at her, and his

face brightened at the prospect of the long forest journey.

Out by the fire that night I questioned him. "Have you ever been to Lost River, Jean?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "Koot-nai has, Jim. I was within thirty miles of it this summer, but it's in a rough isolated valley and we didn't try it. I doubt if a dozen white men have ever seen it."

"Can we make it in four days, are you sure, Koot-nai?"

The Indian nodded.

"Jean, just how much do you really mean of this Mad Bear talk, you and Koot-nai?"

Jean faced me squarely. "Jim, the Chippewa I saw this summer was a squaw. She was ripped from chin down, as if lightning had struck her with a dozen sickles at its tip. Her man saw it, but was too late to help. The bear simply pounced on her, out of the brush, without reason or warning. He tore her up and was gone, as quick and silent as a ghost. And the Chippewa swears he was snow white. There's a dozen such stories come out of that country in the last three years now, and to my knowledge three Indians have been killed there in that time by a bear. Koot-nai knows I'm right."

The Indian nodded. "Everytime they say the bear is white, too," he declared.

We left the next morning at sunrise. At noon we came upon a narrow shallow stream that ran northward. We had crossed the divide.

Koot-nai had remembered that we traveled with a woman when he had set the time for the journey. The stages on foot were not too long for daylight. Before sunset we came out on what he called a rapid river. Both Jean and myself had traveled it before for fifty miles or more down stream. Koot-nai had named it well.

From a half-breed trapper whose cabin was near the head of the stream we borrowed two canoes, and at dawn we were driving them down the swift current.

Jean would have taken Helen Mayhew in his canoe, but Bulbous planned it differently.

When we went down to the shore that morning he spoke shortly to Koot-nai.

"You will bring her. He—" jerking his thumb at Jean—"and Grayson will lead in my canoe."

I saw Jean's disappointment. A long journey by canoe is a pleasant thing for a man if the girl he wants rides in the bow. There is the changing forest along the shore—the forest folk who come down at dawn and at sunset to drink—the still black stretches, where he can lift the canoe at every stroke, so that she, lying back with half closed eyes feels his strength surge through each movement of the light craft—the reaches of white, rock-shot rapids with the thrill of speeding beyond control—her safety, her life, in the corded hands on the paddle, and in the steady narrowed eyes that watch, over her head, the flashing channel before the bow. Jean had planned on the journey, I knew. Helen Mayhew's face was turned away from me, but I thought she, too, would be disappointed.

"It might be better to let Koot-nai take the stern paddle of the lead canoe, Mr. Mayhew," I suggested. "He knows the river better than either Jean or I."

"That's why he's bringing her," he told me coldly. "I don't want her riding with an incompetent."

We pushed out into the stream and I could feel Jean's anger in every paddle stroke. We shot the first two stretches of white water—the next I remembered was a carry. As I began to feel the lug of fast water under the bow I looked back at Jean.

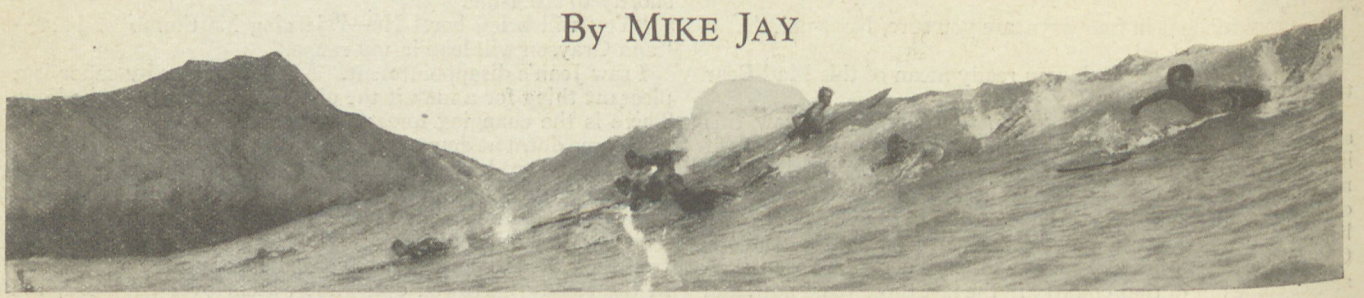
(*Continued on page 75*)

W. B. Halleran

"There are but two animals that I should fear to have cross my trail," said Jean. "One is the mad bear of the Indians."

Surf Riding in Hawaii

By MIKE JAY



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Here is a bit of Outdoor America that will prove interesting to the outdoorsman. Surf riding is a remarkable sport and is rapidly becoming popular throughout the United States. Trout fishermen, however, are advised not to attempt fly-casting from a board until thoroughly practiced in the art of balancing.

OUT and beyond the reef at Waikiki, where the rolling floor of the old Pacific tilts itself skyward into long, high bulwark-line combers, there suddenly appears a tiny speck—a black speck amidst the pearly foam!

One moment—and it is gone!

Buried out of sight and buffeted by the roaring charge of the heavy brigade of snow-white steeds with tossing manes.

Flash! It stands out, stark again!

There it rises like a bird of some enchanted fairy land, out of the welter of crashing, bellowing spume, now it tops the crest of the precarious rushing breaker and his dark shoulders, outstretched arms and clean-cut loins are silhouetted against the white background of churning suds and the mellow sunshine of the sky above the far horizon.

Superb and calm, he poises on this cliff of racing water like an eagle in his flight. And truly, with his feet hidden in a web of gossamer spray, he does seem to literally fly.

There he holds dominion, there he is monarch, and he lords it in triumph as he skims the opalescent sea, plowing up showers of liquid jewels in the sunlight.

But the ocean does not submit readily. Its roaring combers snarl their anger, hurling the flippant rider forward with the speed of magic, as if to cast him forever on the hard beach. There is outraged dignity in each cohort of Neptune's as it twists and squirms beneath the winged heel of this merman Mercury—that triumphant being which cannot be shaken till the breaker groans and falls at last, futile and spent, upon the sandy shore.

In comes the surf-rider, impassive and majestic in all his glory. Now he turns and his narrow racing pedestal skims along closer and closer and then slides softly on the dying wave to where the bronzed god steps off on the beach.

Surf-riding has come back to Waikiki. That almost-lost art of the ancient Hawaiians is being restored to greater glory and more and more mermen are riding the waves at Waikiki today than there have been for many years past.

There is no other place in the world where long distance surf-riding is enjoyed except in Hawaii. At a few points on the Atlantic coast, one spot in California and on some of the isles in the South Seas there is a species of surf-riding, but it does not belong to the same family.

Elsewhere small boards, two and three feet long are used and the surf is ridden but for short distances. At Waikiki, on the other hand, surf-riders have been known to ride from points several miles at sea to the shore. And the reason for that is easily explained.

No where else in the world except at Waikiki is the contour of the ocean bottom so arranged as to give the long rolling surf, necessary to successful riding. Hence the art has been confined to this one locality, but the benefits derived from surf-riding are apparent in the fact that Hawaii has furnished the world's fastest sprint swimmers, and to sprint in the water, powerful shoulder muscles, developed by the use of the surf-board, are absolutely essential.

The Kahanamoku boys are the greatest surf-riders in the world. There are six of them: David, Louis, Seargent, William, Sam and Duke. The latter is, incidentally, one of the world's great swimmers, having won the 100 meters at the Olympic Games in Sweden in 1912, the Olympic Games at Antwerp in 1920 and second in the same distance at Paris in 1924. Though he was the greatest surf-rider at Waikiki for many years his younger brother, Sam Kahanamoku, who is also a coming swimming star, holds the surfing title now, having set a record recently of riding three "first-break" waves in succession to the beach.

The powerful muscles which pulled Duke Kahanamoku through the water in world record time at Sweden and Antwerp were developed in paddling a surf-board 12 feet long and weighing ninety pounds. It is an unusually

© Mike Jay

No, this is not a mythical god of the sea, but an Hawaiian swimmer triumphantly riding his surf board to shore on the crest of a comber. Poised and alert to every quiver of his frail craft, this lad is a good example of the type of aquatic marvels turned out on "the beach at Honolulu." The surf board would hardly do for a duck boat, but judging from some reports we get some of our leading Waltonians could easily use one for muskie fishing.

long board, most of the others at Waikiki being about ten feet long, but even at that it is not any longer than the boards used by the old Hawaiians, which ranged from fifteen to twenty feet, but were much narrower than the modern ones.

The ancient islanders deemed surf-riding one of their favorite pastimes. Big carnivals were frequently held at which champions and near-champions demonstrated their prowess and ability. Native legends abound with exploits of those who attained distinction by their skill and daring. The sport was indulged in by both sexes and frequently, too—as in these days of intellectual development—the gentler sex carried off the highest honors.

© Mike Jay

Children frolicing in the "malihini surf."

It was indeed a high sport with the ancient Hawaiians, for everyone from chiefs to serfs took a lively interest. It is recorded that necessary work was often times forgotten to permit surfing. Betting accompanied the carnivals. Canoes, fishing lines, tapa cloths, swine, poultry, and, in some instances, life itself went up in wagers on respective champions.

In those days the selection of wood for a surf-board was accompanied by a semi-religious rite. Upon picking a suitable tree from which to make a board, a red fish called kumu was obtained and placed at the trunk of the tree. Followed the cutting of the monarch of the forest, after which a hole was dug at its root and the fish placed within. This was accompanied by a prayer. Then the tree trunk was chipped away from each side until reduced to a board approximately to the dimensions desired. Coral of a corrugated variety and a rough kind of stone were used in smoothing and polishing the board until the marks of the stone adze were obliterated. For a finishing stain the root of the ti plant or the pounded bark of the kukui nut was used.

Then came the rites in connection with the dedication of the board. The common people disregarded these rites, but the chief and those who made a specialty of surf-boards did not.

In these modern days, however, the surf-rider who wants a board simply goes down to a planing mill in the city and orders it or else has it made by one of the "beach boys." George "Dad" Center, who managed the Hawaiian Olympic team at Antwerp in 1920, is one of the best board makers at Waikiki. Edric Cook, of the Outrigger Canoe club, is another. David Kahanamoku, Bill Kahanamoku, Pua Kealoha, Eddie Wong Ham, of the Hui Nalu, and many others have established reputations as makers of boards.

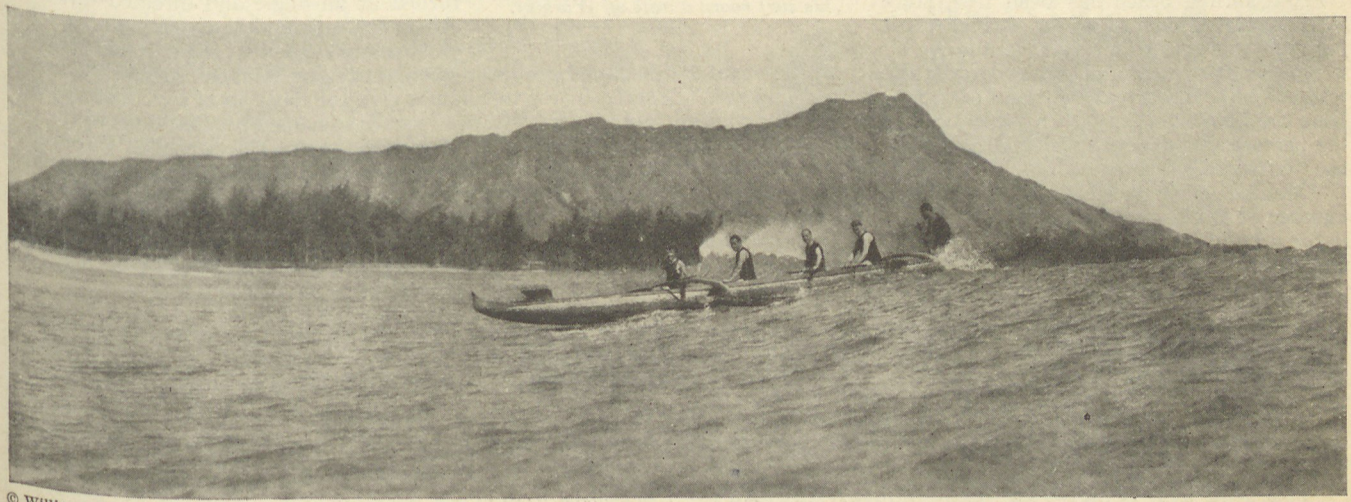
There are no rites connected now except signing a check for $15, $20 or $25 depending on the length of the board, and whether one desires initials cut into the wood to distinguish it from the hundreds of other boards on the beach.

Most boards are from eight to ten feet long, two to two and a half feet wide, and from one to two and one-half inches thick. They taper to the bow, but the stern is square cut to give it a "hold" in the wave. The weight runs from sixty pounds to ninety-five pounds. California red wood is favored, though there are quite a number of boards made from spruce and sugar pine. The wood is cut in blocks in California and sent to Honolulu upon order and it is selected with the idea of having none or few knots in the pieces.

To the tourist watching from his vantage point on the beach, as the mermen, burned golden brown by the Hawaiian sunshine, come skimming into the lagoon from beyond the reef, the feat is a spectacular mystery.

But the performance, so magical in appearance, is easily explained, although the art of surf-riding is anything but easy. The principle upon which surf-riding rests is that a wave is nothing more than communicated motion. The water in a wave does not move forward to any degree. It is merely the incline on the water that moves. The body of the wave stays, but the motion in the top of it, after striking the reef, keeps on going, and by and by curls and forms into a breaker and splashes on the beach. The water that splashes on the beach is the same that has splashed there for a lot of other waves that hurled and expended their energy there.

The transformation of a roller into a breaker is slow, exceedingly slow at Waikiki, because the beach bottom shelves so gradually from the reef to the shore, that the comber travels from a quarter or a full mile before it breaks on the sand.



© Williams

The outrigger canoe is just as exciting to visitors and a lot more sociable than surf riding.

© Cooell

Members of the Outrigger Canoe Club lined up on Waikiki Beach with their boards. This club is largely responsible for the revival and support of the Ancient Hawaiian sport.

Besides this there is the "send" of a wave which causes the white foam to curl around the top and run down the incline and bury the surf-rider up to his knees. The "send" is accounted for in this way. The water at the top of the wave rests upon the water at the bottom of the wave. As the ocean strikes the reef all the force and energy of a thousand miles is halted in its course. The upper part of the wave goes over the reef and starts to fall and crumble into sugar-white foam. The foam boils forward with the motion of the wave and it is the fury of boiling surf that makes surf-riding such a thrilling and at times a dangerous sport.

After all there must be some danger in order that there may be thrills. The sense of fitness, of superb capacity comes to mankind when it conquers or accomplishes something in which there is a greater or less degree of danger. There is plenty of danger in surf-riding and while Waikiki surfing beach has been free, since the memory of man, of a fatal accident, it is probably due to the fact that Neptune in his wisdom has provided a place close to the shore in shallow water where light combers make up what is known as "malihini surf." Here the newcomer may learn the rudiments of the art, acquire the necessary confidence and ability before venturing into the big "outthere."

Mike Jay (left), the author, riding his surf board a mile off Waikiki.

"Malihini surf" is easily located, for in it are usually any number of youngsters frisking and gamboling about, scooting in for a hundred yards or more on boards that are larger and weigh more than the very freight they carry. Some weeks spent in this small surf, with daily practice, will make one proficient for the next step which is "Cornucopia surf." This is located a little farther from the shore line but where the water is still shallow enough to allow standing on the bottom. Here the beginner commences to learn "sliding," for occasionally will come waves without "breaks," as foam is technically called.

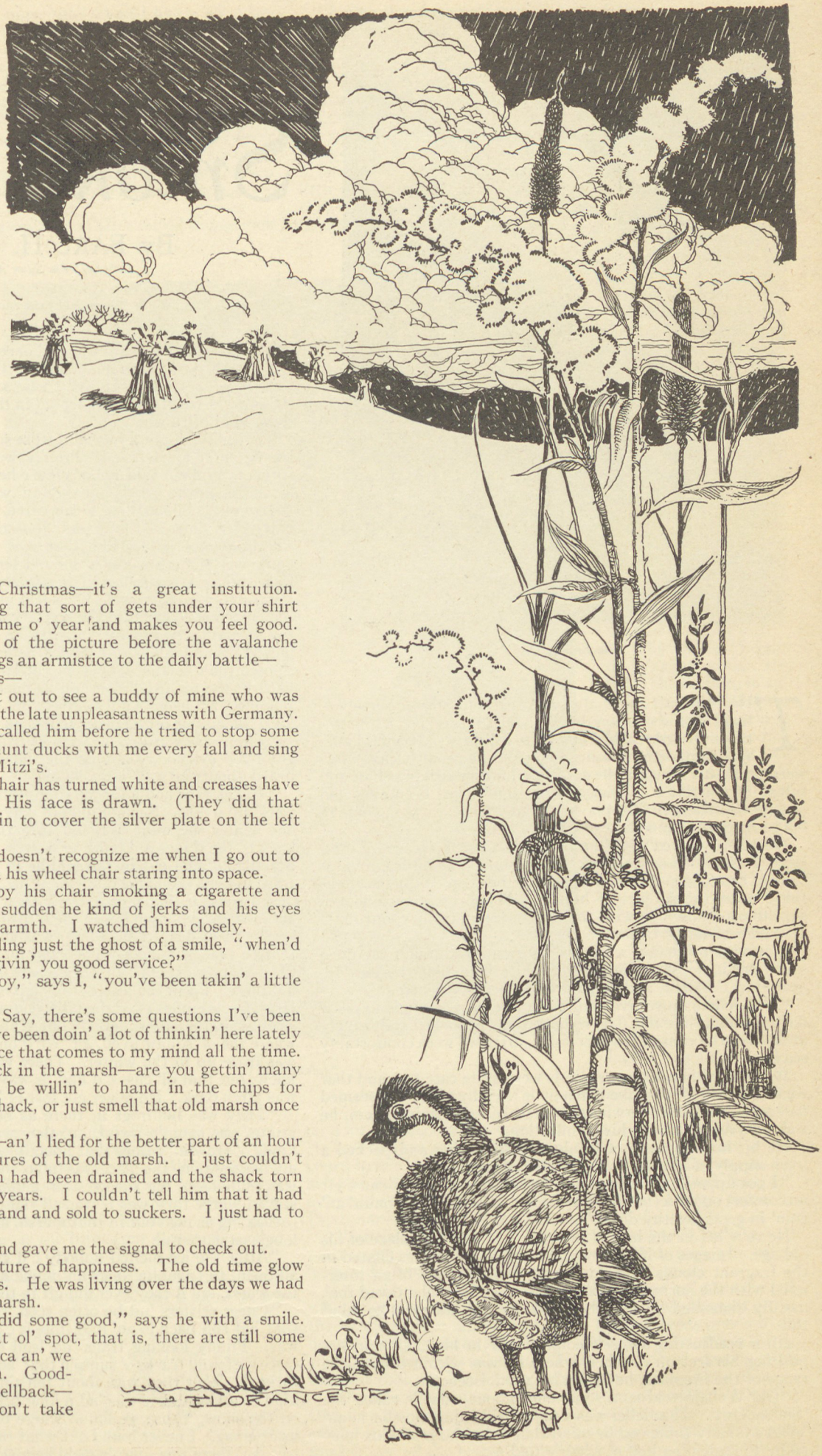
"Sliding" is the art of riding a roller at an angle. It cannot be learned in "Malihini surf," for there the waves are all foam and have little height. And height in a wave is required for the fast and furious work of "sliding." In "Cornucopia" the beginner stands and waits until a promising wave nears. Then comes a quick shove of the board forward, throwing oneself flat upon it and paddling furiously to attain the same speed as the incoming wave. Once caught, the height of the wave prohibits riding it in straight forward, and of necessity the board must be turned at an angle and directed down the side of the moving hill of green water. Two or three weeks spent at the spot will make the beginner proficient enough to essay "Canoe" surf, or "Queen's" surf. These two names give the location of two different kind of big surf. "Canoe" surf is so-named because most of the outrigger canoes use it as well as the surf-riders, while "Queen's" is set off closer to Diamond Head and is an exceedingly limited surf in its wave length, but also exceedingly steep and fast.

There is a trick in surf-riding just as there is a knack in speed swimming. The motions of water sprinting can be learned by any one, but the coordination of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 68]

INTRODUCE US

You have a friend. We know he's a regular fellow. We want to meet him. We want to know him. We want to be able to call him by his first name and slap him on the back. We want to borrow a match and lend him some of our tobacco as we sit by the fireplace in the long cold winter months ahead. There is only one way we can get together. You send him a subscription to Outdoor America for Christmas. It is the greatest dollar value in the world.

MERRY XMAS



YOU can't beat Christmas—it's a great institution. There's something that sort of gets under your shirt 'long about this time o' year and makes you feel good. Worries fade out of the picture before the avalanche of good feeling that brings an armistice to the daily battle—

Speaking of armistices—

The other day I went out to see a buddy of mine who was pretty badly battered in the late unpleasantness with Germany. Little Ned Randell, we called him before he tried to stop some shrapnel. He used to hunt ducks with me every fall and sing tenor in our quartet at Mitzi's.

Ned's changed. His hair has turned white and creases have replaced the dimples. His face is drawn. (They did that when they lifted the skin to cover the silver plate on the left side of his head.)

Most of the time he doesn't recognize me when I go out to see him. He just sits in his wheel chair staring into space.

I was sitting there by his chair smoking a cigarette and thinking, when all of a sudden he kind of jerks and his eyes seem to take on some warmth. I watched him closely.

"Hello" he says, pulling just the ghost of a smile, "when'd you drive in—are they givin' you good service?"

"Best in the world, boy," says I, "you've been takin' a little nap."

"Yeah!" says he. "Say, there's some questions I've been wantin' to ask you. I've been doin' a lot of thinkin' here lately and there's just one place that comes to my mind all the time. How's the little ol' shack in the marsh—are you gettin' many mallards? Gosh! I'd be willin' to hand in the chips for another evenin' in the shack, or just smell that old marsh once more."

Then I started to lie—an' I lied for the better part of an hour painting beautiful pictures of the old marsh. I just couldn't tell Ned that the marsh had been drained and the shack torn down for the past five years. I couldn't tell him that it had been cut up into farm land and sold to suckers. I just had to lie.

The doctor came in and gave me the signal to check out.

Ned's face was a picture of happiness. The old time glow had returned to his eyes. He was living over the days we had spent together in the marsh.

"Well, the old war did some good," says he with a smile. "America's still a great ol' spot, that is, there are still some great ol' spots in America an' we sure ought to save 'em. Good-bye, you red-headed shellback—merry Christmas — don't take any wooden nickels!"

FLORANCE JR.

The Smoke Owl.

The Smoke Owl

By EARL H. REED

Author of "The Silver Arrow"

Illustrated by the Author

THE Ancient, as we always called him among ourselves, lived in the country back of the dunes. His white unkempt beard reached almost to his waist. His tall figure was bent with toilsome years and he usually leaned forward on a heavy stick as he sat in his hickory rocking chair and talked of old times. Craggy brows shaded his keen eyes and humorous little wrinkles played about their corners in some of his retrospective moods.

We often smoked with him before his stone fireplace. Like a large portion of human kind, the old man was often prone to endless churnings of the banalities, and vaporous discourse entirely upon the subject of himself. While these monologues sometimes amused us with their picturesque quality, our main interest was in his tales of early days.

One winter evening we drove in a cutter through the deep snow to his house. His flare of white hair and whiskers appeared at the door, and he gave us a cheery welcome.

"You fellers must 'ave sump'n ter'ble on yer minds to come out on a night like this," he remarked, as he looked enquiringly at us over the rims of his spectacles, after we were comfortably seated.

We assured him that our minds were quite care-free and that we had come just to make him a little friendly visit. He seemed flattered, like all those whose lives lie mostly behind them, he was soon adrift among his recollections.

He bit into a chunk of virulent looking plug and packed a fresh supply of natural leaf into his cob pipe.

"I got appetite fer this stuff," he remarked, "an' I can't git no comfort out o' terbacker 'less I have it both ways, comin' an' goin' in good healthy doses."

He revelled in the lure of nicotine. It was the solace of his old age. Images of his fancy and dreams of the past floated in the fragrant clouds from his pipe. His whiskers often interfered with the normal juice routes from the succulent wad that usually distended his left cheek, but he did not seem to mind this.

After readjusting himself comfortably in his chair and depositing his feet on another, where he was within convenient range of the fireplace, he began his reminiscences.

"Old Wabejo told us a story once about what 'e called the 'Smoke Owl'. That feller was a reg'lar old Injun mossback, an' 'e 'ad so many things on 'is mind that it 'ud keep us kids busy tryin' to remember half o' what 'e told us.

"He said they was a young girl once named Silver Wing that was one o' prettiest female Injuns that ever lived, an' that was sayin' a whole heap, fer I saw some awful likely ones in these parts when I was young an' in the way of takin' notice o' them kind of things.

"Silver Wing got a husband from some'rs that was no good. He went off an' left 'er. Prob'ly went to some other tribe. Anyhow Wabejo said nobody ever heard of 'im ag'in after 'e flitted off to the woods one day an' was s'posed to be back in the evenin'. Silver Wing never cared whether 'e come back or not. Her name in Injun was 'Jonii-onigwigana', but nobody c'n pronounce names like that now days, an' 'er husband's name was sump'n worse'n that. I fergit what Wabejo said it was. Silver Wing had a little papoose she was awful fond of. His name was Pakona. When 'e'd grown to be a young man some enemies come into the country an' the tribe 'ad to go on the warpath. After a lot o' fightin' an' killin' the peace pipe was passed 'round an' the enemies agreed to go 'way. It was s'posed the war was all over, but one o' them red devils sneaked back in the night an' crep' on 'is hands an' knees up to where Pakona was sleepin', an' stabbed 'im. Pakona's party 'ad let a lot o' blood out o' the other fellers an' they wanted to git even with 'im. He was pop'lar with 'is tribe, an' when the warriors got back ev'rybody among the villages was mad when they heard about the way 'e was killed.

"His mother had a ter'ble time. She wept an' carried on fer week an' weeks. She got old an' ugly lookin' after a while, an' one winter she went 'way off into the big tamarack swamp back o' the dunes an' built 'er a little bark hut on a sort of an island that was out in the middle of it. She said she wasn't goin' to keep the name o' Silver Wing, but she was goin' to call 'erself sump'n that meant Dark Heart in the Injun language, an' most ev'rybody b'lieved she'd turned into a witch.

"In them days that swamp was about fifty times more extensive than it is now. The sand blowin' from the dunes has filled in the most of it, an' they's only little patches of it left 'ere an' there. From the tops o' the high hills we c'd see it spread in fer miles an' miles over the back country. The tamaracks was so dense in there that nobody but Wabejo knew how to git in to where the ol' squaw lived, an' 'e c'd only git in when the marsh was froze up in the winter. There was a cert'n route that 'e knew, but that ol' cuss c'd find 'is way to hell an' back when it was pitch dark. He never got lost in 'is life.

"They was bullfrogs in there as big as a bucket an' their grunts was sump'n awful, an' they was pizen serpents an' all kinds o' crawlin' things that nobody eer knowed the names of, an' besides that, the place was full o' mushrats an' minks. They was millions o' big skeeters an' gadflies, but as long as they stayed where they was it was all right. I bet they used to be catfish big as men out in that marsh, an' hop snakes an' eels as long as a fence rail.

"After the ice melted nobody c'd git in them tamaracks at all owin' to tremblin' bogs an' muck an' the quicksands under the water, an' if they ever did git in they'd never git out.

"Queer critters 'ud be often seen 'round the edges at night that 'ud slip back in an' hide 'fore it c'd be made out what they was. Funny looking trails 'ud lead out an' in on the snow. Once we found tracks o' sump'n that 'ad four big feet shaped like turkey's, 'cept they was about ten times bigger, an' whatever kind of a varmint it was 'ad a long brushy tail that it dragged on the snow, 'cause we found where bristles 'ad come off as 'e went along. I never found out what that was an' I don't 'spect to. An' there was sump'n we'd hear sloppin' out in there in the

summer time that made a noise that seemed like a cross between somebody cryin' an' a bull bellerin' an' ev'ry once an' a while it 'ud let out a long quiverin' howl that 'ud make you shiver all over, an' we never found out what that was either.

"All kinds o' beasties used to skip into that marsh over the snow to git away from things that was pursuin' 'em. Once we got after five gray wolves with guns an' hounds, an' they scooted off to the swamp with the dogs behind 'em, an' we never knew whether them dogs et up the wolves, er both of 'em et up each other, but we heard howlin' over in there fer pretty much the rest o' the winter, an' none of 'em ever come out that we knew of.

"Well, to git back to my story. Soon after the ol' squaw took to the marsh they was a big fire swep' through the woods along the lake an' covered the whole country with smoke that was so dense the Injuns couldn't see the sky, an' a great big owl flopped out o' the thickest part o' the smoke that they thought must 'a' come from 'way off, an' didn't know where 'e was goin'. He was different from any owl anybody 'd ever seen before. His feathers was all dark gray an' black, like he'd been dabblin' in some soot, an' the spread of 'is wings was as wide as an eagle's. He'd soar 'round over the villages in the evenin' just after sundown, an' 'e'd often roost up in the shade o' some tree among the wigwams durin' the day. He seemed friendly an' nobody thought o' botherin' 'im. The Injuns called 'im the 'Smoke Owl.' He had a bill on 'im like a meat hook, an' when he'd take a notion to hoot you c'd hear 'im for miles.

"All the chiefs an' young men kep' talkin' about that killin' o' Pakona after the fightin' was over, an' one night they had a grand pow-wow. They all decided to go on the war path ag'in an' clean out the rest o' the tribe that 'ad made all the trouble, so none o' 'em c'd ever come back.

The Ancient.

"Several war parties was got together. They painted themselves up an' 'ad war dances in all the villages, an' they was fierce times all through 'ere fer sev'ral years. Whenever they was any fightin' the Smoke Owl'd be rovin' 'round. He'd watch the camps when it was dark, an' 'e'd roam through the air all over the dunes an' woods, an' 'e'd let out a long hoot if any o' the enemies was near, so the Injuns got so they depended on 'im fer a sentinel.

"Whenever any scalps was took 'e'd drop down into camp durin' the night an' fly off with 'em, an' nobody'd know where they went.

"When the enemy Injuns c'menced gittin' scarce all the war parties come home 'cept one, an' they was three partic'lar friends o' Pakona, an' they prowled over the country a great ways off. Ev'ry once an' a while they'd find the trail o' one o' the enemy. Then they'd follow it an' git 'im. The Smoke Owl stayed right along with 'em wherever they went, an' ev'ry time they'd git a fresh scalp it 'ud disappear.

"Fin'ly the three fellers got tired o' the war path. They come home an' went back to huntin' an' the owl come with 'em. He was often seen wingin' over into Tamarack Marsh in the moonlight, an' 'e'd 'ave things in 'is claws, rabbits, an' squirrels an' other little animals that 'e'd caught in the woods, an' once 'e was carryin' a coon off over the trees.

"One winter day the three Injuns thought they'd go over in the swamp to see the ol' squaw, so they c'd tell 'er about all the things they'd been doin' on account o' Pakona. Somehow they managed to find the way in, an' there they found 'er on 'er little island in 'er bark hut, that they'd located by some smoke they saw goin' up. She had some stones fixed up with mud fer a chimney an' a nice fire, an' there was the ol' Smoke Owl, settin' up blinkin' at 'em from a perch she'd made fer 'im. He got down an' strutted 'round an' looked 'em all over when they come in an' then flopped back.

"The ol' squaw seemed to be fond of 'im an' said 'e'd always stayed with 'er off an' on ever since she come to the marsh. Stuck all 'round the inside o' the hut was all the enemy Injun scalps that 'ad ever been took since Pakona was killed, an' she told 'em the owl 'ad brought 'em to 'er. She'd always know they wasn't scalps of 'er own people, 'cause the hair was different.

"The three Injuns told 'er all about the fights they'd been in an' what they done to the enemies they captured fer murderin' Pakona, an' this brighten'd the ol' squaw up a whole lot. They stayed fer sev'ral days 'cause they didn't know how to git out through the thick tamaracks. Fresh snow 'ad covered their trail in, an' the ol' squaw 'ad been in there so long she'd fergot the way.

"Then one afternoon in comes Wabejo an' there 'e finds 'em all. He counted the scalps an' told 'em him an' another ol' feller at 'is village was goin' to make great medicine an' find out about the Smoke Owl when 'e got back, fer a lot o' things 'ad been goin' on that 'e couldn't understand. He had to have a cert'n kind of a dried snake skin, an' a red gourd to rattle sump'n or other in when the medicine was made, an' the other ol' feller was the only one that had 'em, an' ev'rybody'd 'ave to wait 'til 'e c'd see 'im. I fergit what 'is Injun name was, but it meant some kind of a bug.

"Wabejo got the three Injuns out o' the marsh, an' they all tried to git the squaw to go 'long so she c'd be took care of by 'er people, but she wouldn't go.

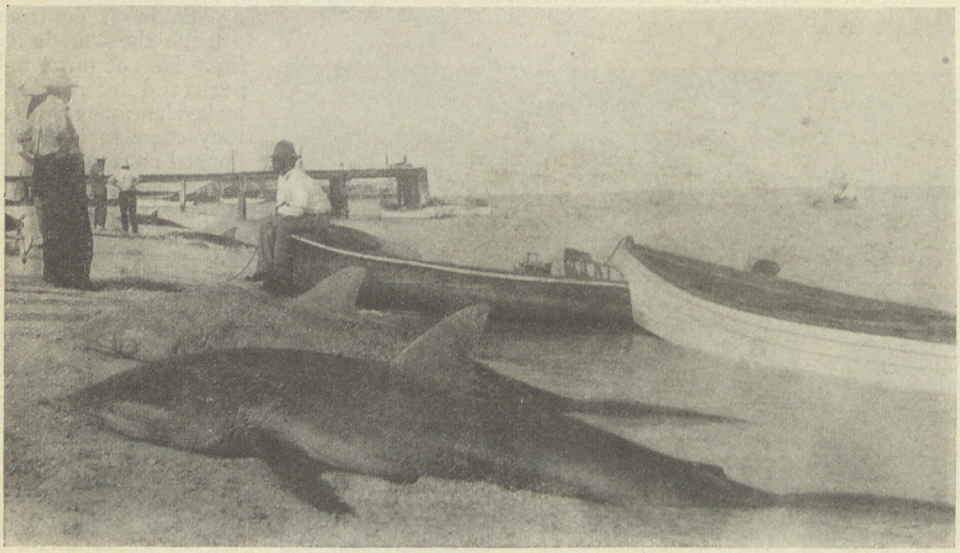
Wabejo got hold o' the other medicine man an' they got all the doofunnies they needed to work with. They skipped off in the woods some'rs an' smoked cert'n kinds o' seeds over a little fire that 'ad the snake skin in it. Then they rattled 'em in the gourd 'till they was all dust. Then they mixed sump'n with the dust that put 'em to sleep when they swallered the mess.

"Durin' some dreams they had they found out that the Smoke Owl was the spirit o' Pakona that 'ad come through the big smoke out o' the mystic land to take care o' 'is mother, an' all the scalps 'e'd brought 'er from

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 66]

That First Tarpon

By ANNA MANLEY PEARSON



Four sharks were beached.

"THEY can talk about buck ague, and fever 'n chills; but believe me, they're not in it with your first tarpon!" It was Harry Hood, veteran angler, of Emporia, Kansas, talking. "Or any tarpon, for that matter," he added. "But well I remember my first!

"I had been fishing all day at Boca Grande, on Easter Sunday, 1912. There seemed to be nothing doing, and I was about ready to give up when the tarpon struck, with a sudden steady pull. I slacked away, and then set the hook. For fifty minutes I played him—or he played me!—though it was more like fighting than playing. He jumped four or five feet over and over again. He flashed splendid circles in the water and in the sunlight. When at length I had him brought to the boat and gaffed, and securely tied to the prow, I turned to pick up my pipe. The guide grinned and handed me the bowl of my pipe from the bottom of the boat; the amber stem was still between my clinched teeth!"

Mrs. Hood, who almost always goes along, and who has taken as many fish as Harry, added her testimony.

"He was a wreck when he came ashore; pale and shaking. But it was worth it, I guess. Nobody would begrudge a ruined pipe if he could bring in a six foot one inch tarpon, the first of the season at Boca Grande. And Bill, our waiter, had our table resplendent next morning for breakfast. He made doilies out of sea grape leaves, and had a bowl of perwinkles for us. Bill was so black they called him Snowball! And his grin could have buttoned in the back when we came down. He had drawn a picture of Harry's tarpon as nearly as he could on the buffet mirror with soap. Underneath was the stirring legend,

'Mr. Hood caught the first tarpon of the season.

Good for Mr. Hood! She's some fish!'

Bill was as thrilled over the catch as we were," Mrs. Hood declared.

Mr. Hood would be at a loss to say where in southern waters he likes the fishing best. Perhaps there is better fishing than at Boca Grande, but the Hoods have been there often, and feel that it is a choice grounds for all-round angling. It is accessible, in the heart of the western keys, and outfitted with a number of good hotels. Tarpon Inn on Useppa Island is a favorite rendezvous for fishermen. He has fished in Hawaiian waters, in southern California, and in Mexico as well, but for the most part off the Florida coast.

"We had wonderful sport in 1914 at Long Key Fishing Camp halfway between Miami and Key West," Mr. Hood declared. "Many fishermen go there for the sword fish, though the coveted bronze button, which I had the good luck to capture that year, is awarded for the largest amber-jack taken in the season. Peter Shutt, who runs the camp, has hotels at Fort Myers and Naples as well.

"Let me tell you how we met Zane Grey. We got into Long Key one evening at dusk, and settled in our cabin, the Saw Fish. Next morning at breakfast at the hotel a man sat down at our table and passed the time of day. 'Isn't this Zane Grey,' I ventured, recognizing him by his pictures. That was our introduction.

"Grey is one of the most interesting men I ever fished with. There is no bluffing; he *knows* fish and fishing, and seemingly sees everything going on above or below. Nothing outdoors escapes him."

Mr. Hood recounts an experience he and Samuel G. Shields of Knoxville, Tennessee, had with an amber-jack and a barracuda. They were fourteen miles from Long Key at the lighthouse, fishing in the Gulf. The water was so clear that you could see an estimated depth of sixty feet. Whenever they had hooked a fish and were playing it, they could see dozens of fish fighting and chasing it.

"It's like a hog stuck in a fence," laughed Mr. Hood. "Same principle. Every hog in the feed lot bites at the one that is stuck. Perhaps it is the way we all kick a man when he's down! At any rate, I was playing the amber-jack, gradually bringing the splendid fellow in to the boat. We could plainly see a barracuda, the best-eating but probably most vicious fish thereabouts, strike my catch and cut him in two in the middle as clean as if he'd had a block and cleaver. He swallowed the 'latter half' of the amber-jack. It is no fish story that I dropped the rod with the half-fish, took another rod from the guide, and hooking the barracuda, brought it in.

"I was telling the story that evening at the hotel. A few of the guests looked frankly skeptical, and one or two smiled sadly as if to say, 'Too bad! They get that way sometimes! And he has a lovely wife, too.' But next morning the guide cut open the barracuda, revealing the other half of the amber-jack. I had kept my half; and they matched perfectly. Zane Grey, if he remembers, will substantiate the story."

One small cruise the Hoods and Lostutters, also of Emporia, enjoyed, was a two-day trip from Boca Grande through Charlotte Harbor to Sanibel, fishing all the way. Their catch included Spanish mackerel, king fish, and amber-jack, with a Jew fish or two. Mrs. Hood doesn't like the large Jew fish, because you have to pump 'em up. She likes to win out against a game fish that will take the line and go!

"Tell me about your banner catch of tarpon," suggested the visitor. "I already have my fingers crossed, and am ready to believe anything!"

Harry Hood laughed. "That's all a part of the game. We anglers are like politicians: you believe me and I'll believe you. But seriously, every fisherman of any experience knows that every other fisherman is a good sport, with a regard for truth

and for the rules of the game. He knows that no fiction could be stranger than the startling and fascinating stories of real experiences.

"There's a free masonry about the game. Men who follow this sport are whole-hearted and congenial. Formalities do not exist. Civilization is sloughed off. We'd do anything for each other."

"But about that catch?"

"To be sure. Well, my nephew, Charlie Martin, Hollenbeck the boatman, and I left the pier at Boca Grande at eight o'clock in the evening of May twelfth. I told Martha I'd be in about ten or eleven o'clock. As a matter of statistical record, my watch registered six o'clock next morning when we reached the boat house.

"The wife knew our own particular 'putt-putt'. Many boats came and went in the pass that night, and she sat up all night listening and waiting. The things that were said to me—well, any fisherman can picture the scene. *But* we had six tarpon tied to the prow. She forgave me when she saw those splendid silver kings—*almost!*"

"And do you fish much at night?"

The angler's eyes had a faraway look. He was seeing the bobbing red and green and white lights, feeling the soft warm sea air, scenting the salty tang and the odor of freshly taken fish. He was hearing the throb of engines, and the swish of oars and boats; perhaps the whirr of the line.

"It is like a Venetian carnival at night down there," he said. "Or maybe like looking down into the yards at a railroad terminal, at night. It is the most picturesque place I know, with the drifting boats with their bobbing lights, and the intermittent search-light of the lighthouse on the water."

"It is the phosphorus that makes night fishing beautiful to me," Mrs. Hood remarked. "The sweep of an oar through the water is like a swish of flame, that drops beads of molten metal when the water drops shower off. A thin line of fire is the casting of your line. And when your fish has struck and is hooked, the other fish come toward him in a radiating group of fiery tracks. It is unbelievable how beautiful it is, this tropical phosphorus."

More than one fisherman who has to his credit clever angling and big catches envies Harry Hood his good fortune that Mrs. Hood enjoys fishing and the out-of-doors with him. The hours they have squandered—or invested—in sports together, have added by mathematical calculation years of companionship they might otherwise have missed.

On one occasion Charlie Martin and Harry Hood and their wives went out into the pass for tarpon. The Martins were novices. Four tarpons were hooked at one time. One rod went pop, and shattered into shreds of bamboo. Harry crawled out on to the tip end of the boat and setting his hook in his captive, gave him all the line so as not to snarl with the others. Two of the four were landed.

Harry Hood (left) and J. W. Lostutter—Not a bad day.

The Hoods use the Edward Vom Hofe rod and reel, and a 21 and a 27 thread line for tarpon.

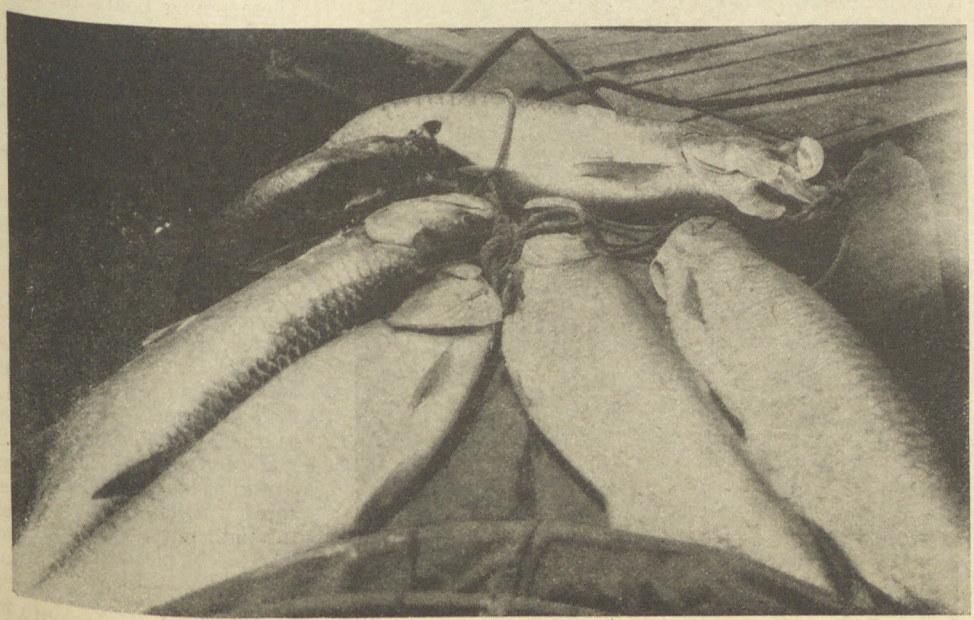
"And how about sharks? Did you ever meet one?"

The Hoods exchanged glances. The story that follows is the combined contribution of the two anglers, and since it hangs together and both tell the same story, it must either be true, or be oft-rehearsed in unison!

On this particular afternoon most of the men were out in boats and launches. Mrs. Hood and Mrs. Lostutter had lunched and were on the beach, when they noticed some excitement. A man and his son, from England, were trying to beach a big tarpon. A pursuing shark had bitten a chunk out of the trailing catch, and the taste of blood made him reckless. The Englishman drove the boat on to the beach. Back and forth in water so shallow he could barely swim raced the shark. The son broke an oar over the shark's back, and had to dash to land for his life. Calling to the guide for a lily, the fisherman threw it into the shark back of the dorsal fin. All the people on the beach pulled on the rope. Mrs. Hood burned out the palm of a glove. Just at this juncture the shark turned his head, bit the rope in two, and swam off into deep water with the lily in his back.

When the other fishermen had come in and lunched, they got out a shark hook and baited it with chunks of tarpon weighing five or six pounds each. To this hook they secured three hundred feet of quarter-inch rope. The guide carried the baited hook out into the pass, and the others on the shore held the rope. They caught five sharks one after another as fast as they could haul them in and carry the line out again, until it ceased to be sport. They beached them and killed them with a gun or axe.

The blood of the tarpon and that from the wounded sharks filled the water. They towed the shark carcasses out from shore so that they drifted from the pass into the Gulf with the tide. Whole schools of sharks must have been attracted to their martyred bodies, for the pass was black and boiling with live sharks, eating the dead ones, and frantic with the smell of blood. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 68]



Hood's Tarpon.

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Alaskan Campfires

BY H. H. LUMPKIN

IS there anything, anywhere, that has one-half the lure, the fascination, the enchantment and the mystery of a campfire? To see the ardent tongues lick up over the crackling wood; to hear the sputter and the hiss of the logs as they yield themselves to the consuming flame; to know the companionship that develops and increases around the glowing heap—this is life indeed.

Now, it is possible to have campfires near to civilization, and when darkness comes, and the stars spring out, to feel something of the mystic, open spaces. But how much better to have known such things, and felt such things where there was real solitude and real wilderness. Where the silence of the surrounding forest, or the dim uplifted range of distant hills, was all that one could really know.

It happens that it was my privilege to have lived in the interior of Alaska for a number of years, and to have known the joys of campfires, far from the city's walls. My desire is to try and bring to the readers of this magazine of the great outdoors, something of the challenge of such places. The silent places—where man seldom travels, and the game in mild curiosity watches him approach, or comes up to him to see what manner of creature he may be. Shame, it seems, to lay low these denizens of the wilds with the highpowered rifle, or the repeating shotgun. Glad I am that Uncle Sam has seen fit to set apart already vast tracts of that interior as a game and wild life preserve, and I trust still more will be secured for future generations in that way.

Whether I shall succeed or not in telling the story I want to tell, I do not know. There are scenes and journeys I have taken in Alaska, which I am sure would baffle my descriptive powers. Who can tell of what one really sees from some great divide, as the vast vista unrolls? Who can describe, or hope to describe in fitting words, some of the auroras which illumine and glorify the sub-Arctic night? I shall try a lesser theme, and in just as simple language as I can find, tell you of a duck hunt in interior Alaska.

For several years I had heard of Linder Lake; of its inaccessibility, its beauty, and its wonders as a hunting lake. Not for big game, because for some reason, except for black bear, there seemed to be little big game around its waters. So when the invitation came to join a companionable group of men—good sportsmen, every one—I lost little time in deciding to accept.

To reach this lake from the town in which I lived in the interior, required a long trip down the river, a rather screened sort of entrance, a difficult portage from a hidden lagoon, and then a row up the lake to the camping place. Down the river we set sail, with a well loaded launch and a heavily laden poling boat. These poling boats are large, well built, and capable of carrying a large amount of grub and dunnage. But when it came to portaging it, which was necessary, it became another matter.

The trip down the swift flowing Tanana does not take a long time. Sometimes it seemed that the task was to keep from traveling too rapidly, for the current is oftentimes swift and swirling. In less than a day, our leaders were scanning carefully the banks along which we were traveling. I had noticed little difference, when the pilot of the launch turned in and made for what appeared to be a small shallow creek. Some careful work, and we were through, but unless one knew it to be the place, the entrance was so screened by bushes and trees, as to be difficult of access.

From the narrow mouth we

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Smoke from a Careless Campfire.

passed into a wide lagoon, up which we went for a mile or more. And here the real work began. Of course the heavy launch could not be portaged, but a ducking boat, a canoe, and the poling boat needs must be. This meant unloading, portaging and reloading. But while the trip across to the lake was short, yet to get everything up the high bank of the lagoon, and across rough ground, was no light task. The canoe and ducking boat was easy. Two men to each and that was done. But when it came to the heavier poling boat, we had to cut rude rollers, and after much dint of pushing and pulling and scraping and tugging, she was launched on the lake and ready for her load. And even then, out on the lake, we could hear the musical qua-a-ack, qu-a-a-a-a-ck of the yellow bills. Our spirits leaped to the sound!

Now, half or two-thirds of the joy of any such trip, it seems to me, is the companionship. I have never been a lone fisherman or huntsman, and if so be that one's companions of the wilds are real, genuine sportsmen, then the amount of game secured matters little. As a matter of fact, on this trip, though there were literally thousands of ducks on the lake, we each carried back home few more than those to which one day's hunting would have entitled us. And we had real sportsmen. The kind who did not grouch and grumble if the weather went wrong, as it sometimes did. The time when a boat overturned, and a gun went into the lake, when they came back wet but smiling, went early the next morning and retrieved the firearm. The kind who did not hog the best stands, but gave each one an equal chance.

Under the guidance of the young man—an excellent guide and cook after whom the lake is called—the dunnage was finally loaded, and we passed up on the lake something like two miles to a spruce covered point where we were to make camp. And camp had to be well made, for as this was September first, already the nights could be very cold. Here the tents were erected, the beds of fragrant spruce laid, the grub put ready to hand, and the guns looked after.

I shall not attempt to burden you with a detailed account of the hunt. There are high points which stand out vividly in memory, which I think are worth the telling. This much more might be said. This lake is rather a series of lakes, extending, I should say, for many miles, and with many ramifications. Much of it is swampy, reedy ground, but full of the wild rice which ducks eat so greedily, and which makes their meat so delicious. I have eaten fat young mallards which fairly made your mouth water—Oh, man! It seemed to me that this lake was an old river bed, though the Indians of the neighborhood stoutly assert that they have no legend or story of the river ever having run through there. Yet the portage was worn deep by the feet of these Indians. Certainly not by white men, for when we hunted on the lake scarce a dozen white men even knew of it. And there were ducks on it! Thousands of them. All day and far into the night they flew overhead, passing and repassing. Singly and in flocks. Mallards predominating, yet there were squaw, sprigg, teal, butterball, an occasional canvasback, and other types. In addition there were sand hill cranes, and geese, and once in a while a swan. But these were warier visitors.

The Alaskan autumn is something to be remembered. There is not the varicolored foliage which one sees farther south, but if there are birches around, a veritable riot of gold. Gold everywhere, but the deep green of the spruce, and the lighter glow of the tamarack to relieve it and enhance it. Then the soft, cool days, that run like wine in the blood, and the clear, sparkling nights to add zest to the whole.

It is not often at this season of the year that soft weather comes. Yet, come it does at times. After we had hunted a day or two, and had a goodly number of birds laid up for home taking, this weather hit us. The birds were in imminent danger of spoiling. It seemed a shame to lose them, and something must be done. In interior Alaska the thing was easy. Near camp was a cut bank. Into the side of this with ax and hands and improvised shovel of wood we drove. As we expected, a little way in, the ground grew colder and colder. Suddenly—slish!—and the chips of ice flew under the stroke of the ax. The rest was simple enough. With the frozen muck, branches, moss and a tarpaulin, we built up the outer wall, and soon had a natural refrigerator that would defy the warmest weather.

Then there were the humorous things that happened. They ought to happen on a hunt. One of the party had a dog—a good dog, and reputed a well behaved animal. His owner said he was a good dog. I have [CONTINUED ON PAGE 56]

© H. H. Lumpkin

The Shack by the River.

Figure One.

Light Distance

Fly Casting is a highly scientific method of angling. It requires practice and study. In this article for which we are indebted to Frederick J. Lane, Editor of our Scientific Angling Department, the novice will find priceless instruction.

Figure Three.

PROMPTLY at five Hal arrives at the platform to take his first lesson in distance fly casting, and is told that the caster, in taking his position on the platform should have the right foot forward as shown in the accompanying photographs, which were taken by Jack Schwinn.

"Now, Hal, extend your line until you have about sixty feet out. And in making the preliminary casts the line should be picked up from the water with the muscles of the forearm, wrist and right leg in tension. In fact, the forearm should be considered an extension of the rod. The right elbow should be held as low as possible and at the side of the body with the tip of the rod twenty inches from the water."

"Hey, 'See See', you say that the muscles should be held rigid! Why, man alive, I would only last two minutes, much less five, if the muscles were held rigid during the entire performance."

"Wait a minute! There are certain intervals during which the muscles should be held as rigid as possible and then again there are intervals at which the tension of the muscles is relaxed and at rest and the caster should make use of these periods so that when the final drive is made the muscles will respond.

"Now bend your body forward at the waist, as shown in Figure 1, and take hold of the line with the left hand. In making the back cast make use of the same movement that you use in pitching hay up in the hay loft. That is, the back cast is made with more of an upward movement than with one driven directly toward the rear, which requires an immense amount of power. With the same amount of effort you will get a better back cast if the pick-up is started from a point close to the water than if it is started six feet above the water.

"Just to show you the difference between the two pick-ups, reverse the position of your feet so that you can get a good view of the back casts by slightly turning your body at the waist.

"Lower your rod to about fifteen or twenty inches from the water and make your back cast. See how high it is in the air. Now try the other method, using the same amount of effort. That is fine—note the difference?

"Take your original position again as shown in Figure 1, with the muscles in tension and reach as far forward as you can and take hold of the line as near the first guide as possible, which should be at least two feet from the butt of the rod. Pull the line through the guides until your left hand is in the position shown in Figure 2. No, do not raise the rod until the left hand is in the position shown and then raise it until it reaches the position shown in Figure 3. When the rod takes the position indicated and the line is straightening out in the rear the muscles of the arm should be released of their tension and be at rest.

"While the line is straightening out in the rear the rod and arm should be raised and extended as in Figure 4. In extending the rod to this position the left hand should be at the side and should hold the line firmly. The instant the caster feels the tug of the line at the tip of the rod he knows that the line has straightened out in the rear and is ready for the preliminary forward cast. The muscles should then tighten up and the rod be brought forward with a steady but not too fast arm motion and, when the rod rests at a point at 45 degrees with the body, the wrist and thumb should be brought into play to turn the line and leader over. As the line and leader are settling on the water the muscles of the right arm should again come to rest.

"I note, Hal, that you are making your forward casts directly forward, which will in a great many instances cause the leader and fly to strike you in the back of the head. Cast to the lift of the buoy or

Figure Four.

Figure Five.

Tackle Casting

By CHARLES C. LUCKE

Former President National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Mr. Lucke is an authority on Distance Fly Casting and has given much time to the instructing of beginners as well as to coaching the experts. In his practical conversation he is explaining to his imaginary friend, Hal, the necessary and fine points of the game.

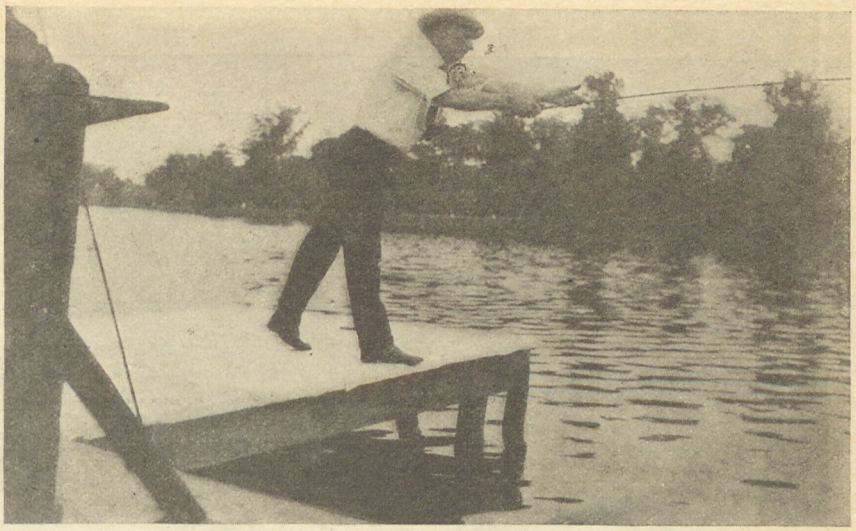


Figure Seven.

measuring line on all the preliminary forward casts and on the final cast drive the line directly forward over the measuring line. This method will also be a means of saving a good rear cast the leader will make an arc in straightening out, which will eliminate the snap of the fly.

"Never make the final forward cast or drive until the line is absolutely straight on the water on the previous forward cast and continue to make preliminary casts until the line is absolutely straight so that you have a steady and straight pull on the rod.

"Just a minute, Hal. You are combining the two movements shown in Figures 1 and 2, whereas they should be made in two distinct movements. Draw or pull the line through the guides and hold it firmly at the side; then raise the rod. You should practice these movements quite a little because they tend to straighten out the line so that the rod can get a steady pull rather than one which has a jerky movement which will cause a faulty back cast and consequent poor forward cast. No forward cast of any distance can be made unless the rear cast is good and no rear cast which will get results on the forward cast can be made unless the pick-up is made properly.

"You are getting along fine and we will now prepare for the final drive. Suppose we begin with the pick-up just previous to the final drive. Bend your body as shown in Figure 1 and reach as far forward as you can; grasp the line firmly and pull the line through the guides until the left hand reaches the position shown in Figure 2.

"Now, raise the rod for the rear cast with the left hand at the side as shown in Figure 3. The rod should follow the line as shown in Figure 4. While extending the rod to the position shown in Figure 4, the upper portion of the body should be turned at the waist and at the same time the left hand should be raised across the right shoulder holding the line firmly as shown in Figure 5. Just before the rod is brought forward and before the line has had a chance to straighten out in the rear the left hand should pull the line through the guides and drop to the left side again as shown in Figure 6. This movement helps to take the snap out of the rear cast and the rod gets the proper pull on the line for the forward cast just as pulling the line through the guides on the pick-up helps to get a good rear cast.

" 'See See, why do you turn the body complete at the waist on the final drive?'

"Only to make use of the powerful shoulder muscles of which you have plenty.

"To complete the final drive, hold on the line firmly with the left hand until the rod reaches a point of 45 to 60 degrees with the body. This point varies with the atmospheric conditions.

"If it is a windy day, the forward cast should be high, or at 60 degrees, while if the day is murky or with no wind, the line should be held longer, or until rod is closer to the water. Figure 7 shows the line running through the guides for the final cast.

"You now have all the secrets of the art of distance fly casting, and with a little practice I believe you will be the dark horse at Cleveland. Now I can do a little practicing of my own."

"Wait a minute. I want to ask you a few questions. What kind of a line and length of leader should I use?"

"If there is a steady wind blowing and the air is clear, a leader 10 to 12 feet long and quite light should be used—I would say a leader almost as light as would be considered a heavy dry fly leader.

"If we have a day with no wind and the air is inclined to be heavy or damp, use a leader eight feet long. However, the thickness and weight of the leader should not be too great for the line to turn over on the forward cast.

"Everyone has a different idea as to

(Continued on page 75)

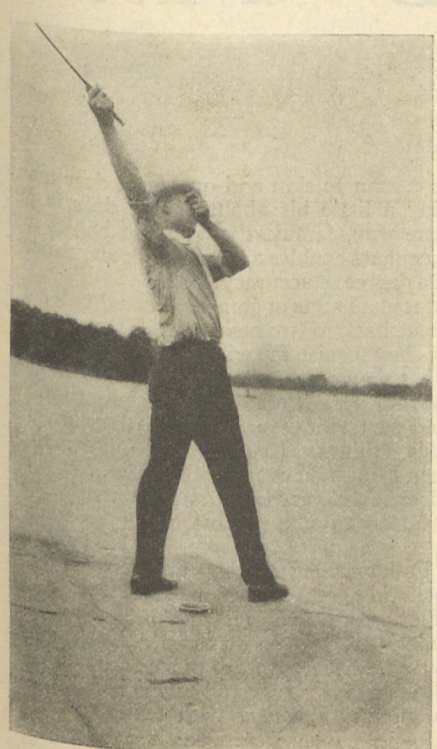


Figure Six.

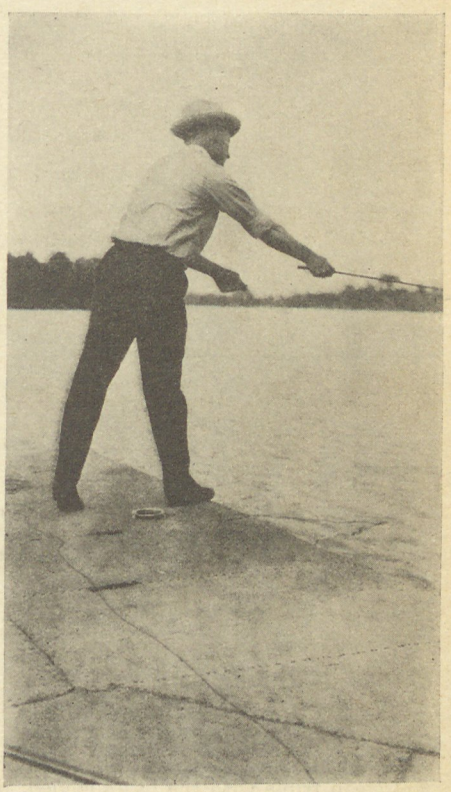
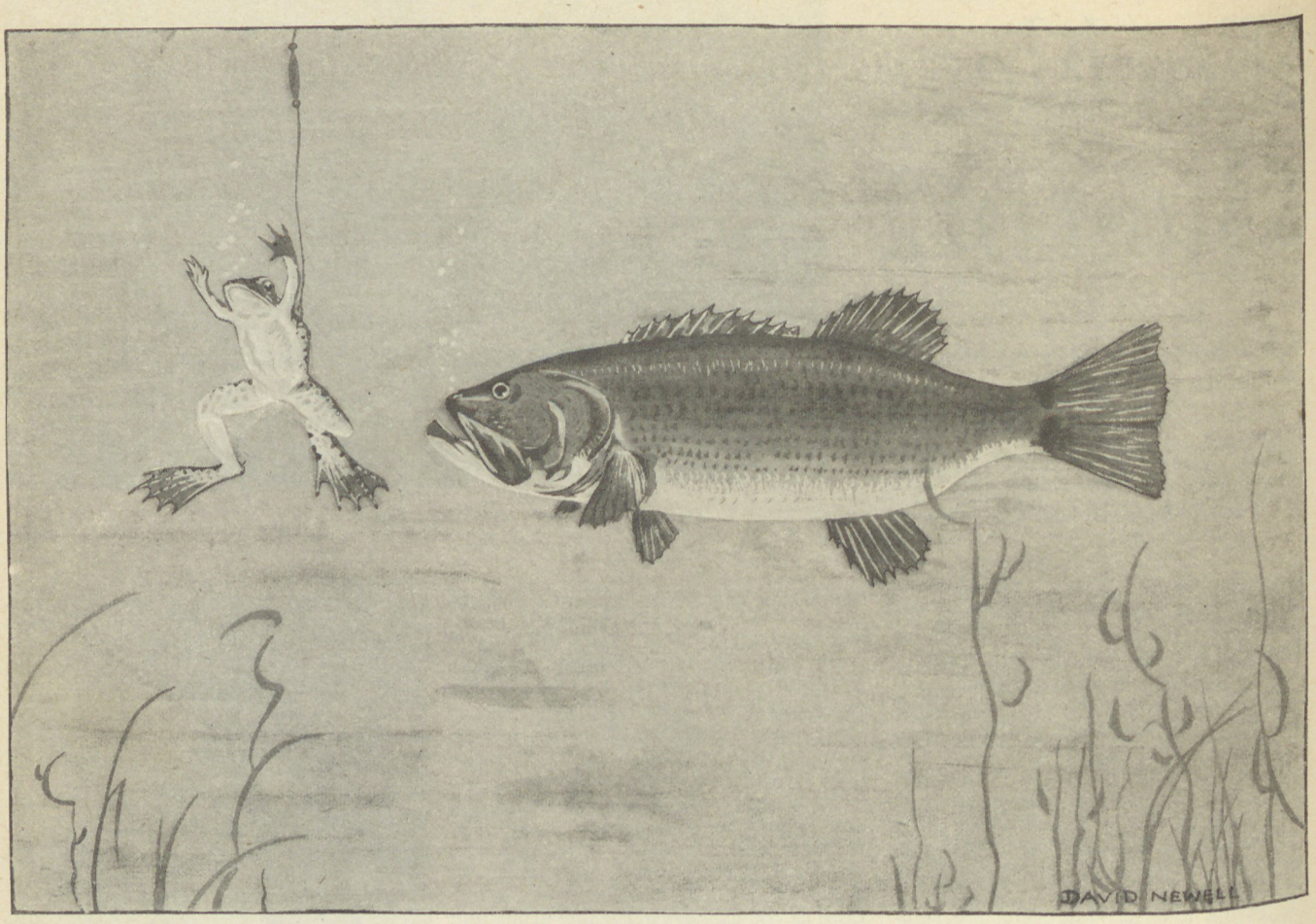


Figure Two.



The big bass just looked him over.

Two Memories O' Mine

By DAVID M. NEWELL

Illustrated by the Author

IN the life of every sportsman there are certain incidents that stand out vividly in his memory. Perhaps it was a clean triple with the bases loaded, that meant victory to the old school; perhaps it was a flashing tarpon in the blue waters of the Gulf; perhaps it was a giant silvertip grizzly on the rocky canyon side, or a bull moose among the alders. Whatever it may be in your case, you cherish the memory and the chances are that occasionally you will talk about it.

I have always been perniciously addicted to sports of all sorts. I say perniciously for the reason that I have had some difficulty in subordinating my love of sport to the more important things of life. This failure to see sport in its proper proportion began when I first tramped the Michigan hills with a disreputable old bird dog in search of woodchucks. It continued through my years at preparatory school, when a kind and far-seeing father demanded a very high scholastic standing as a condition of my playing football. In later years I did my level best to kill myself following a pack of hard running foxhounds. If a man thinks that he can outhunt a hound dog, he might just as well take a large dose of strychnine and save time. As I grew older, I followed my love of the chase in new fields, after new game. I roamed around the country in the most out-of-the-way places imaginable in search of bears and bobcats, deer and mountain lions, turkeys and ducks. But I justified myself by saying,

"Oh well, that will make a cracking good story," or "Anyway I know a little more about this animal than I did before, which will help me in my drawing."

It is impossible for a man to skin and quarter a deer many times without learning a little bit about how a deer is put together. In the same way, familiarity with the habits and habitats of bears and cougars enables a man to talk about bears and cougars with some degree of accuracy.

But now, having hunted all sorts of game and caught all sorts of fish, I invariably come back to two incidents. They are very clear in my mind, and they furnish me with the same thrill that they did at the time that they occurred. They have to do with two boyhood accomplishments. Perhaps that is why they are so precious to me, and so vivid. Furthermore, they have to do with rather everyday things. I experienced quite a thrill and no little pride when I knocked over my first deer, but when I stood as a lad of thirteen and gazed down at my first bobcat, life assuned a rosier hue than at any time before or since—"sportily" speaking.

It was one misty Fall morning in the palmetto scrubs of Florida that I realized this great ambition. My father had given me the car, albeit with solemn instructions to be home not later than nine o'clock. I arose at three A. M., and in company with my younger brother tiptoed down stairs and out to the barn where I kept my three hounds. As I look back, the fact that I ever caught anything *at all* with those dogs seems nothing short of a miracle. They were what is known in the foxhunting world as "potlickers," and they lived up to the name. However, they were always eager to do their best, and since that is all any dog can do, I suppose I should not speak ill of them. After all, they got me my 'cat.

An hour's drive took us to the swamp. As I climbed from behind the steering wheel and shouldered my new shotgun I felt very important indeed—sort of a " 'Lo, Dan'el. Le's go kill us a b'ar" feeling. The dogs immediately disappeared in the shadows, and my brother and I trudged along an old saw mill road toward the swamp. It wasn't long before old Grey struck a track and began to make the woods ring with his long mellow notes. We stopped to let him work the trail out, in some doubt, as always, as to whether he was after a 'possum, a 'coon—or an old bobcat. Shortly the other dogs began to bay, and suddenly the three went off down the swamp as hard as they could go, in full cry. Whatever they had jumped, they were certainly hot after, and my brother and I had to run to keep in hearing of them.

Four hours later the tired dogs brought their quarry across the pine hill, and to my supreme joy and excitement I discovered that they were running a bobcat, as witnessed by the tracks in the sand.

"It's a cat! It's a cat!" I repeated.

"I don't care if it's a tiger," groaned my brother wearily, "I can't go another step. I'll wait for you by this big pine tree." I left him, already asleep on the pine needles, and hurried after the dogs. After a half hour or so, two of the dogs got enough, and came apologetically back to me. I was not surprised. They had a habit of quitting when the sun got a little hot. But old Grey plodded along, and I prayed that he would run long enough to either tree the big cat or enable me to get a shot at it. I stood up on a fallen pine log, and listened to Grey, the two quitters immediately curling up in the leaves to sleep.

Grey was doing his best. I could hear him as he sloshed around in the water. Suddenly I heard a palmetto leaf crash and I groaned inwardly. Old Grey was quitting and I wouldn't get my bobcat! Then, to my astonishment, I heard the dog bay once or twice down in the swamp to my left. I looked quickly toward the place from whence had come the crash, and beheld a big bobcat slipping through the palmettos! I raised my shot gun and pulled the trigger with one motion. Then I fell off the log—as much from excitement and surprise, as from the kick of the gun. At the shot, both dogs came to life and went tearing out through the bushes at top speed—perhaps from fright. At any rate they crossed the track of the old cat and took after him as hard as they could go. I reloaded my gun and tore after them.

My shot had hit the bobcat, breaking one hind leg, and he had run a short distance and squatted in the grass. The first thing the two dogs knew, they had run into him! I remember that one of those dogs jumped higher than I thought it possible for a dog to jump. The other leaped to one side, and the old cat bounded off through the palmettos. As he went, I bombarded his flank, but he kept going. The dogs were hot after him again, and I joined the race, slipping another shell into my single barrel as I ran. This time the dogs held him, and as I came up I saw him crouching in a little clearing, spitting and slapping at the dogs. A load of sixes delivered at a distance of twenty-five feet do a good deal of damage to anything, and a bobcat's head is no exception. As the big cat sprawled out, I ran up and clubbed him with my gun stock, in the height of my excitement, calling hoarsely for old Grey to come and partake of the victory. But Grey was a great believer in sticking to one thing until he got there. No doubt when he heard me shooting, and heard the other dogs baying, he thought,

"Perhaps they are after my cat, but the only way to be sure is to follow this track to its conclusion. If the conclusion turns out to be a dead bobcat, all well and good. If not, I shan't have lost any time on this track I'm working on."

In the course of time Grey came up, and after thoroughly smelling the dead cat to make sure that it was the same one he had been after all morning, he walked off and lay down. When I had rested awhile I shouldered my prize and started back to where I had left my brother. Not until then did I remember my father's instructions about bringing the car home before nine o'clock. I looked at my watch. It was nine o'clock! But without any disrespect toward parental commands, I did not care, for I had killed my first wildcat and the whole world could go hang. I have this old cat's hide today, and I prize it more highly than any of my trophies, for it represents many things that are gone—old Grey, Vic and Woody, the quitters, happy, carefree days with my brother in the big piney woods, and the realization of a boyhood ambition, won after a long apprenticeship of 'coon and 'possum hunting.

There is another memory that is very dear to me, a memory that has to do with clear, green water and a black bass. Don't you remember, you fishermen, how as small boys you lay on an old pier and gazed down into the shadowy depths? What can enthrall a boy like the sight of a big fish, and what more natural desire than a hand line? I was a city boy, and my first taste of woods and water came when my family took me to Michigan one summer. Needless to say, I was enraptured. There were countless blue gills and perch to be caught; there were turtles and frogs to be stalked and captured. At one end of the little lake was a cove, and near the cove was an old, dilapidated wharf. From this wharf I was wont to fish for hours at a time.

One late summer afternoon, after I had yanked out an exceptionally fine string of blue gills, sunfish, and yellow perch, I lay flat on the old wharf and peered down through the dark water. Directly beneath me was a shadowy form that moved slowly in and out through the waving weeds and I realized with a great leap of my heart that I was looking at a black bass. I had heard my father speak often [CONTINUED ON PAGE 67]

I saw him crouched in the little clearing, spitting and slapping at the dogs

Dave Newell, bronzed and debonair as usual, came into the office the other day and calmly announced his intention to make a trip to Africa after the big fellows. Dave has hunted all over this country and his cleverly illustrated stories carry that "been there" tang.

One hundred and twenty-eight white bass caught off the spawning beds prior to the passage of the law protecting the species over the breeding season.

White Bass

By ALVIN R. CAHN

FOR what seemed to me to be hours, I had been playing a big musky on one of the jewel-like lakes of northern Wisconsin. Time after time the powerful fish had broken water, hurling itself clear of its native haunts in what so far at least had been vain endeavors to shake the spoon hook from its lodgment in the lower angle of the jaw. Each time the fish broke water I could distinctly hear the rattle of the spoon as the great creature, mouth open and gills spread, shook its head furiously. And now it was sulking some fifty feet ahead of me, "logging it" on the bottom. Pumping operations were well under way, and I was successfully gathering in inch after inch of silk line, when I was awakened by the ring of the telephone.

"'Lo; that you?" said the voice at the other end, which I recognized as belonging to Mac.

"Yes, this is me; that you?"

"Good guess! Who told you? What have you on this afternoon?"

"Says which?"

"I mean: what are you doing this afternoon?"

"Oh! Not much of anything. I was just catching a musky when you butted in. Suppose I've lost him by now."

"Sorry, old timer; better luck next time. Anyway, I've got something that has musky fishing skinned a thousand ways. At least I think I have."

"That's either too much or too little, Mac; I crave enlightenment."

"Ever catch white bass?"

"Heck yes; hundreds of them. Is that all you have to offer in return for making me lose my musky?"

"Yes. And furthermore, I've been thinking."

"Not really? On a hot day like this?"

"Don't try to be funny. Ever catch white bass on a fly rod?"

"I've never had a fly rod in my hand. This is southern Wisconsin, you know, Mac, not Oregon. Down here trout can only be caught on special invitation." For Mac has a homestead out in Oregon, which he calls "paradise," where, from his descriptions, one gathers that the trout and salmon are dying of starvation because of the lack of fly fishermen. In southern Wisconsin a fly rod is a luxury—boasted about but not used.

"Well, come on down and we'll try something different for once."

And so our first white bass trip began.

A word about the white bass in southern Wisconsin. For years the state conservation commission has been planting hundreds of white bass each year in the numerous lakes of Waukesha county. These fish, averaging probably four inches in length, are obtained in great numbers largely from the overflow regions along the Mississippi river. When this great river overflows in spring, thousands of pounds of fish of every kind are caught in the blind pockets and depressions, where they are left isolated and cut off from any possible retreat to the river by the recession of the water. A reclamation service has therefore been established in conjunction with the federal government, and crews of men are employed in seining and rescuing these otherwise doomed fish. The salvaged fish are then sorted according to species and are shipped to various points for stocking lakes and streams. This is the principal course of white bass planted in Waukesha county. The planting began in this county in 1889 and has gone on year after year since that date. Thanks to the fact that the fish are of good size, once successfully planted there is little loss, and the species has taken hold.

Very few white bass are caught during the fishing season, due to the fact that few fishermen take the trouble to go after them. The fish spend most of the time in deep water. They are gregarious, and the schools are constantly migrating. Stomach examinations show their food to be largely small fish, and they are most often caught on shore minnows. The white bass breeds in the spring, usually late in May, the spawning taking place in the shallow water, and usually at night. At this time the fish ascend the small streams in large numbers, coming into the shallows at dusk and returning to the deep water again before daylight. Until very recently there was no law protecting the species in Wisconsin, and it was during the spawning time that hundreds of the fish were caught. I have in mind one place in particular: In the city of Oconomowoc there is a dam separating Fowler lake from Lake LaBelle, and about three hundred feet of the Oconomowoc river flows between the falls and LaBelle. The white bass come up this short stretch from Lake LaBelle by the thousands and spawn at the foot of the falls. An arc light throws a dim illumination over the area and here the local fishermen used to congregate. During the laying season the fish are very pugnacious and will strike at anything. So it was a common sight to see as many as fifty fishermen, each with two or three poles, lining the banks of the stream, busily engaged in taking fish off their hooks, swiping each other's bait, and untangling their lines when some particularly active bass circled and gathered in some half dozen. I recall one night when the fish were especially abundant, and a shortage of bait resulted. The fishermen, undaunted by what appeared to be a final blow to the night's fishing, baited their hooks with anything they had that was white: pieces of handkerchiefs, string, and even cigarette paper! Each proved an unqualified success! One of the photographs accompanying this article shows the results of two hours of this slaughter—128 white bass, legally caught in the spawning season. Very wisely the conservation commission has at last put an end to this unsportsmanlike fishing by protecting the species over the spawning time. Such was the white bass as I knew it when Mac suggested the fly rod.

We loaded ourselves into the light canoe fitted with oars and I pulled for the deep water while Mac elucidated as he put his fly rod together.

"You see, it's this way: I was out this morning trying to get a black bass for dinner. I pulled down two miles of that east shore and fished every foot of the way—nary a nibble. I guess it was too quiet; not a ripple on the water. Fish could see you farther than you could cast. So I gave it up for a bad job and started to cut home across the lake. Well, I was pulling along easy like, and not thinking about much of anything, sort o' watching those black gulls flying along. They sure are graceful. By the way, you're supposed to be a bird-ologist; what kind of a bird is it, anyway?"

"That, my dear Mac, is not a gull at all, but a near relative of the gulls, known commonly as the Black Tern. To the professional ornithologist it is known as *Sterna nigra*. It is a common breeding species in this vicinity, nesting in the marshy bays, where it lays four heavily blotched dark brown eggs. It is piscivorous, feeding largely on minnows, and is—"

"Never mind the family history. Just keep your eyes open and watch when they gang up and hover over the water."

"I thought we were out to hunt white bass, not birds."

"Well, how did you think we were going to find them?"

"That, my dear Mac, is your worry, not mine. All I am supposed to do is to play Evinrude, while you talk about the birds."

"Very well; you keep on rowing and watch for those birds to gang up. As I was saying before you interrupted me—"

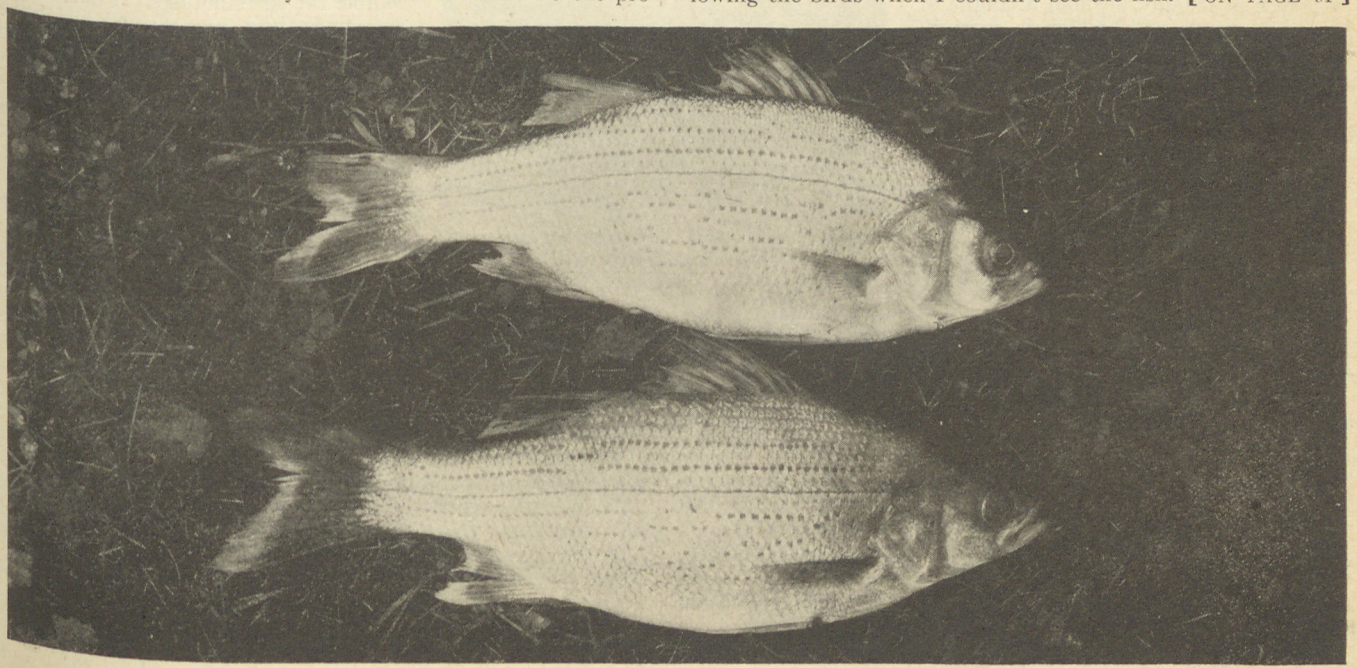
"I did *not* interrupt you. And there is one of your terns over yonder sort o' ganging up all by himself."

About a quarter of a mile away a single tern was hovering twenty feet above the water, uttering its peculiar call and dropping suddenly to the water, to rise again calling repeatedly. As we watched, the lone bird was joined by a second, and a third was winging its way rapidly to join them. A fourth was not far behind.

"That's them," shouted Mac, nearly tipping the canoe over in his effort to turn around.

"Them what?" I asked, resting on the oars.

"White bass, you ninny. Pull over there for all you're worth, while I put on these flies. I'll try a Parmachene Belle in tandem. I'll tell you about this morning while you row. I was watching the gulls—terns, I mean—and pretty soon I noticed them behaving sort o' peculiar. They gathered together in a flock like you saw them just now, only there were at least fifteen birds in the bunch. (There were at least ten in the flock ahead of us now.) They were dipping into the water, and calling and making an awful rumpus. So I stood up in the boat to see if I could see what the excitement was all about. At first I didn't see anything unusual, and I was just going to sit down again, when suddenly the water just in front of the terns broke into a boil. It looked as if five hundred fish were all trying to get out of the water together. Reminded me of when you draw a seine full of fish up into the shallow water. It was a whale of a school of fish and they were traveling like the dickens. I thought maybe they were red-eyes feeding. I could see an occasional back or fin or tail as they frittered along at the surface, but it was such a commotion I couldn't make anything definite out of it. The birds followed along just behind the school, screaming in great excitement. I never saw anything like it before. And just when the performance was at its height, the school disappeared, leaving the water perfectly quiet. The birds kept right on hollering, so I waited to see what would happen next. About two minutes later the school came to the surface again, about two hundred feet from where they went down. From their elevation the birds could evidently see them all the time they were under water, for they were right on the job. So I sat down and rowed after them, following the birds when I couldn't see the fish. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 51]



White Bass, a great fighter on a fly rod and an excellent pan fish.

Sister looked us over.

Shooting Moose With a Camera

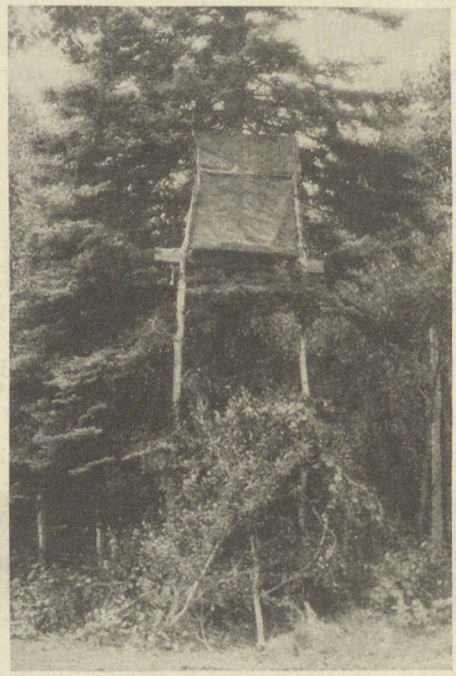
By OWEN J. GROMME

As brother yawns.

TO readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA, the outcropping of the call of the wild usually takes the form of an irresistible desire to spend a vacation in the woods and open places with either a rod or a gun. Just a love of the outdoors in general and a keen appreciation of nature's wild things, in the study of which business and domestic cares can be left far behind, are sufficient motives for some. Others experience an unparalleled thrill when they have successfully stalked a wild bird or animal to within "shooting distance" with a camera. This latter, perhaps, requires more skill than ordinary hunting, for "rifle shot" and "camera shot" are two different things. A movie camera is the worst, for at the end of a successful approach, the noise of the clicking camera often upsets hours of strenuous work.

Last July a party from the Milwaukee Public Museum proceeded to Isle Royale, Michigan, to carry on archeological work at the old Indian copper mine site which has long been abandoned. From Duluth, Minnesota, the trip was made by steamer, via Port Arthur, Ontario, and thence to the Amygdaloid Channel where equipment was loaded into a gasoline launch and taken to the head of McCargoe's Cove at which place camp was made and preparations for archeological work well started.

McCargoe's Cove winds inland between two high ridges, and ends in an expanse of marshy lowland a couple of hundred yards wide which is sparsely overgrown with alders. From the hillside camp there was a clear view of the low-lying country and the small creek that runs through it. The first evening one of the members of the party, while down at the water's edge, was astonished to see a cow moose walk out into the marsh, and quietly feed. Immediately she was followed by another and another, until twelve of the animals had made their appearance. Mr. Porteus, who on this occasion was the self-appointed water boy, immediately scrambled up the bank and reported the news to camp, all members of which came down to have a look.



Not a tree-dweller's bungalow but the nest from which we "shot."

Fortunately, Dr. Barrett, who was head of the expedition, had brought one of the motion picture outfits, and immediately began to figure ways and means of concealing the camera at a point close enough to take successful pictures. On the following morning a crude blind was erected in a cluster of alders at a point only about one hundred feet from the "wallow," which was in about the center of the marsh not far from the water's edge. This place, trampled into a muddy mass knee deep, covered nearly half an acre of ground. Here the animals would drink the muddy water that had accumulated in footprints in preference to the clear fresh water of the cove—a fact which we attributed to saltiness until we found that they would not touch rock salt that we placed to attract them.

The Doctor early proceeded to his crude blind and arrived just in time to "shoot" as a fine large bull in the velvet walked out and unconsciously posed for him. The "click" of the camera at first caused alarm, but the animal upon failing to locate the sound, regained confidence and walked out into the center of the wallow. More followed and when the Doctor had exhausted his film, he had photographed six fine moose including two calves. He decided then and there that here was an opportunity to make a series of motion pictures, under more ideal conditions, in the fall when the horns of the bulls had attained their maximum growth.

Mr. George A. West, a lover of the great outdoors and President of the Museum Board of Trustees who also accompanied the expedition, heartily endorsed the idea of a return trip in October.

Accordingly, two excellent blinds were built, one in a spruce tree about twelve feet directly above a much used trail, and affording a commanding view. The other consisted of a solid platform spiked to cedar posts which were driven deep into the muck, as the footing in the marsh was too shaky for a motion picture camera. As camouflage small alders about two inches in diameter were placed upright about six inches apart all around the platform, and this in turn was lined with canvas painted to resemble the surroundings. A narrow slit was cut in the canvas through which the lens was to project. This made the operator invisible from the outside. It was hoped that in the fall when this blind was to be used, the animals would have become accustomed to it and take alarm only from the click of the camera.

In October we again returned to the island, but what a change nature had wrought. The foliage had already fallen, as Jack Frost had lent his magic touch, and we then realized that had we not built our blind in the summer, our chances of concealing the camera without causing too much of a disturbance would have indeed been few. The animals were more wary and less anxious to come to the wallow than in the summer. Cows and calves would come out only after hesitation and bulls were seen on but two occasions.

The weather was cold, and though we were heavily dressed in our sheepskins and warm rubber boots, it was with considerable discomfort that we remained within the blinds all day, and day after day. Days of watchful waiting were thus spent, and only the occasional call of a bull would rouse our hopes that one would come our way.

One day about noon, the writer was scared "out of his wits" when he looked up through the small opening and saw a big bull standing not twenty feet away and directly in front of the blind. He had approached very

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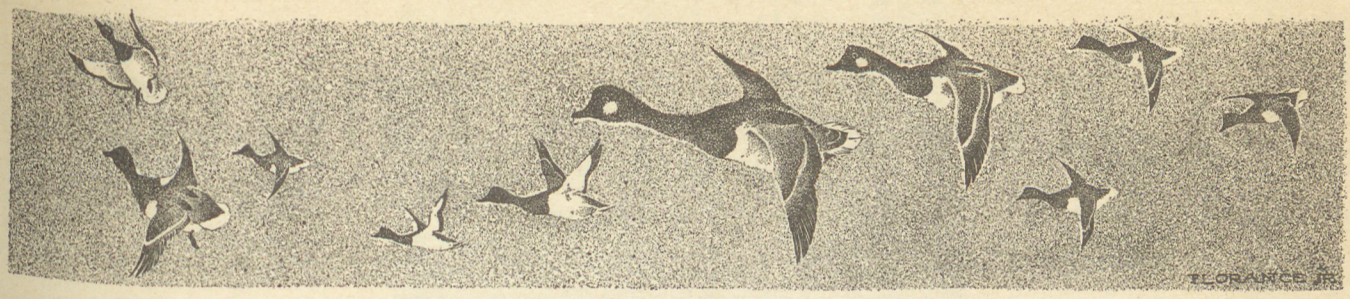


Mashies and Mallards

By BURR G. LICHTY

Panel by E. Lee Florance, Jr.

A HOLE in one, while playing alone, by dear old Mr. Ferguson, the best spender and the poorest golfer in the Club, is of no especial concern to anyone but Mr. Ferguson except it be Mrs. Ferguson. Let Anson Sykes Smythe, the Inter-Collegiate Champion, rim the cup on the eighth hole for a missed singleton against Jock Hutchinson in the Western Open, win or lose, it's a front page story.

Which all goes to show it isn't the act itself or the skill which directs it, but association, environment, stage setting and press notice—call it what you will—that counts.

To illustrate: George Pike's *two* last summer out of a trap on the eighteenth for a win and a silver vegetable dish wasn't intended as a master stroke at all. The eighteenth is a short hole. George's tee shot found the trap short of the green, while Fred Wray was on for an easy three and the match one up, or at any event extra holes. Now here is a low down on that shot by at least a half dozen eyewitnesses. George's boy handed him a battle axe of ancient origin and went to take the pin. George didn't even line up the shot from behind or thump around on the green like most regular golfers do, but tackled the job with no more consciousness to form than Calvin Coolidge when he pitches hay on his father's farm. He hit behind just right and the ball sailed up and away as prettily as could be, but he also filled his caddie's eyes with sand from what Kim calls the "explosion shot." The boy dropped the flag to rub his eyes and the ball soared into the gap between his overalls and his shirt, spiraled down his pant leg, out at the bottom, caromed off his bare feet, bobbled a yard or more, hesitated and plumped into the cup for a *two*—and the match.

That's the gospel truth because Herb Reed, Charley Chapman, Bert Johnson and Tom Ferris, the foursome that finished just ahead, swear to it individually and collectively. That's the beauty of having witnesses if you want to make a thing stick.

Now, take my case. Even as good a friend as Judge Wood tried to change the subject three times on me before I could get him to stand still long enough to listen through. It was this way. Cortright's is only a mile out of town. I drew up in his farm yard at exactly four fifteen. His north pasture is pretty boggy and there is good food and cover there for jacksnipe, but on this day it was cold and windy and a thin crust of ice had formed in places. The birds were not plentiful. I made a couple of long shots on singles and then got a double. One bird flushed and I dropped him out on the ice as another one darted down out of the sky to alight. I retrieved the first bird, but hunted for the second without success. I made another circuit of the bog and picked up two more, then back to hunt the cripple. I had to give him up as lost.

As I passed through the barnyard, Cort's hired man asked me if I had seen four mallards drop into the slough east of the pasture. I told him I had not.

"Why don't *you* go after them?" I asked.

"I ain't got no gun," said he.

"Take mine," said I.

"I ain't got no boots," said he, "an' besides you can't kill nothin' with a little pea shooter like that," pointing to my twenty gauge pump. "Cort was out this morning early and got 'leven—him and the boy," he ventured.

"The deuce he did," I remarked.

"Yep," he replied, and then, "Le's see what *you* can do with that pop gun."

"All right," I said, "you get up on that windmill tower and direct me and I'll go after them."

I headed straight east through the corn a quarter of a mile to the slough and then directly north. I looked my few remaining shells over. Number nines soft shot is all I ever use for jacks.

"I might scratch a mal' with a lot of luck," I mused.

I sloshed up through the slough in water knee deep and grass waist high. Here and there was an open spot as large as a bath tub. A south wind bowed and tossed the log grass before me as I walked, like imitation billows in a stage setting. Cort had mowed as much of his slough hay as he could, but a wet season prevented him from getting it all. I turned toward the hired man on the wind mill tower. He waved me on to the north end of the slough. I splashed on as he directed. When I had about reached the end, I glanced at the windmill tower. My man was gone when—

Splash!—Four mals jumped into the wind off my port bow and I swung into action. I dropped three in a row stone dead on the open mowing and the fourth fell crippled into the edge. I knew I must get to him quickly or lose him. I raced to the spot and saw a movement in the grass. I lunged with my gloved hand on suspicion and caught him—when lo and behold instead of a mal' I had picked a napping cotton tail rabbit. I thrashed around some more with Peter under my arm and luckily found my bird. Four mallards and a rabbit with four shots from a twenty gauge gun with number nine shot made me proud.

I walked back to the farm yard with my prizes. The hired man was racing the engine of a farm tractor into a deafening roar as I approached. "Get anything?" he bellowed.

"Didn't you hear me shoot?" I asked.

"No, did you?" he queried.

I could have choked him.

"Help yourself," I said, stretching the mals on the fender. "They're yours. You saw them first," all the time remembering what he said about Cortright bagging eleven birds that very morning.

"Well," he said, "if you don't mind I'll take these here two green heads."

"Go to it," said I, "and how about the rabbit?" holding the struggling bunny in his face.

"Naw," he said, "we ain't much on rabbit at this house and besides we got more ducks now than we know what to do with."

"Is that so?" I asked, dropping Peter and watching him scurry across the yard and under the garden fence.

"Say, you ain't got no cigarettes, have you?" he asked, by way of getting on intimate terms.

"Keep them," I said, flinging a part package at him. "They satisfy." He missed them both. I started my motor and made a circle of the yard. "Hey!" he called after me, "next time you come down bring some good sippin' licker."

"Thank Heaven," I mused, "eleven and two is thirteen."

The Fisherman

By ZANE GREY

Illustration by John Thoman

POVERTY RUN was wilder than Bartlett's, more beautiful than Joe's Run, and a paradise for little fish. The first time Lorry tried it he jerked minnows out as fast as he could swing the pole; and every now and then he would hook something heavy that broke the silk line. How well, indeed, was it that he had plenty of line and abundance of little hooks!

Licking Creek was narrower up here, and had stretches of swift water running into deep holes under shelving clay banks. Like the old fisherman, Lorry favored a place where he could wade in from the shallow side and cast a bait into the coveted waters. Before dark that first day they had caught all the bass they could carry. Lorry's largest was two pounds, but Mr. Miser had one close to six. Unfortunately Lorry had not seen him catch it.

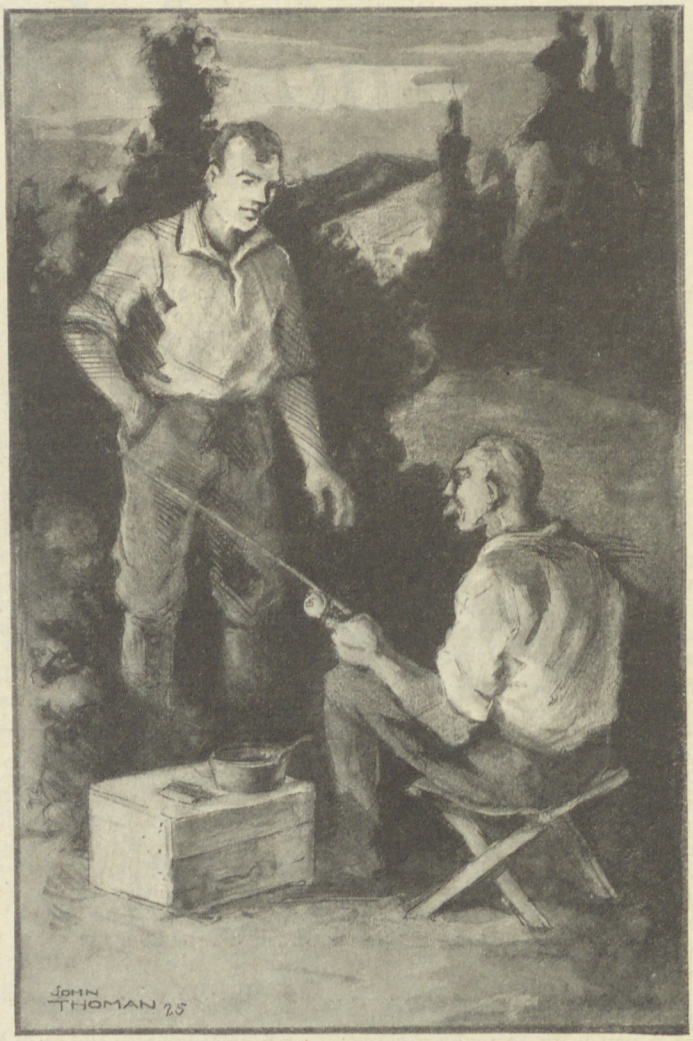
"I'll clean them tonight and pack them down tomorrow," said Mr. Miser. "We must sell what fish we can't eat."

They had pitched their camp on a small island of sand and gravel, at the upper end of which was a huge pile of driftwood and a clump of willows. The green foliage was to provide shelter. Lorry was tremendously alive to the wildness of the spot. The stream ran swiftly in front of their camp, down to a wide expanse of smooth water that Mr. Miser declared was the best bass ground he had ever fished. The night was cool, making the campfire most welcome. Cranes and ducks swished by in the darkness overhead, uttering rancorous cries. Soon Lorry was in bed, snug under the blanket. To be sure the bed was hard sand, but that was of no moment to him. He was so sleepy that his eyelids kept closing, yet he hated to succumb. The rush of water, the chirp of crickets, the call of whippoorwill seemed here infinitely wilder and more lonely. The dark sharp foliage of the willows waved to and fro between him and the star-studded sky. The last he remembered was the flickering of the campfire. Sometime during the night he awoke. The hour must have been late. Gray mist obscured everything. Out of it came the low rush and babble and gurgle of the running stream. There was now no other sound. How weird and wild this lonely island! Yet it did not seem wholly unfamiliar to Lorry. He felt that his thought of it was like a dream of something vague, long past, yet true.

Next day Lorry was left to his own devices while the old fisherman undertook the long walk to sell his fish. There and back was twelve miles. Lorry spent the morning on Poverty Run, going upstream quite far, to where it had high grassy banks, rills and pools. He saved all the choicest bait, and then out of sheer pleasure in his skill and the sport of it he caught minnows by the score, to let them go.

During the early part of the afternoon he stayed in camp watching for the return of his comrade. But Mr. Miser did not come, and at last the call of the bass was too great for Lorry. He went up stream to the holes fished the night before, and caught a string of bass that now he called small. Not long since would he have considered them huge! Again he returned to camp. Mr. Miser was not in sight. The sun was getting low, the shadows were lengthening, the heat of the day declining. Lorry took his bucket of bait and his pole, and hurried down to the great pool so wonderfully spoken of by Mr. Miser.

At the foot of the island there was a shallow flat, rock-bottomed, that led to the left shore. Here bass were feeding. Lorry saw swirls and splashes, jumping minnows, and furrows on the surface. Then he heard as solid a thump as could have been made by a cow kicking off flies, as she stood knee deep in the water. "Whew! Could that be a bass!" ejaculated Lorry, as he gazed around.



Sympathetically he listened to Larry's tale of woe and carefully examined the rod.

Lo! it had, indeed, been made by a bass. No other fish could have started the circling waves from the center of that pool. Lorry saw the yellow shadow of a flat rock, and decided this was where the big bass lived. Never had Lorry waded so cautiously and noiselessly. Bass were feeding all around him, but it was the big one, far out, that he wanted to reach. Lorry waded to his hips, as far as he could go. Then he cast for the marked spot.

There came a roaring splash. The bass hit the bait so hard that he nearly jerked the pole out of Lorry's hands. Also he felt the hook and leaped, a magnificent fish, larger than the six-pounder Mr. Miser had caught. Lorry was paralyzed. It had happened too swiftly. He expected to see his bait and hook go flying. The bass did throw the bait, but he had caught the hook. Down he cracked and plunged away. Then Lorry, coming to his senses, set the hook deep. The bass made a churning, furious splash, then swept like lightning down stream. Lorry's reel whizzed. All the line passed out. Then he ran pellmell through the water, pole extended, ploughing like a horse. Getting to where it was shallow he made better time. But the bass gained the swift water be-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 54]

Trail *of the* Old Caulked Boot

By CARROLL W. ARMSTRONG

IT is a long trail now, extending over a couple of centuries in time, for distance it goes from Maine to Oregon and from Minnesota to Florida. Everywhere it is getting dimmer and dimmer. Will it eventually return? Perhaps —no one knows.

The ring of the axe, the swish of the saw and the thud of the big trees are heard no more in most of the places where the trail started. Whether these sounds will ever be heard again to any great extent throughout the dim beginnings of the trail depends on an awakened public.

The fight for conservation has been under way for a number of years and it is just now that it is commencing to make itself felt. People are coming to realize what it means, the big lumber companies are looking to the future and realizing the waste they have indulged in, so that in the coming years we may see rapid strides made to stop the "red demon" of fire, to plant trees where they will grow and to protect what we now have so that it will be of some use to the generation following.

The spike holes show no more in the logs of the New England country, the river trails are deserted and the old camps are gone, but, rising here and there in our eastern mountains and hills is a new growth that will be even more valuable than the first one as time passes. The White Pine will be scarce, or a thing of the past, but the hardwood forest should be a success and we may some day again hear the thud of a riverman's boot as he springs on a floating log and the "chuck, chuck, chuck" of his spikes as they bite into the bark.

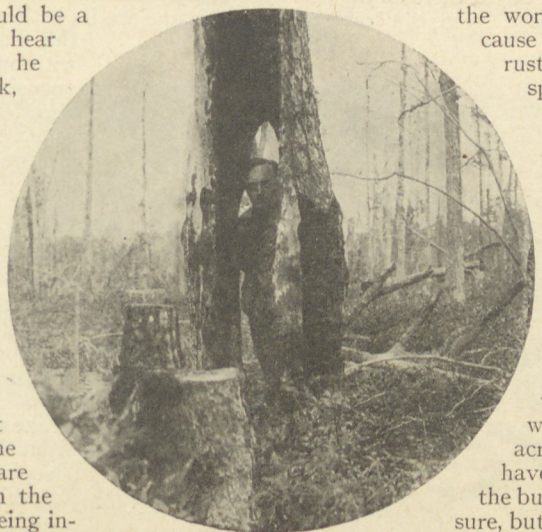
It is not too much to expect. Absolutely not. The Americans can do it if they wish. Their ambition and energy will accomplish most anything with the backing of their money. The trouble so far has been that it did not pay—when it does, then the United States will grow trees as rapidly and as systematically and under all the protection that it is possible to invent.

The trail coming west into the Great Lakes country is not quite so dim. Some timber is still being cut, some rivers are still taking down the drives and even the birling match of the old river days is being indulged in, but at that the trail is quite indistinct. The great drives down the Mississippi are no more, the old bateaus and the tugs rot along deserted banks, the trail leading down the river is obliterated, except near the towns where it is used by "hikers" and boys.

It is a long trail to the Southland and the great log rafts of the early days are never seen, so that until the very tip of the South comes into view the trail is entirely lost. Here, however, we have a branching of the trail at the foot of the Father of Waters, one part of it going to the east, the other to the west through the great pineries of the South. The eastern trail gets worn and grayed as it turns to go up the coast and loses itself in the lagoons of the Carolinas. West it is still a fresh trail, the blazes are clear and the old caulked boot is soft and pliable with clean, bright spikes that bite into the bark of the great pines. The farther we go into the land of the setting sun the brighter the trail is. Here we find some of the old rivermen of the north country, many in easy jobs now. Here are many of the old "Bully Boys" handling the giants of the Pacific Coast forests by mammoth machinery. Few, if any, are driven down the streams, but it takes the quickness and agility of the old riverman, passed down in many cases to his sons, to meet the sing and swish of the cableways, the thunder of a giant log and the added danger of giant timber.

The spikes on the old boots are brighter than anywhere else in the world of timber. They are bright because they are in constant use and not rusting away in some old barn. The spikes even smile as they know and their owner knows that many of these great companies have come to realize the necessity of conservation, so much so that they are planting trees in a country where they still grow by the millions. Planting them in a country where the chances are ten to one they will grow and under proper protection make the timber that our coming generation will sometime need.

The trail is dim in the east, but with the glow of the west in our eyes we may yet see the trail blazed back across the continent. Again we may have the return of the riverman and hear the buzz of the mills, all small capacity to be sure, but handled under the same type of management that the western mills are using today and with it will become a thing of permanence.



Burned.

Lake George, at the end of the Lakes auto road.

Afoot in Mammoth Pass

By WILL D. LUCAS

This is the first of a series of short narratives by Mr. Lucas, whose intimate knowledge of the high Sierras is given in an interesting way. Here is a writer who travels the country first and then tells of his adventures.

A MAIL CARRIER, who shoulders a pack of thirty-five or forty pounds a distance of fifteen miles every day, must have a vacation like anyone else. Therefore I spend my holidays hiking in the mountains with my cooking utensils and sleeping bag upon my back.

The average Californian, like the Eastern tourist, knows his Sierras only from the western slope. He motors to the famous Yosemite or the various groves of Big Trees. Perhaps he has the notion, as I had, that the Eastern Sierras are uninteresting and, because of their proximity to the great desert, dry and hot.

When I heard of giant waterfalls, scores of lakes and even of glaciers—all on the desert side of the Sierra Nevada Range—the itch was in my feet and I did just like the bear who went over the mountain "to see what he could see!"

I left the stage at Mammoth, California, in the month of June, and camped for a few days in a little grove of two-leaved, or lodgepole pines, near Mammoth Creek. Tall and slender are the lodgepoles, but friendly; and at night the host of stars never seen above the lighted cities seem actually enmeshed in their upper branches. My neighbors were the chipmunks, robins, red-headed woodpeckers and butterflies by the thousands—gorgeous yellow and spotted with black. An ideal place to commune with one's soul!

The only discordant note in my retreat was an evident feud between the robins and the chipmunks. Never did they meet, upon the ground or in the trees, but there was the scampering and chattering of battle. Perhaps our Jolly Chipmunk is in reality a cradle robber: somehow I suspect him of sucking Robin Redbreast's eggs!

From this lovely camp I made one-day trips to all the nearby points, including the Earthquake Fault. Here is a crack in the earth more than a mile in length. It made me think of a loaf of bread someone had broken with the hands! In some places it is shallow, then again it is a mighty fissure, partly filled with the debris of ages in which majestic pines are rooted, their venerable tops very little higher than the top of the fissure. In other places, as I peered into the abyss, deep and dark as if it were bottomless, I saw protruding ledges which supported drifts of frozen snow.

Finally I walked into the Fault, by an easy trail, to its depths of perpetual snow, where on the hottest day of the driest year one may chop away sackfuls of ice for the camp cooler.

Not tiring of my camping grove but yielding to the urge in my feet, I packed my outfit and hiked along the Lakes Auto Road toward Mammoth Pass. Never far from the crooked banks of noisy Mammoth Creek the road climbed rapidly until, at an elevation of 8,800 feet, it made a sharp bend.

There below me lay Lake Mary, the largest of the "Mammoth Group," shimmering blue, its irregular shore-line concealed by rugged timber and great blocks of granite. Then I explored Twin Lakes, lying in a verdant basin, capped with a waterfall; Horseshoe, George and Summit Lakes, and others; each a little higher and in a more rugged and beautiful setting than the last.

Leaving the auto road, which ends at Lake George, I struck ahead over the Government Trail, which eventually passes Heart Lake, enclosed in the very Pass itself, at an elevation of 8,900 feet.

Of course, this two-lobed lake gets its name from its shape, but it has other features to give it individual character, just as every mountain lake is different from the others. Peculiar to this one are its little sandy banks on the trail side, not unlike the seashore—really quite passable beaches—with but little closely surrounding timber. Just opposite this lake is the head of Mammoth Crest. The Crest is solid granite, as if of masonry, and looks like a great Chinese wall, stretching away many miles to the south, its skyline practically level and two hundred feet higher than the Pass. Its face, reflected in the lake, is scarred with snow-filled erosions and cascading snow-streams by the hundred.

On one of the sloping beaches of the lake I built my campfire. My sleeping bag I insulated with newspapers between the lambswool inner envelope and the outer covering of oilskin. Underneath it I laid a bed of fragrant spruce tips. To the windward I built a little windbrake of small rocks and, with a "lava rock" hot from the campfire thrown into the bottom of the sleeping bag, I was assured of warm and comfortable sleep. Lapping waves and the wind soughing through the pines lulled me to sleep.

When the first rays of the rising sun reached the rippling

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 55]

The Twin Lakes.

Letters of a Little Lady Vagabond

By HAL KANE CLEMENTS

Photographs by the Author

The Airedale dog team that hauled the boat to the Little Lady's cabin in the north woods.

DEAR STAY-AT-HOMES:

And, now, comes the great moment when I tell you all about the Dutch journalists, their guardian angel, and our adventures together, and my only regret is that you were not with me to meet them. They are quite unforgetable, I assure you.

It was like this. The night was at Edmonton, dark and late. I had managed by the kindly help of a very nice man, to reach the station, with only an unimportant few of my belongings strayed and it was nearly time for the Calgary train to start. Just then a man came hurrying down the platform, almost passes us, when the nice man calls out to him, and into the picture steps Mr. A. B. Calder, the Canadian Pacific guardian angel, a rare delight and a joy forever, and at the moment guiding the footsteps, or rather the carwheels of the Dutch journalists who are touring Canada.

Mr. Calder represented the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway as host when the Prince of Wales was up here a few years ago, and quite by accident the other day I picked up a book written by W. Douglas Newton, "Westward With the Prince of Wales," dedicated to Mr. Calder, which describes him thusly: "A. B. (Calder) was not merely our good angel, but our friend. He is a bundle of strange qualities, all good. He is Puck with the brain of an administrator, the king of story tellers with an unfaltering instinct for organization. A poet, a mimic and a born comedian and a man of big heart, great humanness and big ability, whom we all loved and valued from the first meeting."

This is only part of what Mr. Newton said, and I'm thinking of writing a book about him myself!

Well, after a rehearsal outside Mr. Calder's private car on how to pronounce the names of the Dutch journalists, during which I swallowed my Adam's apple in a most alarming fashion, awful names to even think, I was impressively led to a big chair and seated therein . . . and one after another the five Hollanders were presented.

There was Mr. Van Reimsdyk, vice consul for the Netherlands; Baron Van Lamsweerde, Mr. Brusse and his son, Henke, and Mr. Cnossen; all in the quaintest mixture of Dutch and English, expressing great delight that I was among them. We all loved each other at sight, and the party was a complete success when Mr. Calder's man brought in a big plate of fruit cake.

The next day at Calgary, the Hollanders looked me up at the hotel and invited me to go with them to see a big fox farm near. I was delighted to go and had a very interesting day of it. Fox farming seems to be a rapidly growing industry here in Canada. This farm is managed by Mr. A. Rankin (who stands 6 feet and 6 inches high) and the day we were there, 960 black and silver foxes were on parade.

Mr. Calder took his Hollanders to Banff that night and I was left alone in Calgary. As the train was leaving, they called out for the ninety-seventh time, "Pleease, pleease, come up to Banff tomorrow." So, like the weak woman that I am, I recklessly cancelled several engagements, bought a new dress, the first one I tried on, sat up half the night to pack, and at noon next day, descended in glory on Banff Springs, eighty miles from Calgary, and had my first real look at the Canadian Rockies! Like every other human sufferer of the world's woes, I've often wondered why I was born. That Sunday morning I discovered that to see the Rocky Mountains was reason enough for anyone.

As the train leaves Calgary behind it and settles down to its long, and speedy climb up into the mountains, the Bow River, of the most wonderful green color, weaves in and out between the ever higher foot hills.

There is some wonderful swimming at Banff Springs. Hot sulphur water piped from Sulphur Mountain, in graduated pools, protected on three sides by huge plate glass windows, through which one gazes in meditation at the mountains as one languidly swims in the warm water.

The motor roads through these Canadian Rockies are truly amazing. Threading their way in hair-raising curves (accidents are very, very rare, I am told), they climb higher and higher into the clouds, so that one can sit luxuriously in a motor car and yet satisfy the hunger for height that many of us have. A long and very happy drive with the Hollanders and Mr. Calder on the afternoon of my arrival among the different mountain peaks and through the valley of the Bow River left me without an adjective to work with. All my old standbys were in tatters.

The Banff Springs Hotel, very luxurious and modern, owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific, is really beautifully located high on a bluff overlooking the Bow, and that evening after dinner, to which I am invited by the Hollanders we all promenade in the terrace and I learn much of the ways of women in Holland. The dinner is really one of life's great moments for me. There I sit, all done up in my best bib and tucker, with six charming men around me, much to the wonder and envy, I am sure, of the feminine audience in the dining room. Hollanders may be serious-minded, but I never in my life listened to a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 54]

The Little Lady surrounded by Dutch Editors.

John Moreland—Fisherman

By WILL H. DILG

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

Chapter 6

BOTH outfits still lingered about the Minnieska district fishing up and down river for ten or more miles. This region long famous for yielding big bass had a compelling charm about it which held the Victory and Winner crews. Perhaps the reputation of an old veteran fly caster who had fished this section for years and had taken many a five pound black bass here had something to do with their clinging to the neighborhood. Both Bill Pohlman and Nate Ward had during past years acted as boatman for this devotee of fishing for bass with a fly and who knew every wing, dam and slough and the best waters and spots where big fish were apt to be found.

Buffalo slough and its running waters, and the "million dollar bank" had its attractions too, especially for Nate Ward, and many a giant bass it had yielded to the rods of the anglers he had rowed. Then too, West Newton slough had its reputation for big fish, particularly one black clay bank about a half mile up from where it poured into the Father of Waters. In truth much of the history of the Upper river was connected with these two romantically beautiful streams.

Through Buffalo in the good old days ran the main channel and many's the mighty steamboat had plied its waters before engineers had begun their work of ruin along the old river. West Newton too, had a beauty all its own. Here had been located a giant camp of two thousand lumberjacks where at nighttime tales were told of the mythical Paul Bunyan and his mighty powers. On the wooded banks of West Newton slough there still lives a hermit lumberjack, a sort of a poet is this old ancient, and many's the tale he tells of the brave old days when lumber held sway along the river. A strain of philosophy too runs through his talks and fortunate indeed is the mortal who has the power of understanding and can awaken his memories. "For fifty years I have seen man try to wreck the river—they have cut down her mighty forests—they have dammed her sloughs and done their best to spoil God's country, but man just ain't big enough to do it."

The fact that John Moreland was in the lead by three ounces with his four pound two ounce bass spread like a prairie fire throughout the upper river country, and the crew of the Winner were a cocky lot, especially Pete Lafitte who lorded it over Lars Peterson. Daily these two met at Peshons' store to buy supplies and to hear old Pete talk, the $5,000 bet was already won by the Moreland outfit. Lars, notwithstanding, continued to press his bets and the two cooks now had more than one hundred dollars wagered.

Both the Moreland and the Strong launches were each morning tied side by side at Peshons' boom. The residents sensing excitement and knowing that Jim Crow, Strong's extra boatman and Clarence Hastings, Moreland's extra man, were both famous fighters, daily expected a clash between these two, the knowing ones being surprised that a fight had not already resulted, but that these two would eventually fight was not doubted. Both Bill Pohlman and Nate Ward had taken the precaution to pledge each to avoid an encounter.

William Schmedtgen, the noted artist who has done so much for OUTDOOR AMERICA, *wanted a picture of a mallard. He pressed Mrs. Schmedtgen into service as a "camera man." She, having an eye for beauty, overlooked the duck and photographed her husband (wearing cigar) and his right hand man.*

Mr. and Mrs. Schmedtgen are in Europe, where Mr. Schmedtgen is studying the technique of the old world. He is now in Holland and says the fishing is great.

Human nature though is human nature and what is bred in the bone will out, and so one hot morning while Crow and Hastings were getting their daily supply of ice from Peshons' ice house a dispute arose over the ownership of a cake of ice. A fight would likely have been avoided had it not been for the assembled villagers who twitted the pair and urged them on, but even with all the kidding this fighting pair of game cocks might have escaped a battle, but when Crow called Hastings by his first name, Clarence, and with a la-de-da tone to his voice, that settled matters. Hastings fairly hated his given name and from boyhood it had meant, when spoken in the tone Crow used, but one word, and that word was, fight.

Now, if there is any doubt in the reader's mind about the fighting powers of Crow and Hastings—ask the people of Minnieska as the battle is a matter of history there. Crow was the bigger man, while Hastings was the quicker, and after an hour of constant battle the two were so exhausted that they merely staggered and would fall down when they struck at each other. Big Bill Lorenz—village constable—finally stopped the fight which was by unanimous consent declared a draw.

The two battlers were truly a done-up pair and if both had not been as tough as nails a physician would have been needed.

"Let's get out of here and make for down river and try the Winneshiek bottoms Pete talks so much about," said John Moreland to Bill after he saw how badly Hastings was beaten up. "These two roosters are likely to kill each other the next time they meet."

"Just what I've been thinking," said Pohlman. "Only, I'd like to fish the Genoa district for a few days on the way down to the Winnesheik. There are some wonderful black clay banks in that district."

"Alright—let's go," and so after an hour of busy preparation the Moreland outfit was headed down river.

Now, when Walter Strong saw the plight of Jim Crow, he too, decided to make for other scenes and four hours behind The Winner sped the Victory.

Nate Ward, however, having memories of big ones taken in days agone about Pidgeon Island, a point a few miles below Trempeleau, decided to give that district a try out.

The Strong outfit reached "Pidgeon" a few hours before sunset. The evening was grey and misty, and the air heavy with a warm summer day's fog. "Just the right kind of sky for big fish. We ought to do business right now and win that $5,000.00 bet this evening," said the wily old Nate, as they started out and as he rowed to some favorite dams he told how Judge Bond, a Supreme Court judge, had taken five and six pound bass in that region in the old days.

Now about a mile below Pidgeon Island there is on the Wisconsin side a wonderful old time wing dam. For more than thirty years it has stood there and on a warm summer evening often-times extra big bass are found on it, especially near the point where the water swiftly rushes over it.

Walter Strong reached this ancient dam at just the right

A whoop of joy escaped from old Nate.

time. Ten minutes earlier would have been too soon and ten minutes later too late. There is a time when big bass hunt in swift water as all informed fly casters for river bass know, and Strong struck it just at the proper time to have a chance of hooking a big fish.

There was the sustained hush of evening as the two silently floated down stream. Nate Ward quietly guiding the boat toward the point of the dam, as the deep shadows of night were sinking deeply down along the river. Those who love running waters know the feel of such an evening and they also know how gently murmurs the river at such a time and they know the soft sigh of the expiring day as it spreads over the darkening waters.

As the silent pair drew near the dam, the tranquil whisperings of the evening were interrupted by the sudden splash and plunge of a big fish as it rushed for minnows at the point of the dam. The two came to with a jolt and the poetry and the music of the evening was forgotten in a flash.

"There's your big fish, that's a real bass and we must get him as you may not have another chance for as big a fish as that one this summer," half commanded Nate Ward.

Walter Strong was using a "Brann's Glory," a wounded feather minnow, quite the proper lure for an evening such as was this one. The big fish struck twice as the boat drew near. Nate cautiously eased the boat as close to the dam as he dared before he advised Strong to make the cast.

"Now, Mr. Strong," said he in well controlled excitement, "cast your fly right at the point of the dam where the water rushes over the rocks, but for God's sake, don't get hung upon that stick that juts out."

"I'll do my best," whispered Strong as he whipped out his fly. The cast was fine—in truth it was too fine because his hook was imbedded in the no more than an inch thick stick Ward had cautioned him about. If the cast had been a sixteenth of an inch to the right, it would have been perfect. A groan escaped Walter Strong as he felt the hook stuck fast.

"Give it a quick hard jerk," ordered Nate. Strong obeyed instructions, and by the grace of the god of fisherman's luck, the hook pulled out from the rotten willow stick. The next cast was just right and Strong's lure was taken with a smash the instant it touched the water and the sound of the strike popped like the crack of a pistol. A whoop of joy escaped from old Nate as he saw that Strong had hooked the big bass.

The first rush down stream of the giant bass almost jerked the rod from Strong's grasp. More than sixty feet of line shrieked from the reel as the fish sped down river in its first mighty rush for liberty. Then night came on just as the fish made its first break and even in the now almost complete darkness it was seen to be of uncommon size.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 63]

Uncle Jim's Pet 'Lunge

By P. A. CONNOLLY

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

A Two Part Story—Part 2

JIM and I were heading for the point of the island where we would cook dinner. I had been fairly successful: a fifteen pound 'lunge and four smallmouths, the largest four pounds. Two of these would supply our dinner, supplemented with bacon, luscious golden brown puff ball, sweet corn and hot, strong black tea, if I had my way—Jim prefers green. The prospect made my mouth water.

"Hey, Jim, let's go ashore."

He turned the boat immediately, and mumbled an "all right," and then it came home to me. These were practically the first words he had spoken all morning. Jim is loquacious. That is a mild term. When I get a strike and miss, he scolds. When I land a fish he criticizes because I didn't handle it differently; and during the whole process and period of playing a fish, I am bombarded with instructions and suggestions. Today there had been none of this. He had been singularly silent. Even when I had picked up the 'lunge when I was casting for bass with my five ounce rod, he had made no comment, although I guess I made up for it, as I was infernally proud of the feat.

When we were unloading the boat I discovered his shotgun in the bottom.

"Hello, Jim," I called, "what's the idea of the gun?"

"Oh, I thought mebbe you'd like a pa'tridge for a change."

"I see," I said musingly. "We'll not stop for partridge today, Jim, I'm starved."

I always help Jim prepare and cook the dinner, not because he needs the help, but for the simple reason that I enjoy it hugely, and moreover it means quicker service. We don't lunch on these occasions. We have a dinner, a royal feed, piping hot, served with that best of all sauces, a ravenous appetite. Today was no exception to the rule, save for Jim's unaccountable silence.

After we had finished and had filled and lighted our pipes, and had settled comfortably with our backs against two opposing trees, "Jim," I said, "what's the matter with you?"

He fitted his pipe stem carefully between his few remaining teeth.

"They ain't nothin' the matter with me."

"I never knew you to lie, Jim, but I guess that is what you are doing now. You are not sick, I know, after that meal. Come, what's the trouble?"

He was whittling a piece of cedar, and the red shavings curled and fell into his lap. After a moment he raised his eyes to mine, then looked off down the river.

"I'm worryin' some about Archie."

"Oh, that's it?" I said, relieved. "Well, you needn't, Jim. Merrill will never start anything. He does all his fighting with his mouth."

"I ain't worryin' none about their fightin'. Archie 'd take keer of himself if it come to that, but I don't like that contraption he had this morning. It looks bad to me."

"Jim," I said, puzzled, "I don't get you. Why should you care if MacEwen wants to waste his time with a fool thing that couldn't possibly work—"

"I'm afraid it will work!"

"What?"

"That's jes' the kind of a thing Old Abe 'ld grab at. Mack will drag it around all day, pesterin' him, an' finally he'll get mad an' grab it, an' that will be the end." His manner expressed the deepest dejection.

"You don't want MacEwen to take Old Abe?"

"O' course I don't!"

"Oh, I see," I said, "you're afraid that if word went out that Old Abe had been caught it would hurt this place as a fishing resort?"

"Oh, Chipmunks!" Jim spat disgustedly and relapsed into silence. Finally: "I wouldn't keer a devil's damn if they wasn't no more fishermen ever come up here—except one or two," he had the grace to add.

"Well, Jim, what is your reason then? Why don't you tell me?"

In all the years I had known Jim I had never seen him smile. And yet when I was away from him, and visualizing him, I always seemed to see a smiling face. In attempting to analyze this I had come to the conclusion that the smile was there, but always just beneath the surface; a soul smile, which reflected itself in a calm and sweet benignancy. He had never seemed like an old man to me, in spite of his years and rather frail body, but as I looked at him now I saw that his face had lost something; the inner spirit which had kept the face young had gone, and I saw a weary old man.

Receiving no answer to my question, I got up and went down to the boat and returned with an armful of cushions. "It's too hot to fish, Jim, and I'm going to sleep for a couple of hours. You'd better do the same," and I handed him some of the cushions and lay down in the shade. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and looked at me wistfully for a moment, then:

"I don't want Archie MacEwen to take Old Abe for, mind ye, doctor, when Old Abe goes, I go!"

"You mean you will quit the river?"

"No—yes, the river an' everything else."

"Why, Jim, what do you mean?"

"You remember I told you yesterday about Archie hooking Old Abe some five years ago?"

I nodded my head.

"I was his guide then, had always guided him up to that time; he wouldn't have anybody else. I'd been talkin' to him a lot about Old Abe, but he never would believe in him till he see him once—"

"I can understand, Jim; I didn't, either."

"An' then one day he hooked him. Hooked him hard and fast. It was the tail of the day, an' I was kinda tired—"

"And Mack blamed you for losing him?" I interrupted.

"I'd pulled out into deep water when he struck, so he'd have plenty of room, an' then, sudden like, it come to me."

"What came to you, Jim?" I asked as he paused.

"That if Old Abe died, I'd die, too!"

"What a crazy idea, Jim."

"Mebbe. My old wound got to hurtin' turrible right after the fish took hold, an' all the time Mack was playin' him it seemed like it was bein' torn open, an' red hot iron poured into it. Seemed at times like it was me out in the river there fightin' that hook, an' tryin' to get red of it."

"What a queer hallucination; you were probably a bit feverish. But what happened?"

"Got to hurtin' so bad I let the boat drift into the shallers, an' Old Abe got among the weeds." He paused and looked at me sheepishly. "Ain't never had a guide since. Rows himself."

"Had you ever had such an idea before?" I asked. "That is, had you ever associated yourself with Old Abe in any such manner before this took place?"

"Yes, when I was in the army hospital. I got to thinking one day about how near I'd come to passin' out, an' jest about that time I got Charlie's letter tellin' about Old Abe an' the hole I made in him; an' I remember thinkin' that if that old fish could think, he'd feel pretty much as I was feelin'. Made up my mind then an' there I'd never hunt or fish for him again. An' then one night I dreamed I was Old Abe, an' was havin' a turrible time, an' it brought on a bad fever."

I didn't smile at the absurdity of such a conception. Jim was taking this thing too seriously to permit a smile, had I felt so inclined. Indeed I recognized a mental condition that might have serious results if certain combinations should eventuate.

"Have that dream very often, Jim?" I asked casually.

"Now and then, an' when I do my shoulder acts up. Dreamed about it last night." He caressed his shoulder with his left hand. "Been bad all day. Goin' to rain tomorrow."

* * * *

We loitered on the island until five o'clock, dividing the time between sleep and talk. Now that Jim had unburdened himself he was more cheerful, and I was glad to note when we started back that he was the same dear old Jim.

The psychology of his case was apparent. He had outlived practically all of his interests in life; he was alone in the world, and there was no one or nothing to claim his thoughts or affections. It was quite natural then for his mind to turn to and cling to this myth-like creature that was so closely associated with his boyhood memories.

This muskallonge, Old Abe, as he affectionately called the fish, was virtually his sole remaining link with the past, and his one remaining interest in life. That some peculiar quirk in his mind had caused him to identify himself with it, was not so strange as it might seem, certainly it was not unknown in pathology. Consequently it was not difficult for me to understand his apprehension when he thought Old Abe might be in danger, nor that such danger might react on himself.

With this in mind my talk during the afternoon had taken on the complexion of a mental treatment, intended to correct this condition, and I flattered myself that I had effected a cure. Nevertheless, I took the oars, on the return trip, on the plea of exercise, and persuaded him to take my trolling rod.

Just as we headed the island, and were working into the main channel, Jim got a hard and vicious strike, and a minute later a large and beautiful muskallonge went into the air. The old radiant expression came into his face as the reel sung under the fierce rush of the fish, and when I began to criticize and boss him in his own terms, he roared with joyous laughter.

For ten minutes he played the fish with boyish zest, and splendid skill, and then slowly drew him alongside for me to net. I wasn't any too adept at this, but I got him aboard safely. I wouldn't have lost that fish for a hundred dollars, for I believed it to be the final medicament in Jim's cure.

We were approaching Stave Island, which was hidden from us around a bend in the river. I was again in the stern seat, fishing, with Jim at the oars. He had insisted on this, saying that he wanted me to get another 'lunge. I think, actually, he was ashamed to have the folks at the house see me rowing.

Suddenly there was a tremendous splash, coming from around the bend, and at the same moment Jim's face went ashen. He looked at me with misery in his eyes, then collapsed in his seat, grasping at his right shoulder.

"What's the matter, Jim?" I cried, springing toward him and trying to lift him with one hand, my other still holding the rod.

"Archie," he gasped, "he—he's got him!" He struggled up and tried to pull the boat, but he was unequal to it. By this time I had reeled in, and I lifted him to the stern seat, and picked up the oars. "Hurry, hurry!" he cried.

It was only a hundred yards, and I made the bend in a few minutes. As I turned it I looked over my shoulder, down river, and saw two boats in the near distance. In the one nearer to me were Merrill and his young son. Merrill was kneeling or crouching in the bow, one hand grasping the gunwale, the other hanging loosely by his side.

He was peering intently at the occupant of the other boat. This was MacEwen, and it took only a glance to see he was fast to a large fish. His short steel rod was bent into a half circle, and the line was swishing viciously through the water. MacEwen was seated on the middle thwart, facing the stern and up river. He saw us immediately.

"Hey, Jim," he shouted, "keep that dom'd fool off, will ye? He means mischief!"

"Would you mind handin' me the gun, doctor?" Jim whispered. He looked pallid, his mouth sagged open, and his body seemed inert, almost lifeless. I started to row rapidly toward MacEwen.

"Mon! mon! stop! stop! ye'll foul my line!" came the frantic voice. I did stop. The inhibition which naturally asserts itself on such an occasion compelled it. The courtesy maintained on the river demanded it. But a second glance at Jim's face decided me to wash my mind of all such foolishness.

"Jim," I said, bracing my heels in the cleats, "I'm going to break Mack's line!"

(Continued on page 52)

And then he gave a mighty tug.

A good post-Volstead remedy for snakes.

The Wizardry

By CORA

IT is difficult to take the bow seriously. One thinks of it as a boyhood toy, or a notoriously inaccurate weapon essayed by Dan Cupid. Yet, in point of fact, the bow holds first rank among weapons as the most important factor in producing modern civilization. Primitive man's first definite step upon the plane above the lower animals was the invention of the bow and arrow. And his descendants for hundreds of thousands of years maintained and increased this ascendancy through their skill with this weapon.

The mention of the bow in the oldest parts of the Hebrew Scriptures, and its appearance in the sculptures of Ninevah and of Egypt, show that it was used by the oriental nations from the earliest times.

But the great period of archery began with the Norman conquest of England, when the longbow, originally a weapon of the Norse tribes, and brought into western Europe by Duke Rollo, was used with such effect by the Normans that the Saxons found no weapon to successfully oppose it. Upon the blending of the two peoples into one nation, it became the English national weapon, and was rapidly made famous.

Gunpowder has supplanted archery in civilization only by a scant five hundred years. And in our own country, the Indian with his stone-tipped arrows, was winning battles over fire-armed white men less than a century ago.

And now the age-old sport of archery is coming into its own again—for women and for men. The call of the great outdoors has resurrected it. And fortunately it comes at the exact psychological moment when the spirit of the wild is abroad in the land.

Many entertaining volumes have been written on the subject of archery and noted sportsmen are, in a number of instances, replacing their guns with the bow and arrow for certain field sports.

Shooting the bow and arrow is a graceful, alluring form of good exercise. And our cousins, the English, have never entirely given up the sport. It is one of the things that has helped to keep them out-of-doors, English men and English women.

You will remember that the bow adds not a little to the beauty of the pictures of Diana and her hunting parties. But it is not merely the looks of the thing that make it alluring. It is the actual feeling—the sensation it produces.

The psychological explanation of the lure of archery is the survival of a dormant, but persistent, primitive instinct. It is an instinct closely akin to the one that makes a woman take delight in causing something to do what she wishes it to do. Whether it happens to be a man, or a golf ball, or an arrow, every woman finds pleasure in making it go the place that she directs. To do so is the diploma of accomplishment. And probably one of the very first accomplishments of primitive Mrs. Man was an ability to propel an arrow from a bow in the direction she selected. Perhaps she could do this with considerable skill several hundred generations before she could guide the destination of man with any degree of certainty. For primitive man, you will remember, was the driver, not the driven. And it was only when he had taken up the role of slave driven and provider that his primitive spouse laid aside her bow and adopted more domestic pursuits.

Be that as it may, however, almost every woman takes delight in archery once she attempts it. And one advantage that archery has over almost every other sport is that it may be used almost anywhere. It doesn't require a specially prepared court, or links, or anything at all but just an open space which may range in size from a back door-yard to the vastness of the desert.

Then there is the question of muscular development—of "reduction," as it were. In shooting the bow and arrow a certain set of muscles is developed that is not used in any other exercise, or at least not to the same extent. In drawing the bow, the shoulder, back, and bust muscles are brought into play, with just enough tension on the girdle to be helpful in figure development. An archery woman should of all women have neatly

Dr. E. H. Williams and his dog Betty—enthusiastic archers.

# of Archery

YOUNG

Hunting "Jacks" among the Yuccas.

rounded and tapered shoulder and bust muscles. That is, from an anatomical standpoint such an effect should be produced. And, in point of fact, that is what actually happens. Indeed, Diana, the lissome huntress, may have had all these things in mind when she selected the bow as her weapon. And the fabled Amazons, you will remember, were wonderful of figure and particularly skilled with the bow.

Shooting the bow is not only picturesque in itself, but has another endearing feminine charm—the possibilities of the raiment therefor. It seems entirely fitting that archery for women has been rejuvenated just at a time when women's costumes are best adapted to it. Long, sweeping skirts being practical impediments to bowmanship. Even when reduced to its most primitive form, archery demands certain special articles of wearing apparel. One must have finger protection for the right hand, some form of wrist protection for the left, and a headpiece that will keep itself out of the way of the bowstring. The merry Greenwood archer cocked up the brim of his hat, not altogether for the jauntiness of the effect, but to keep that particular part of the headpiece out of the way of the bowstring. And although this custom of brim tilting still persists, it originated, like many other persisting fashions, in the necessities of archery.

And then there is the picturesque quiver of gaudy arrows slanting saucily from the belt, to say nothing of the color possibilities of the bow itself. Indeed, the color scheme is almost without limit—gay gauntlets and belt and quiver to give the necessary touch of color for practice in drab landscapes, and the softer shades to modulate the effects on velvety, emerald lawns. And then there is the individual element to be considered, the color schemes that enhance or subdue. But meanwhile, always obtrusive, is the thrill of the sheer joy of the sport itself.

One jack that thought it wasn't loaded.

It is usually difficult to place a finger on any one thing that starts a fashion of any kind, be it clothing, hair-bobs, or amusements. But it is often easy to name things that add zest and impetus to a fad, once it has started.

It is so with archery. Undoubtedly Douglas Fairbanks, with his merry band of screen robbers of Sherwood Forest with the fascinating settings of the film, has brought the old game of archery conspicuously into the limelight. And, in point of fact, in order to make such setting realistic it was necessary to have real archers—persons who could actually handle a bow and shoot an arrow with some degree of skill.

Such things are contagious in every colony, movie or otherwise. Your neighbor attempts a novelty, perforce from necessity, and you imitate him from curiosity. And perhaps this was the precise manner in which the archery impulsion developed. Then, just a little later, when hundreds of thousands of people were thrilled by the mysteriously whizzing arrows and rough gallantry of the fabled romance period brought directly home to them by the picture, the natural result was imitation and adoption.

Be the cause what it may, however, archery is here, and welcome to the man or woman of outdoor spirit. But particularly should it be welcome to women, for it is woman's ideal outdoor sport and art. Yet, curiously enough, it is a little bit of old Dame Fate's gentle irony, that one of woman's arch enemies was archery's most ardent friend. Henry VIII, remembered especially as an eliminator of womanhood, was quite as wonderful an archer in actuality as the fabled Robin Hood is in fiction. Grim old headsman, and "Defender of the Faith," as the old king is most remembered, he was also a master bowman who competed in open contest against all the world. Thus in a great contest with the best archers of France, he not only competed, but helped to win this world's championship at his favored sport. Then just to cement his claim to versatility it would seem, he took the Frenchman's chosen weapon, the cross-bow, and with that implement, beat the best French marksmen at their own game. And this is history, not fiction.

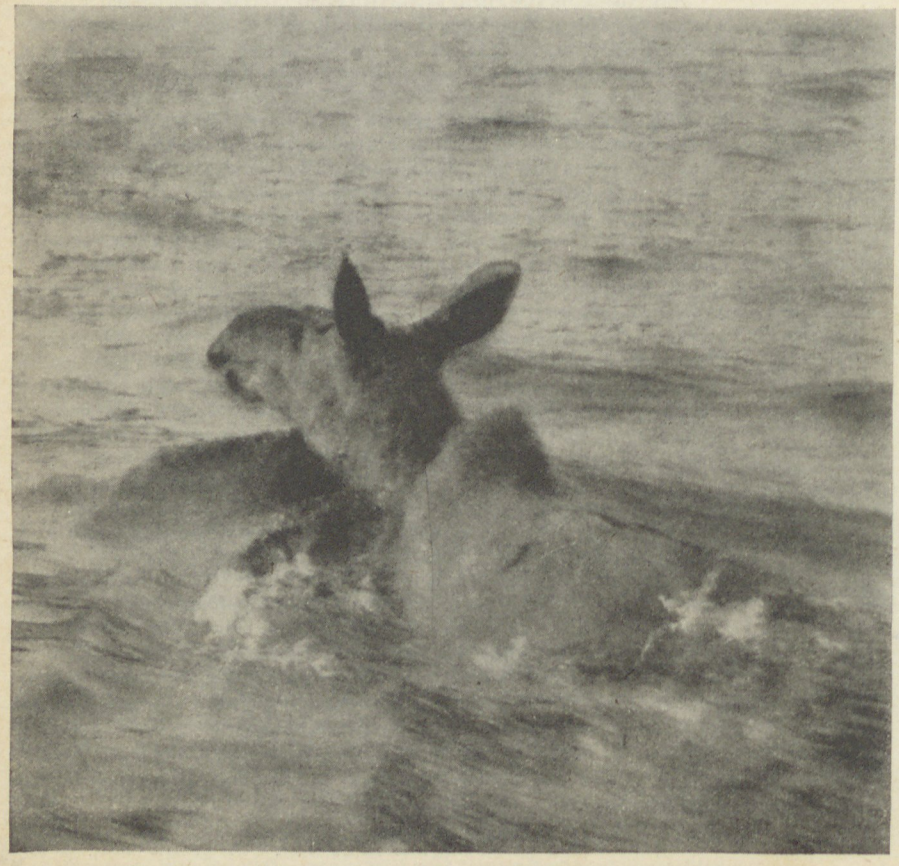
Fight for the Forest

By GEORGE H. SELOVER

President of the Minnesota State Division I. W. L. A.

The first great step to save the National Superior Forest in Minnesota, the canoe country along the Canadian boundary, from despoilation at the hands of the power interests, was taken during the week of September 28th at International Falls, Minnesota, where the International Joint Commission sat to consider the application of the Backus interests for permission to flood the boundary waters for their own benefit. The proposal was to have the governments stand one-half the cost and give the Powers people all the benefits for nothing, including 50,000 additional horsepower, perpetually.

The Minnesota Division of the Izaak Walton League of America and the Arrowhead Association, representing chambers of commerce and business and professional men in the northeastern part of Minnesota, led the fight against this proposal. It was clearly shown by many witnesses that the proposal would destroy the recreational value of a string of lakes one hundred and seventy-five miles in extent, running all along the northern boundary; lakes which have for generations constituted the main thoroughfare for travel throughout that country. It was also made to appear plainly by the highest authorities that raising and lowering the waters in the different lakes from fifteen to thirty-five feet, as was proposed, would turn them into a string of dirty mill ponds, would destroy all the spawning beds and feeding grounds for fish, as well as the scenic and recreational value of the finest canoe country in America. The written protests of many thousand Waltonians in Minnesota and of hundreds of Chapters in the Mississippi Valley States were presented by the writer, and an hour's argument made in support of them. The County of Lake, wherein the larger part of these lakes lie, through its authorities, vigorously protested. The State of Minnesota, through its Conservation Department and Attorney General, did likewise. The province of Manitoba, through its Attorney General, some of the lumber interests and a large number of individuals, likewise joined the protests. The Canadian National Railways showed by abundant evidence that a change in the levels of Rainy Lake, as proposed, would damage them in excess of a million and a half dollars. There were in all approximately 225 people present, at least 35 of which represented large interests, and all except Mr. Backus voiced their opposition.



Cow Moose—there are plenty of these in the Superior National Forest.

It appeared that the Commission before the hearing had ordered the employment of Canadian and American engineers for the purpose of taking water levels, running out contours, and doing preliminary engineering work of an investigative nature all along these lakes and were already at work. The Commission announced at the close of the hearing that the engineering work would take at least 18 months and that a new hearing or set of hearings would be had thereafter to determine whether or not this work should go ahead.

This Commission is acting only as an investigating body to make a report and recommendation to the two governments. If it should decide in favor of raising these levels, it will so report to the respective governments. The matter then, so far as this side of the line is concerned, must go through the National Power Commission, composed of certain members of the President's Cabinet, must have the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture, because of the fact that a large amount of the land to be flooded belongs to the Government and is within the confines of the Superior National Forest, and most important of all, must then become the subject of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States.

In this way the President and the Secretary of State must first pass upon the desirability of the proposal, before whom we shall have an opportunity to be heard. If it gets by the President and Secretary of State, the final test would then be in the Senate of the United States. Such investigation has been made as to permit a firm statement of the belief that so long as Senator Shipstead and Senator Schall represent Minnesota in the Senate of the United States, this Backus proposition cannot succeed. It is understood that they will both consistently work and vote against it. The temper of the Senate is such that where it is proposed to change conditions radically within a given state, the matter is referred to the Senators from that state and it is an unheard-of proposition that the Senate as a whole would force the change over the heads of the local Senators. This is one place where senatorial courtesy will operate distinctly to advantage.

Furthermore, by the time this matter comes up, the League will be so strong and have so many ramifications, that it is believed it alone can insure the defeat of this measure. But it must not be laid on the shelf and forgotten. While the proposal has received a body blow, it is not wholly defeated; and the Izaak Walton League must stand guard to prevent the spoilation of this beautiful Forest.

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE

2nd Vice President I. W. L. A.

"As you live in Evanston I suppose you know Lew Sarett." No, my friend had never heard of him, thus confirming the gist of a saying two thousand years old that a poet is not without renown save in his own home town. I quoted a few lines from the "Dead Croesus," added a bit of biography and another copy of "Slow Smoke" was sold.

Of Southeast European descent, an immigrant's son, born 1888, in a Chicago tenement, his boyhood days passed happily in Upper Michigan. When thirteen, his family met with misfortune and returned to Chicago destitute. The boy to earn bread for himself and mother sold newspapers, carried bundles for a department store at $2.50 a week, and gratefully ate of "Hinky Dink's" free lunch.

Twelve years after he had sold papers for the Daily News, that journal carried his picture in its columns as one of its lecturers.

While working his way through the University of Michigan he was appointed assistant athletic director at Beloit College where he won oratory prizes and completed his undergraduate days. He studied law at Harvard, taught at the University of Illinois, where he took his law degree in 1916. For the past five years he has been professor in the School of Speech at Northwestern University.

Six months of each year is spent in teaching, two in lecturing and four as forest ranger in the National Parks Service. For his work as forest ranger he gets four hundred dollars the season when he could earn ten times as much in the lecture field. But every fall he comes back with a collection of new poems written in the tang of slow smoke within sound of moving waters. He says the woods gives him "something that money cannot buy." He has traveled by canoe and pack-train more than thirty thousand miles, the comrade of voyageurs, lumberjacks and Indians.

Lew Sarett is a splendid example of what an ambitious boy of foreign parentage, poor and friendless, may do for himself in this favored land. Being what he is, it were needless to add that he is a Waltonian. Originally a member of Chicago Chapter, he withdrew to become active in the organization of a chapter in Evanston.

"Many, Many Moons," his earliest book, is Indian to the core, his knowledge of the Red Men's life being gained by intimate contact and study.

His second volume with the rather unusual title: "The Box of God" is declared by an English critic, "One of the finest poems that have come out of America in the past ten years."

"Slow Smoke" his third book is upon a still higher plane. There is more of the Great Out-of-Doors and compassion for

Lew Sarett.

the hurt and suffering creatures of the Wild, human, furred, and feathered.

"Four Little Foxes" have lost their mother in a trap and her blood is left upon the snow:

Step softly March, with your rampant
hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering
with pain
The new little foxes are shivering in the
rain.
Step softly.

"To a Grove of Silver Birches" might have been written by Locker Lampson, or Austin Dobson:

Good morning, lovely ladies! I've never
seen
You half so fair,—I swear;
How beautiful your gowns of apple green!
And the ribbons in your hair!
. . . . . .
O ladies, trick you in your gala-best;
For out of the ardent South,
Young April comes with a passion in his
breast,
And a kiss upon his mouth.

Sarett not only sees the beauty of Nature's garden but has the supreme gift of interpretation:

O molten dewdrop, trembling in the light
of dawn;
And clinging to the brookmint-blade,
A pendent opal on a breast of jade.

And again:

. . when September
With magic pigment, dyes
The aspen stems with wings
Of flimsy butterflies.

Did you ever touch your tongue to a freshly peeled willow? Our poet has, else he could not have written:

As lovely and as cool
As a peeled willow bough.

Many times have you seen the white flag of the startled deer but never thought to put it into these words:

. . . the great buck went
Flirting his tail in exclamation marks
To punctuate his vast astonishment.

Nothing could be daintier said than his tribute to the "Trailing Arbutus":

Fragrant its petals, pink and undefiled
As the palm of one new-born, or its
finger tips;

Those who have chanced upon the grouse that homes above the timber line will recognize the photographic exactness of this description of

Ptarmigan stepping like wooden soldiers
. . . blinking their crimson lids.

With him

. . . we contemplate
The blue-finned greyling gliding in the
pool
And see . . . the trout put a slow
round kiss
Upon the water.

then turn to an Indian maiden's

. . . dusky eyes,
Low-lidded with a shy slow invitation.

Again:

Eyes as wistful as a mating antelope's.

"Weeng"—An Indian Slumber-song would find an echo in the heart of the author of Wynkin, Blynkin and Nod:

Oh, weep no more and whisper low,
I hear the feet of Sleepy-eye go
Tip-toe . . . Tip-toe.

(1) " Slow Smoke" by Lew Sarett, Henry Holt & Company, New York, 1925, $2.

Split-Ear, A Battling Coyote, by Thomas Clark Hinkle, with pictures by William Wallace Clarke, 269 pages, Rand McNally & Co., Chicago.

Split-Ear was one of a litter of thirteen coyote cubs whelped in Western Kansas, who was taken by a young range rider, treated kindly, made a pet of, and came to love his captor with dog-like affection. When full grown, he felt the compelling call of the Wild, and taking to the timber and scrub again, ran the gamut of all that happens to the wild things whose meat is given them of God. After a fierce battle with a huge lobo, he was found all torn and bleeding by his early friend and benefactor who bound up his wounds, and carried him back to his old quarters at the ranch house.

Split-Ear had not forgotten his old friend and lived with him in happy content until death claimed him some fifteen years later. The moral is obvious: let the wild things know that you are their friend and they will come to you without fear—as Jack Miner of Kingsville has shown us.

The adventures of Split-Ear in his wanderings in the Wild form a chapter described by a young friend of mine as "wildly exciting." An interesting and wholesome volume for the Nature Library.

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

National Headquarters
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WILL H. DILG, PRESIDENT
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EWART H. ROSS
Managing Editor

Marshland Bill Shows Progress

THE new bill to save America's marshlands and provide the migratory water fowl with resting and feeding grounds on a sufficient scale is progressing very satisfactorily.

The five great conservation societies appointed members of a committee of five and this committee has held several meetings in New York and Washington for the purpose of perfecting the bill. The National Audubon Society, through its President, Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson; the American Game Protective Association, through its President, John B. Burnham; the Western Association of State Game Commissioners, through David H. Madsen of Utah; the International Association of State Game, Fish and Conservation Commission, through William C. Adams of Boston, and our own League, through George H. Selover, a member of its Executive Committee, have charge of this measure and should receive the active support of every Waltonian of the United States.

The most active and friendly cooperation has been secured among all these societies and the bill has reached the final form in which it will be introduced in the Senate in the United States by Senator Reed Smoot of Utah.

The Old Game Refuge Bill was founded almost entirely upon the proposition of requiring a one dollar hunting license to shoot migratory birds. This has been abandoned in favor of our proposal to use the funds coming in from the excise tax on guns and ammunition, for some time, to finance the purchase and maintenance of refuges. These taxes amount to about three and one-half millions a year.

In almost every state in the Union, the licenses or other returns paid in by the hunters and fisherman are used and made the basis of appropriations to support the Game, Fish and Conservation Departments. With the federal license eliminated, the most natural thing in the world is to turn to the only other fund coming into the treasury contributed directly by the hunters of America.

Individual Tax Inconsequential

The ten per cent tax on guns and ammunition is paid in the first instance by the manufacturers, is added to the price and is ultimately paid by the hunter. It is so small per individual hunter that he does not feel it and the great majority of the hunters do not even know they are paying it. If they did, without doubt they would be very willing to contribute their mite toward a great national movement such as this and of which they will be the most immediate and direct beneficiaries. Each of the six million hunters of the country would thus contribute about sixty cents per year for the creation and maintenance of large protective works and the saving of hundreds of thousands of acres of marsh and lake lands. It is impossible to believe that a single hunter in America will object to the continuation of the excise tax so long as it is used for this purpose.

The interests of the gun and ammunition makers is much less direct than that of the hunter. They pass the tax on to the consumer. Of course, with the tax removed, their product would sell on a lower basis and they might be able to sell a little more of it. Otherwise they should not be interested and it is believed that when the gun and ammunition makers have time to thoroughly consider the situation, they will make no opposition to the retention of this tax for a time and its use in this great work. Ultimately they themselves will be the gainers, as with adequate protection the ducks and geese will increase in numbers, hunting throughout the United States will be on a permanent and increased basis, and the gun and ammunition people will be directly and financially benefited.

Opposition to the utilization of this tax money for this purpose on the part of the manufacturers would be not only pure selfishness on their part, but would be an extremely short-sighted policy and we cannot believe that they will lay a stone in the way of progress in this matter.

A Practical Solution

It is, indeed, a happy solution of the entire situation which should satisfy everyone, the government, the hunter and the manufacturer, as well as giving great satisfaction to the large body of citizens who believe that these birds are entitled to a chance to live and a place to get food when they need it.

The Migratory Bird Treaty Act with Great Britain has worked well and has been very beneficial. We have it on the highest authority that the song and insectivorous birds of the United States have materially increased in number since that Act was passed. Our Canadian brethren furnish summer range food and breeding places for innumerable migratory birds; the cold weather drives them down into our territory. If

they are starving and shot to death down here, fewer and fewer of them will return to the North to breed. If they are given adequate resting and feeding places on the long lines of their flight, a greater and greater number will return each spring and the problem on a very large scale will be solved for all time.

More ducks, geese and other water fowl died from alkali poisoning on the Great Bear Marshes of Utah last year than have been shot by the people of Utah since the State was settled. This was preventable. The fresh water supply from the mountains was sufficient, had there been an agency at hand to direct and conserve it; and one of the first things the Government will do when this Bill is passed, is to adequately protect that vast feeding ground so that fresh water and food is always obtainable by the millions of birds coming down from the middle Canadian North.

The next place where the Government will probably act is on the Gulf Coast, the winter feeding and resting ground for untold millions of water fowl; where, by taking over a large acreage of very cheap land and properly patroling and protecting it, very great good will result.

The new Bill safeguards the interests of the States by providing that the chief conservation officer of the State shall be a member of the Federal Commission for the purpose of purchasing lands in his state; that the jurisdiction of the State to enforce its criminal laws upon the areas taken over within it shall not be impaired; that no lands shall be purchased in any state without the consent of the Legislature thereof. It also provides that any particular state desiring that privilege and so indicating by legislative act shall have the right to patrol the refuges in that state concurrently with the Federal Government. Thus, active, friendly and highly desirable cooperation will be brought about as between the state and federal authorities in the protection of these areas.

What is needed now is a concerted effort on the part of every member of the League, of every sportsman in America, in putting his shoulder to the wheel in order that Congress may be convinced first, that the object is a worthy one, a necessity in fact; and second, that the means of financing it are proper and indeed the best that can be devised.

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OUTDOOR AMERICA is your magazine.

It belongs to YOU personally.

We are trying to find out what you want to see printed in it each month.

We are striving to give you what you want, and to make OUTDOOR AMERICA the greatest outdoorsman's magazine ever published.

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When an editor plans to build a bigger and better magazine for his readers, it is not simple. The editor must first consult his reading public as to the policy he is to follow.

You know the type of editorial material you enjoy reading and you also know the type that you pass by without so much as a glance. The material you pass is simply wasted space which might have been used for something you would have liked to read.

OUTDOOR AMERICA has the largest circulation of any outdoor magazine published—but it is not large enough to spread the message of conservation to every man, woman and child interested in the perpetuation of sport afield and astream.

If there is some particular type of material that you do not like, say so. If there is another type that you do like and would like to see more of, tell us about it.

We are not thin skinned and quite ready to take the bricks with the roses. We are asking for constructive criticism, and you are the one who can give it to us.

It will not take more than a minute to do this—so get out your pencil and check the features you want.

We would also appreciate your writing us a letter telling us how we can improve YOUR magazine.

DON'T PUT IT OFF.

PLEASE DO IT RIGHT NOW!

I Have Checked the Material I Enjoy Reading

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Big Game Hunting ☐	Sailing Stories ☐	Western Stories ☐
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War Stories ☐	Poetry ☐	

© Kenneth Wright

Dad's all in—Doc Clarke of St. Paul goes out with the boys.

Mostly About Boys

Edited by BEN EAST

The Moon of Kiche Muqua, the Big Bear, has come again, boys, and his coming marks the end of the first year of our campfire. A year ago this month they gave us this corner for our own, told us we could build ourselves a shack on it, and Dick Hempsall laid the log for the doorsill. The shack has been finished long since, and for many moons now our fire has burned steadily in it. Oh, the stories of woods and streams and fields we have listened to, about that fire. They have been fine ones, haven't they?

Next comes the moon of Chuckee Muqua, the Little Bear. His is the first moon of the new year. The last night of the moon of Kiche Muqua, then, is the end—the time to let the lodge fire die. When that night comes, and the snow is swirling outside the shack, and the cold December stars are riding the dark sky overhead, we will let our first fire die. But first we will follow the custom of the Sauks in their lodges centuries ago. We will carry live coals to a new place on the lodge floor and heap on the bark of the white birch, till a new fire burns.

Along with the end of our first year, December means the end of our letter contest. Sometime during Christmas week our four prizes will be sent out, to four of the luckiest fellows in the country. In January we will publish their names.

Here are the prizes they will receive, Christmas gifts from OUTDOOR AMERICA,

1st Prize—Registered Scottish Terrier pup, generously given us by G. A. Ward.

2nd Prize—Savage Sporter model, .22-cal., repeating rifle.

3rd Prize—Eastman Kodak, size 1-A.

4th Prize—South Bend Anti-back-lash Reel.

Before we let the old fire die, the Editor wants to thank all of you for your letters. Both the ones we have used and the ones we could not possibly make room for—and there have been hundreds of the latter—have been enjoyed and appreciated. We hope to hear from every one of you again next year, and from many new friends as well.

Merry Christmas to all of you!

Frankfort, Ind.

Hello, Editor, and All the Gang:

After reading all the letters, I thought I would tell you about a squirrel hunt—which, by the way, is my best sport. I was talking to my cousin, who spends part of the summer with me, one rainy afternoon, about hunting, when I happened to think what a real time it would be to hunt squirrels, in the morning, if the sun came up bright and warm. We got the gun and shells ready, so that as soon as the work was done the next morning, we could set out to exchange our wits with the squirrels.

The sun must have known our plans, for the next morning its bright, shining face was welcoming us when we rolled out. We hurried with our work so we could start early, for I think the earlier the better for squirrels.

I whistled for my dog, Dixie, and we started across the cornfield for the woods. We climbed the fence and walked a little ways into the woods, when I heard Dixie bark, and knew he had treed the first squirrel, and it was up to me to get him. As I came near, I saw him about half way up a hickory tree, but he moved onto the other side and I told my cousin to go on that side. As he stepped around, back came the squirrel. A shot from my twenty gauge and we had squirrel number one.

We walked a little ways and sat down under six hickory trees. After waiting about twenty minutes the hulls of a nut started falling, and looking up we saw the squirrel on a limb with the nut in his front feet. I let him have it, and he fell backward off the limb and caught on another one about thirty feet from the ground. I walked back a good piece and shot him loose, and we had squirrel number two.

Just as I shot the last time, Dixie barked at a tree in the corner of the woods and, on looking the tree over, we saw two nice little holes, so that one we missed.

We were talking, when I saw a squirrel in a tree near the cornfield, and I told my cousin to shoot this one, which he did the first shot, and that was his first squirrel and also his first shot with the shotgun.

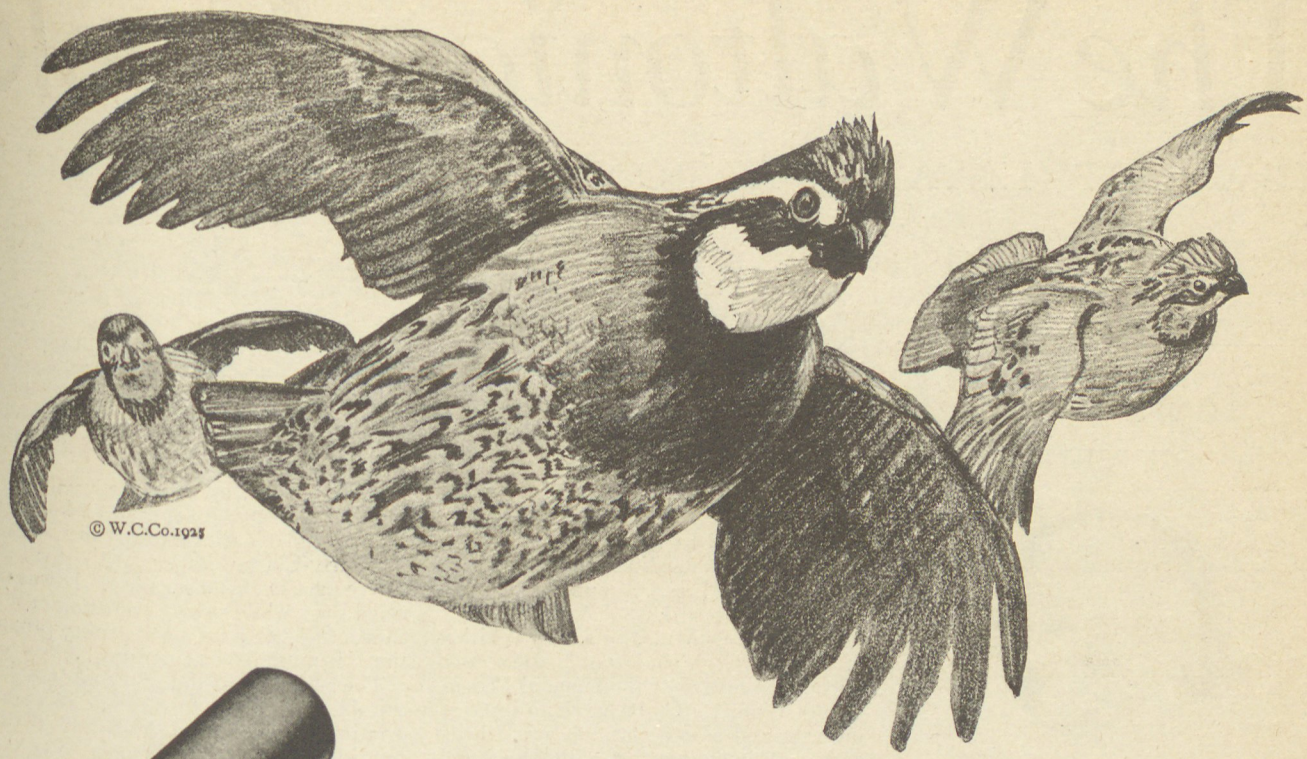
We then started back home, for we had all the squirrels we could use. I don't believe in being a game hog, and killing all you can. I think that is the reason we do not have any more animals than we do today.

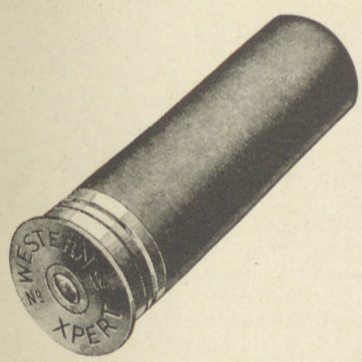
An interested reader,

LESTER CARTER.

(*Continued on page 49*)

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.





FLASHES OF FEATHERED LIGHTNING

In the brush ahead your setter swerves and freezes into a point. . . . Man, what a picture! . . . "Steady, boy!—H-o-l-d! now" . . . and as you cautiously close in, there's a sudden roar of drumming wings—flashes of feathered lightning—two quick reports . . . twice the good dog pauses at your feet, bird in mouth and tail beating in triumph.

Quail shooters claim there's no better sport in all the world and no better shell than Xpert for all-round shooting. This newest WESTERN development in shotgun ammunition is a *smokeless* shell that has set a new standard of low-priced excellence.

Then there is the famous long-range Super-X load—as deadly on ducks, geese and turkeys as Xpert is on smaller game. Super-X, with its concentrated shot string and close patterns, adds 15 to 20 yards to the effective range of your gun. You ought to try it next time you need a heavy load, either 12, 16, 20 gauge, or .410.

The WESTERN Field shell, third member of this famous family, has been the choice of the world's best shots for more than twenty years. These three shells and such notable improvements in rifle and revolver ammunition as Lubaloy non-fouling bullets, the High-Velocity .30-.30, the remarkably accurate Marksman L. R. .22, and others, have made the WESTERN name mean leadership in ammunition improvement. WESTERN has won the title, "World's Champion Ammunition." It will improve your shooting also.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 1246 Broadway, East Alton, Ill.

Free Shooting Information

Captain Askins has just written a new book about *Super-X* that we'll be glad to send you on request. Is there anything you want to know about your guns or ammunition? Let our technical men answer your questions.

Do you know about the many big developments which have made WESTERN the choice of the world's crack shots? *Super-X* for long range; *Xpert* for quality and low price in a smokeless shell; the *Lubaloy* bullet which prevents metal fouling in high-power rifles; the *Open-Point Expanding* bullets for deadly killing power; the *Marksman L. R. .22* for amazing accuracy in small-bore shooting.

Literature telling all about them is yours for the asking. Always glad to hear from you.

Western AMMUNITION

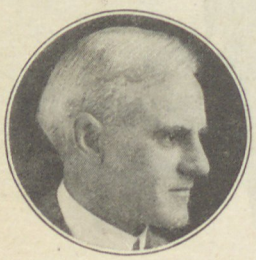
The more results our advertising brings, the more advertising we will carry.

The Waltonian Nook

NEWS OF IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

Edited by CARL E. SIMON, Executive Secretary

Iowa State Convention



Judge George W. Wood
Re-elected President

The third annual convention of the Iowa State Division was held at Boone, on October 9th and 10th.

W. R. Dyer, of Boone, was selected as permanent chairman of the convention.

The address of welcome was made by Mayor Robert McBirnie. Judge George W. Wood, of Waterloo, president of the Iowa Division, made the annual report to the Division.

Conservation programs, in general, were discussed during the afternoon of the first day and many topics of interest were brought out.

The real business of the convention, reports from the nomination and resolution committees were read the second day of the convention.

Planning to better the present Iowa fish and game laws, the convention adopted resolutions favoring "changes in the status which would bring to this state an approximation of the Pennsylvania Plan, considered by fishermen and hunters to be one of the best yet devised to protect game."

Resolutions presented by the committee for the purpose, under the chairmanship of Prof. Bohumil Shimek of Iowa City, recommended that the League seek to have the administration of fish and game laws in the state entrusted to a committee of five, selected by the state authorities from the various sections of the state. These commissioned members would serve without pay and this plan, it is believed, would remove the fish and game department of Iowa from politics.

Another resolution which developed strong support was that which was brought in by the Des Moines Chapter. This proposed that no firearms should be carried or owned by foreign-born persons not naturalized, and that such persons would not be allowed the privilege of hunting. The legislature will be asked to modify the present statute to this effect. It is already on the statute books of Pennsylvania and is credited with being one of the biggest factors in perpetuating hunting and fishing in that state.

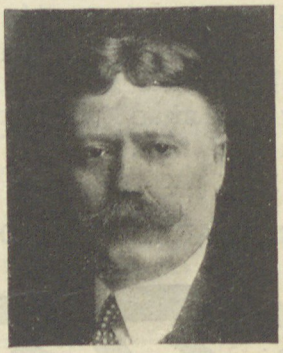
Plans for financing permanent state headquarters were made. The convention adjourned at a late hour Saturday night, after a splendid banquet tendered by the Boone Ikes. A number of noted speakers was heard.

The gracious Mrs. Francis E. Whitley, of Webster City, chairman of the conservation committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, gave an interesting talk and stated that she was "heart and soul in sympathy with the Izaak Walton movement." She said further that the women were glad to work with the Walton members in saving America's out of doors.

Among the prominent visitors were Will H. Dilg, National President; Howard J. Clark of Des Moines, and Dr. L. H. Pammel of Ames, Dr. Don Griswold of the State Board of Health. Prof. Bohumil Shimek acted as toastmaster at the banquet.

The officers of the Iowa Division, elected at the closing session Saturday afternoon, were: President, George W. Wood, Waterloo; 1st Vice-Pres., Al Faerber, Davenport; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. W. Jordan, Boone; Treasurer, G. O. VanDerveer, Waverly.

Wisconsin State Convention



Sherman Brown, President

More than three hundred delegates attended the Wisconsin Division Convention held on October 14th and 15th at Green Bay. Seventy-five women delegates showed the interest being manifested by women for conservation.

Every angle of conservation in the state of Wisconsin was studied. Stream pollution, as is usual at all conventions, played an important part in the program, and able speakers addressed the delegates on this subject.

C. M. Baker, state sanitary engineer; Frank W. King, of the state board of health, and Charles Rothschild of the Kimberly-Clarke Paper Mills took an active part in this discussion. It was decided that, while stream pollution in Wisconsin has not reached alarming proportions, it must be checked now.

The program includes the proposal of suitable legislation to provide an appropriation of state funds to study stream conditions, to direct treatment of waste, and give more active consideration and greater cooperation on the part of the industries in solving their waste disposal problems.

Louis Radke gave an interesting talk on the plan to restore Horicon Marsh. He told of the progress that has been made in this project and stated that the plan will succeed with the continued support of the state and national organizations.

The Convention decided that the Division should assist the farmers living along the banks of the Rock River having claims for damage resulting from the drainage of Horicon Marsh.

A number of sound resolutions were passed. These dealt with ideas to better conditions in the state of Wisconsin. One of the most important resolutions passed is as follows:

"The people of Wisconsin have provided a forest amendment to the constitution for the purpose of protecting and recreating their forests; their expression has been clear and emphatic and delay by state officials in putting through a forest program is contrary to the wishes of the people."

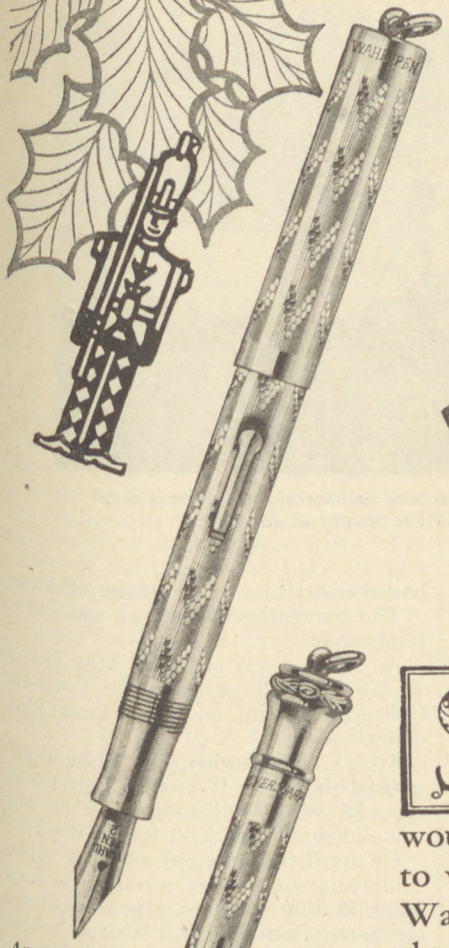
Another important resolution passed was the appointment of three Waltonians, from territory adjacent to the Mississippi River, to confer with and sit in at meetings of the joint legislative interim committees of the legislatures of Wisconsin and Minnesota, investigating pollution of waters of the Upper Mississippi River from sewage of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The useless drainage of large marshes, which are the natural habitat of wild life, was condemned.

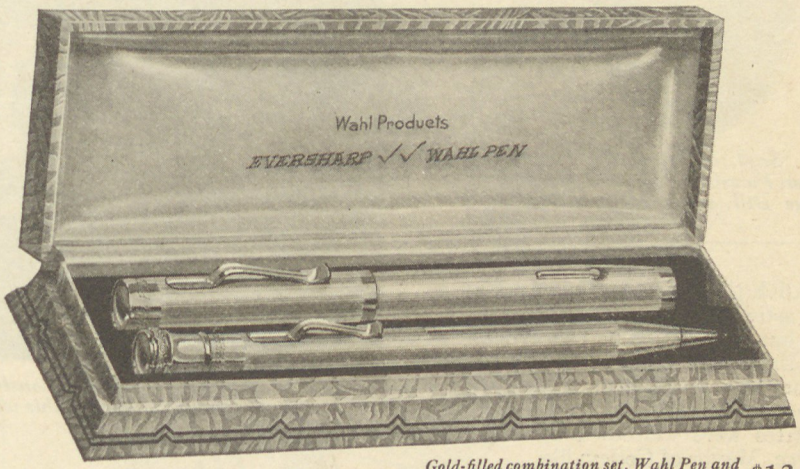
Sherman Brown, of Milwaukee, was elected president of the Division for the next year. Other officers elected were: John M. McHale, Vice-President; O. W. Smith, Second Vice-President; Louis Radke, Third Vice-President, and J. B. McCready, Secretary and Treasurer.

(*Continued on page 46*)

Gifts that Anyone Would Like to Receive



An exquisite gold-filled Wahl Pen in Dart design $6



Gold-filled combination set, Wahl Pen and Eversharp Pencil in handsome Gift Box $13

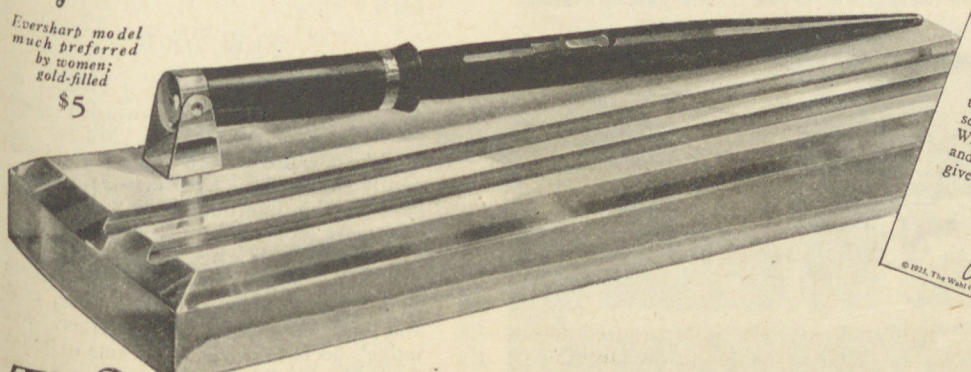
SURELY, the finest thing about any Christmas gift is the sentiment of Friendship. Nothing, however costly, takes its place. But the best gift is better, when it is the gift your friend would like to receive. To find such gifts, you have only to visit any counter where the new Eversharps and Wahl Pens are shown. Either singly or in combination, these fine articles of personal use and adornment meet every gift requirement. They are offered in a wide variety of beautiful designs. They are priced to suit your purse. They are known the world over for their value.

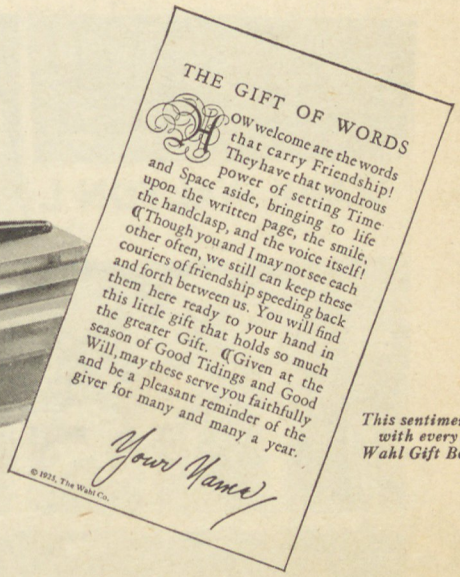
THE WAHL COMPANY, 1800 Roscoe St., *Chicago,* Illinois
Made in Canada by THE WAHL CO., Ltd., Toronto

Now! *A Fountain Pen Desk Set*

Here is something entirely new and universally needed. A most attractive and modern writing set for every home and office desk. It puts an end to desk clutter and supplies the last word in neatness and utility. A Wahl fountain pen gold-mounted on a beveled base of crystal or jet glass—$12. With gold-filled Wahl pen, $15. Originated and manufactured only by Wahl for Wahl Pens.

Eversharp model much preferred by women; gold-filled $5




THE GIFT OF WORDS
How welcome are the words that carry Friendship! They have that wondrous power of setting Time and Space aside, bringing to life upon the written page, the smile, the handclasp, and the voice itself! Though you and I may not see each other often, we still can keep these couriers of friendship speeding back and forth between us. You will find them here ready to your hand in this little gift that holds so much the greater Gift. Given at the season of Good Tidings and Good Will, may these serve you faithfully and be a pleasant reminder of the giver for many and many a year.
Your Name
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This sentiment with every Wahl Gift Box

The New EVERSHARP and WAHL PEN

Kansas State Convention

A. L. Scott, author of the Izaak Walton Forestry, Fish and Game Refuge Bill, re-elected president.

Joplin (Missouri) chapter has constructed and maintains this bass pond. Details concerning this will be printed in January.

MORE than one hundred enthusiastic delegates, representing one hundred and seven chapters of the Izaak Walton League in Kansas, met at Coffeyville on November 7th for their second annual convention. The delegates were welcomed by Hon. Elmer Joyce, Mayor of Coffeyville.

Pollution and reforestation were the most important subjects discussed by the delegates present.

Prof. Ernest Boyce, of Kansas University, and chief engineer for the State Board of Health, gave a very interesting talk on the subject of "Pollution of Our Streams and its Remedy." Prof. Boyce outlined the different sources of pollution such as mine water, salt waste, domestic sewerage and creamery waste.

Mr. J. A. Cushman, state organizer, gave a report on the progress of the organization work in Kansas, which showed that he had signed up more than one thousand members since taking over the work of organizing in this state. His appeal to members for the cooperation of the various chapters was well received.

Mr. William Upham, treasurer of the Kansas Division, made his report, which showed that the Kansas Division is sound financially.

Mr. A. L. Scott, president of the division, read his annual message to the convention. His message was well received. He gave a complete report of the developments of the League in Kansas, and touched upon the accomplishments of the League nationally.

Special stress was laid on the need of reforestation in Kansas. Attention was called to the fact that the Izaak Walton Forestry Fish and Game Refuge Bill was passed at the last session of the Kansas legislature.

An address on the Izaak Walton Forestry, Fish and Game Refuge Bill, by the Honorable E. J. Sheldon, president of the Paola Chapter, was received with much enthusiasm.

The report of the legislative committee was given by Hon. A. V. Miller, D. D. S., of Weir, Kansas. Mr. Miller gave an epitome of the legislative work; told of the Forestry, Fish and Game Bill, which had been written by the state president.

The convention came to an end with a big banquet.

An address was given by Miss Hattie Moore Mitchell, of the State Teachers' College, Pittsburg, on "God's Great Outdoors."

State Game Warden, J. B. Doze highly praised the Izaak Walton League for its splendid work in Kansas, and he also complimented Mr. Scott for his work.

He urged the state rod and gun clubs, comprising some thirty counties, to form Izaak Walton chapters. He requested a committee from the Izaak Walton League Board of Directors to meet with him for this purpose at the State Convention of the Wild Life Association, to be held November 19th, at Pratt. The board of directors appointed delegates to the Wild Life Association convention.

Officers elected for the next year are as follows: A. L. Scott, re-elected state president; E. J. Sheldon, of Paola, first vice-president; G. R. Atherton, of El Dorado, second vice-president; F. C. Petri, of Parsons, third vice-president; J. A. Cushman, of El Dorado, state secretary; W. M. Upham, of Coffeyville, re-elected state treasurer. The two new directors elected are: E. A. Edwards, president of the Wellington Chapter; W. O. Carr, a farmer of Parsons, Kansas.

Vermilion County (Illinois) chapter booth.

NEW YORK

COUNTY JUDGE JAMES E. DOLAN recently awarded damages of $1,000 to Murray A. Dodds, of Canton, New York, and permanently enjoined the DeGrasse Paper Company for the pollution of the Grass River by wastes from their pulp mill at Pyrites. The company is given until January 1, 1926, to remodel its plant and to discontinue the discharge of wood, fibre, pulp and pulpy substances into the river. The judge's decision reads, "It seems to be the settled law of this state that the owners of land on a river are entitled to its free and unobstructed use. The right of no one is

absolute but is qualified by the right of others to have the river substantially preserved in its natural size, flow and purity, and each riparian owner is entitled to protection against material diversion of pollution of the stream. Therefore, the use of the river by each owner must be consistent with the rights of the other riparian owners."

The paper company contended that if it polluted the stream, it has acquired that right by prescription. In denying this contention, the court held: "It has become the settled law of this state that fresh water streams may not be polluted and that the right to pollute the same may not be acquired by prescription or any lapse of time. According to the old and familiar rule, every person must so use his own property as not to injure that of his neighbor."

Through the well-directed activity of Sam S. Stinson, better known as "Silent Sam," the Green Wood Lake (N. Y.) Chapter has been organized. This Chapter does not believe in organizing and then ceasing activities, but at the first meeting steps were taken to improve fishing conditions at Greenwood Lake. The officers of the Greenwood Lake Chapter are: President, Arthur H. Cushman; Vice-Pres., Jacob Deer; Secretary, S. S. Stinson; Treasurer, Harry S. Sudman.

ARKANSAS

We are advised by A. C. Williams, secretary of the Arkansas State Division, that this division will hold their Convention on November 18th and 19th, at Little Rock, Arkansas.

OHIO

A. F. Long, secretary of the Ohio Division, reports that the Ohio Convention will be held at Springfield, Ohio, on December 7th. There are a number of important legislative matters pertaining to the conservation in Ohio that will be taken up at this convention. It is expected that each Ohio Chapter will send its quota of delegates to make this convention the greatest that has been held in the state.

WYOMING

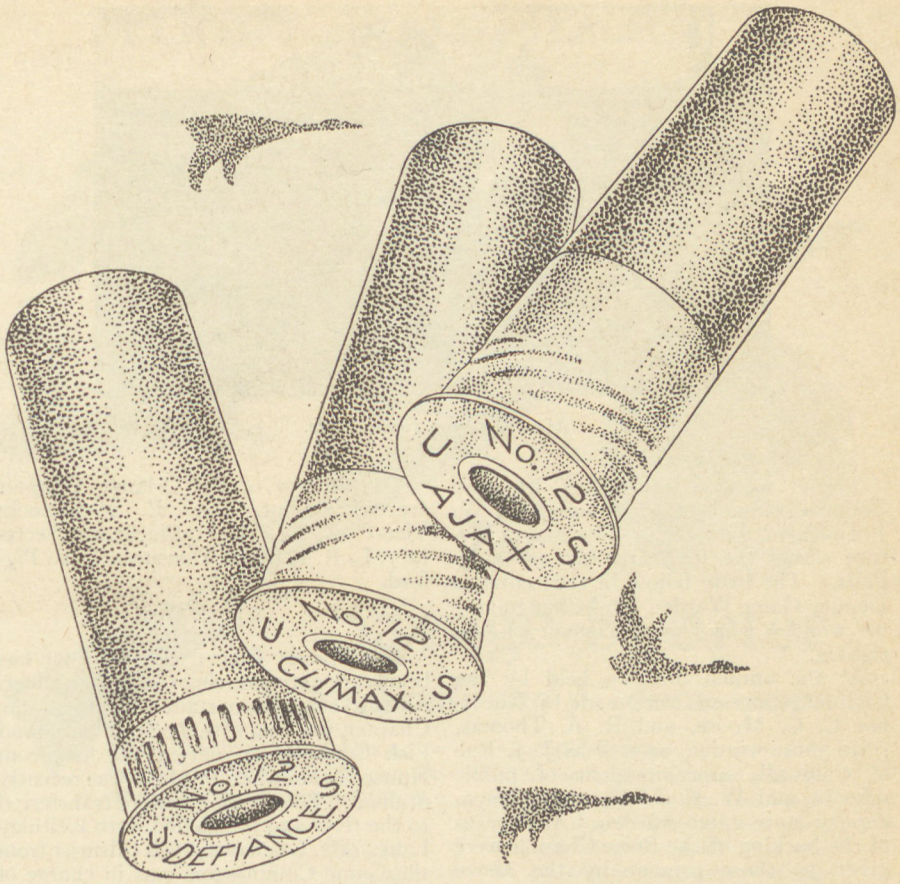
Perfecting of the Wyoming State Division will take place some time in November and every Chapter in this State is expected to send delegates to this event, which will be held at Rock Springs. Mr. J. S. Spreece, secretary of Rock Springs Chapter, and Mr. M. W. Medill, president, are arranging the program. Rock Springs Chapter will be the host.

An important question to come before the Convention will be the future attitude of the Wyoming State Division toward the suggested annexation of more national park territory in that state.

IDAHO

The Boise (Ida.) Chapter is swinging into action and has outlined a program of activities that will mean much, not only to the sportsmen and outdoor lovers of Boise, but to the entire state of Idaho.

A legislative program for the conservation of fish and game is being planned and will be backed strongly by Idaho Waltonians.



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lowing proposal, which was made into a resolution, and as a result was appointed on the Resolution Committee. The resolution reads:

"*Resolved:* That this Conference en-

Mostly About Boys

(*Continued from page 42*)

That last sentence is a good one, Lester. All of us around the fire will agree with you about not killing more than you can use. A real sportsman won't shoot all the law lets him, just because he can. A hunter's common sense ought to set his seasons and bag limits, as much as the laws, oughtn't it?

419 E. Second St., Carlinville, Ill.

Dear Editor and Fellers:

One frosty night in late October, dad said, "Son, how would you and your cousin Lew like to go coon hunting?"

Of course, I hollered that I would, so I called Lew up, and we started out. About two hours out old Jim struck what sounded like a good trail. We followed him up, and, after a five-mile chase, old Jim was "tearin' up tarnation" down in a valley on the other side of a stream. We crossed and there was old Jim, halfway up a tree, and barking for all he was worth. We came to the tree and shone our lights up in it, and there was sitting a great big measley tom-cat.

Well, say! If there ever was a discouraged bunch, it was us!

Then we scouted around and after a while old Jim struck another trail, and when we got there, out ambles a cute little black and white kitty, and about the same time we dug out!

All except Jim, who stayed about one minute. That was just exactly sixty-one seconds too long for him!

Then as it was getting late we hit the home trail, and that was the end of one "inglorious" night.

A true tom-cat hunter,

W. K. MAYFIELD.

Night hunting always makes a good subject for a story, and when you have a tom-cat and then a skunk mixed in, there is bound to be some fun worth hearing about. A fine letter, W. K. Tell us about your trapline next tine, and tell us your whole name.

Longview, Washington.

Dear Editor and Gang:

I am going to tell you a duck story that happened while I was living in South Texas. One Christmas dad gave me a sixteen-gauge single-barrel gun, and I thought I was about the luckiest person on earth. About two weeks after I got my gun two of my boy friends and myself decided to go squirrel hunting.

We started out at about four o'clock, and man! it sure was cold, but we braved the wind and got started at last. At six o'clock we were in the woods, and soon we started hunting for squirrels. Three hours we stayed there without even a sign of a squirrel. Finally I said, "It's a little late, but let's try to kill some ducks."

So, out we started, and landed at a lake in about half an hour. About fifteen minutes after we arrived we saw a bunch of ducks flying toward us. As I had never shot a duck before, the boys said I could have first shot at them. I shot into the bunch, and to my great surprise down fell one, a big fat canvas-back. Well, you can imagine how happy I was. In other words about the happiest girl—oh, gosh! I let it slip! Yes, I am a girl, but I had

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Safe and quick, too—the safety is worked by the thumb of the firing hand when the rifle is in a shooting position—no waste of time there.

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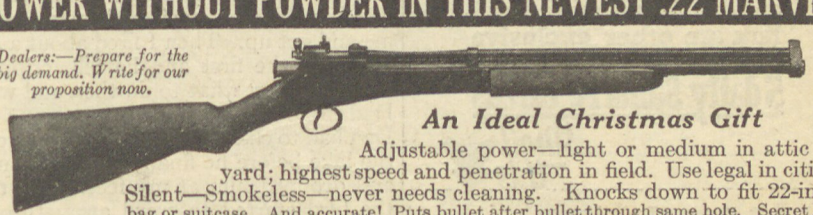

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lots rather be a boy and hunt all the time!

Yours for the outdoors,

ORPHA MORRIS.

For a girl, Orpha is a real fellow, isn't she, gang? Any girl that can shoot canvas-backs, and that will make the admission Orpha does in that last sentence is welcome to come in and sit down by the fire any time she wants to, isn't she?

Excelsior, Minnesota.

Dear Editor and Campfire Members:

I am a boy sixteen years old. My father is a good sportsman and a member of the Minneapolis chapter. I am very anxious to belong. I have been reading OUTDOOR AMERICA with interest greater than ever the latter part of the summer, and am keeping and reading past issues to last November (1924). I have never written before, but I want to be a member of your campfire circle and tell you of my first duck hunt two years ago.

Dad had just got me a fine sixteen gauge double barrel shotgun and I had never before fired a shotgun. Dad and I and our water spaniel, Dan, drove from our home near Excelsior down to my Uncle Hib's home in Windom, Minn. The next day was the opening of the duck hunting season, September 16th. My aunt awakened us very early and we drove out to a point east of Windom. Here we stopped the car on a narrow road which overlooked, two little lakes, one behind the other. Dad took his gun and "Old Dan" down through the marsh to the left of the lakes. I was half fearfully wondering what it was like to shoot a shotgun, as I kept behind my uncle. After more bamming on Dad's part, a few ducks flew over our heads beyond gun range. I raised up the sixteen because others were shooting, and pulled the trigger. There was a sharp bump against my shoulder, a loud bam that joined in chorus with other guns. Of course I got nothing, because I wanted to see what it was like to fire a shotgun, and had forgotten to take aim. After a wait, Dad "scared up" a bunch of ducks towards us. When the flock was about half way across the lake, it divided, one bunch coming toward me, the other toward my uncle. He began shooting and I aimed and fired directly at the first duck of the bunch over me. One near the end crumpled up and came down with a heavy splash in water hidden from me by tall brown weeds on shore. I was so excited I had forgotten to fire the other barrel.

Later on Dad and Uncle stationed me between the two lakes. I had seen three mallards alight in the farther lake close to our shore. I did not know that it was unsportsmanlike to shoot them sitting and would have done it had they not seen me and got up. Then I fired about a foot ahead of the first and he fell, crippled. I didn't know what to do then and when Dad came he was out of gun range. Old Dan had to chase that old mallard all over the lake before he finally brought him in and dropped him at my feet. But then the bird started to crawl away through the grass and I caught him. He looked at me as though asking for mercy. That made me feel bad. Dad cracked its neck over his gun barrel, and I didn't like that, but I guess it was the only thing that could be done.

I'd tell you about my prairie chicken hunt that afternoon, fellows, but I think I've already used too much space.

Your Would-be Waltonian,

JOHN T. LEVERING, JR.

How some of those good days on the marshes and in the woods do stick in our memories, don't they, John? You'll find that you will remember that day you've told us about for years. Even after you are grown up you'll still see Old Dan bringing that mallard in to you. Tell us about the prairie chicken hunt next time.

Sikeston, Mo., Sept. 27, 1925.

Dear Editor:

I want to tell the gang an experience I had with some ducks.

Well, gang, I haven't ever been around your campfire, so if I don't act right, you show me how, will you?

The day was one the kind just after the snow is gone, and the sky is not flecked with a cloud. Ducks were covering almost every pond, perched along the banks, and in the water, sunning themselves and resting.

I happened to be passing a wheat field, and discovered a big bunch of ducks out in a pond close to the middle of the field. Their breasts made a white fringe over the pond, as the sun shone on them.

I started out to see how close I could get to them, and was half way across the field when a bunch of geese came out into sight, so I dropped down flat on the ground, my heart in my mouth, for I had never seen geese on the ground at close range.

The geese started to sail, wings curved, but when about a hundred feet above the ducks, they began to pick up, and finally headed off, fading away in the distance.

I was somewhat disappointed, but I still had my ducks, and I was going to get a good look at them.

I got up on my hands, and knees, and putting my head down between my arms, I began to impersonate a hog. I took my time, grunting, and pretending to nip the wheat, and worked my way up to within thirty yards of the bunch. Upon my approach they edged suspiciously to the farther edge of the pond, but did not offer to take wing.

There must have been three hundred in the bunch, and of several different species. The different colors intermingled, made a pretty sight, I'll tell you, and I sure filled my eyes in those short seconds, because I soon became so tired that I had to raise up.

As soon as I got to my feet there sure was a commotion, I'm here to tell you, and those ducks weren't two shakes of a sheep's tail getting away from there either.

After it was all over, I somewhat regretted my raising up, but I appreciated what I had seen just the same.

Good night everybody.

Yours truly,

BILL SMITH, JR.

Bill is the first one to tell us of hunting without even a gun, just to see how close he could get to the game. That's real sportsmanship, Bill, and your stunt in imitating a feeding hog would do credit to an old timer. It's just we humans that the wild game fears, after all, isn't it? If we can keep down on all fours, they will let us come quite close.

White Bass

(*Continued from page 25*)

Suddenly the school swung around at right angles—you see I was rowing parallel with them—and before I could stop or swing out of the way I was right in the middle of them. Man, the water was alive with fish, just boiling! I got a good look at one of them, and then I guess they saw the boat, and down they went. And the birds got scared, and off they went, too. But I saw one of those babies, and it was a white bass. And that's why we're here now. Pull on the right oar; they've swung around."

I looked over my shoulder to get my bearings. We were near the birds now, and their wild, piercing calls bore ample testimony to their excitement. They dipped, touched the water with their bills, and rose, calling constantly. Yet the water was unruffled by any evidence of fish. And then, as if the water had suddenly come to a full boil, the school rose to the surface, sending little frothy waves splashing in every direction as the fish plowed along partially out of water. For probably a minute they remained up, traveling with surprising speed; then, without any warning and for no apparent reason, they disappeared.

Mac was whipping his tandem of Parmachene Belles over the water, letting out line as I bent to the oars again and pulled for all there was in me toward our scouts, the birds.

"Try and keep parallel with them, if you can; they tend to travel pretty much in a straight line, but when they get ready to turn they may go any direction, including straight back where they came from. They're in a good tight bunch: I should say over a hundred in a ten foot square. When they're up they're all up, apparently, so you don't need to worry about scaring them unless you get too close or they turn into you. Try to get me about thirty feet from them and then travel parallel with them."

I found that the fish were traveling almost as fast as I could pull the light boat, and it took me some minutes to work up to the desired distance from the school which was racing along, now under water, now frittering along at the surface. We were within striking distance now, and Mac was eagerly awaiting the reappearance of the school.

"There they are," shouted Mac as the school broke just ahead of us. I leaned on the oars and shot the boat ahead.

"Fine. Now keep your distance if you can, and pray they don't turn."

The flies shot out and dropped just back of the school. Mac drew them slowly over the surface for a couple of yards, then snapped them out again. They alighted in the very middle of the spattering school. Fascinated, I watched the pink fly dragged through the dancing spray. A sudden flash of silver, and a grunt from Mac.

"He missed it. Keep up with them and I'll get one in a minute."

Out flew the flies again. A flash and one of the Parmachene Belles completely

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softens the beard at the base

WHEN Judge Confucius Pitkin was serving his first term as a justice of the peace he had no more use for a necktie than a fruit peddler has for a blue sash.

But one sunny afternoon, while he dozed in an easy chair, his first-born son, whose fists were full of taffy, climbed upon his knees and engaged in certain playful exercises that caused him to become a changed man. His whiskers had to go.

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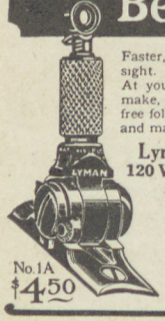

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disappeared at once, the other following. I looked at the tip of Mac's rod and found his whole pole bent into a graceful half-circle. The school had disappeared.

"He didn't miss it that time. Now watch him fight."

And fight he did. At the end of a nine foot fly rod a good white bass puts up as pretty a struggle as one could ask for. He fights deep, making excellent use of his powerful tail and his wide body, swinging in great circles and fighting the line every instant. The flexible rod yielded to every movement of the fish and the reel sang when the strain became dangerous. Inch by inch the fish forced out the line, then inch by inch the bending rod and crafty Mac stole it back again, only to lose it a moment later under the wild rushes of the fish. Five minutes passed and the fish was still game, retrieving foot by foot the line that Mac stole from it inch by inch. A fascinating struggle. The fish seemed tireless. My mind flew back to those nights below the dam when, at the end of a fifteen foot stiff bamboo pole we hoisted white bass out without a kick. What a difference tackle make! That difference is known as "sport."

"He's weakening now, I think. Anyway, I'm going to force him a bit."

I waited breathlessly as Mac drew in the line bit by bit, pausing every now and then to let the pole work on the retrieving efforts of the bass. But the fish was nearly done; the unrelenting give-and-take of the rod was too much for it, and a few moments later I dipped out a handsome white bass, so tired out that it did not struggle as I removed the hook.

"Well, old timer, how do you like that for sport?" queried Mac.

"The sport of sports, if I know anything about fishing around here. What do you guess him at?"

"Pound and a quarter. No, make it a half; white bass are surprisingly chunky. Got your scales?"

"Always. Let's see: a pound and a half and five-eighths. Good guess. He certainly is pretty."

"Put him in the creel and let's find the school again and get him some company. Or better, let's find the birds that have found the school."

And so off we went again. Fifteen minutes later we again located the scouts, nearly half a mile away, hovering and dipping, ample evidence of the presence of a school—though perhaps not the same school—of white bass.

Uncle Jim's Pet 'Lunge

(*Continued from page 35*)

cleats. "I'm going to break Mack's line!"

"No, no!" he cried, "don't, don't you do it! Let 'em fight it out, and the best man win." He always referred to Old Abe as though he were human.

I was almost frantic myself. The excitement of the contest that was going on near me, the fierce lunges and circlings of the huge fish, had got into my blood. But here was a man in my boat, my friend, that I was almost sure was dying; at least was suffering intense pain, brought on partly by the peculiar twist in his brain. There was one way, and one way only, I believed, that would relieve him, and I knew that I should never forgive myself if I did not bring this about.

MacEwen's boat was well out in the channel, which here was two hundred yards across. The water was deep and there were no weeds. He was using heavy tackle, and the fish was evidently well hooked. He was handling it with all the skill and coolness of a veteran fisherman. I felt there could be but one result. It was only a question of time.

Merrill's boat was on MacEwen's left, about a hundred feet off and toward the island shore. I was up stream from him, somewhat to the right, and about the same distance away. Several times the line had swirled under my boat, but I had seen nothing of the fish, was not sure that it was Old Abe.

At the moment the 'lunge had sounded, and was sulking in the depths somewhere up stream. MacEwen was slowly and cautiously reeling in, the pressure on his line perceptibly moving his boat. I took advantage of the quiescence of the fish to make a circle, and approach MacEwen on his right, paying no attention to his protests.

"MacEwen," I said, stopping within ten feet of him, "cut your line and let that fish loose!"

He stared at me in wonder, and when he saw I was in earnest his cheeks puffed out, causing his mutton chop whiskers to stick out at right angles and wave in the breeze ludicrously.

"Cut my line?" he growled. "Are you crazy?"

"No, not crazy, in deadly earnest. If you don't cut it I will!"

"Weel then, permit me to politely invite ye to go to hell! And permit me also to advise ye not to cut my line!"

"If you don't let Old Abe go you will kill Jim, as sure as you are sitting there!"

For the first time he looked at Jim. He had been too busy with his rod, and too concerned and indignant over my seemingly barbarous conduct to pay attention to anything else.

"My God, mon! what's the matter with him?"

"He is sick, terribly sick, and if you persist in taking Old Abe, he will die!"

MacEwen looked dumbly at the old man. "Is it true, Jim?" he asked. Jim was gazing at us, his faded blue eyes showing the misery he was in.

"Yes," he said, "but it's all right, Archie. Get him if you can. I'd—I'd ruther you'd have him than anybody else."

I could see MacEwen waver. His eyes followed the rigid, wire like line that ran down into the water.

"Come, Mack, be a good sport. Cut your line," I said.

He flared up at this. "D'ye realize

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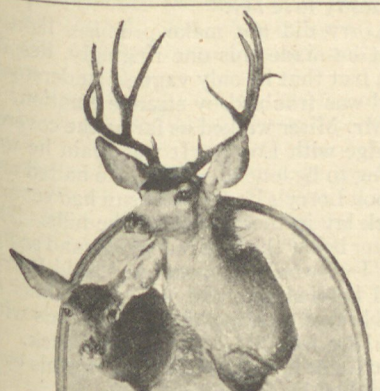

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what this means to me? D'ye know that I've thought of nothing else but this moment for five years back? And now, 'cut the line' ye say. I'll not!"

"You will kill Jim if you don't!"

"I'll kill myself, if I do." But he sighed and reached into his pocket, then paused, his face expressing a strange combination of resentment, indignation and pity.

"It's all dom'd nonsense, and ye know it!"

"For you and me, yes; but not for Jim. It's life or death for him."

Our eyes were glued into each other's, and we neither one paid any attention when the taut line hissed through the water. Suddenly there was a short, sharp report which broke the tension. We looked up and across the water and, silhouetted against the golden afterglow, was a picture that will remain forever in my mind.

Merrill was standing straight up in his boat, his right arm extended, and grasping something in his hand. Twenty feet from him a huge, grey form was dropping into the water. Not in the beautiful parabola usually described by this fish when he leaps, but tail first, as though he had been arrested in flight.

I glanced at MacEwen. He was staring stupidly at his line suddenly gone slack. My next glance was at Jim. His face was contorted horribly. He had slumped to the bottom of the boat, on which his heels were beating a rapid tattoo. I sprang toward him. I had once seen a man shot through the heart whose reflex was exactly like this. I raised his head and thrust my hand into his shirt.

"You beast!" I cried, "you dirty, low beast, you've killed him!"

"Of course I killed him. I said I would, didn't I?" The ratlike voice came back with maddening clearness.

I looked helplessly at MacEwen. He was reeling in his line on the end of which sagged a dead, heavy weight. An inert mass, that a moment before had been filled with electric energy.

"Jim is dead, Mack," I said.

He nodded his head. "Yes," he said, in a strange, husky voice, "I know." He brought the great muskallonge alongside his boat, and reaching into the water turned it over, exposing the dorsal fin.

"I wish Jim could see him," he said, and I noticed his eyes were filled with tears.

"I'll shake you for him, Mack, head or tail?" Merrill's voice came squeaking over the water.

MacEwen reached into his pocket, pulled out a knife and cut the line just above the absurd lure which had done its work only too well. Then he set the fish adrift.

"Aren't you going to keep him?" I asked.

He shook his head and stood up in the boat, his right hand raised.

"I am going now," he said, and his deep Scotch voice sounded in that clear air like a benediction and an anathema in one, "to take my friend home and prepare him for burial. And if ye're around when I come back, Meester Merrill, I will perform the same office for you!"

When we returned that evening, Merrill and his tribe had departed.

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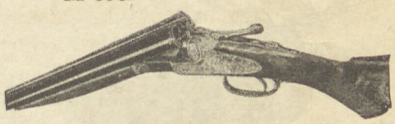

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The Fisherman

(Continued from page 28)

low. He pulled so hard that he overbalanced Lorry. Head first he fell, ramming the precious pole into the rocks. When Lorry floundered up the pole was broken, his line was limp. The monster bass had escaped. Lorry wound in his line, to find that the hook had straightened out.

"O! What—a—bass!" choked Lorry, absolutely heart-broken. "Oh, now I know—what Mr. Miser meant!"

Terrible as seemed that moment, it yet held something familiar—the same old pang of loss. It had grown with the years. Lorry stared at the deep swift stretch where his largest bass had vanished. How impossible to bring him back! It was as if there was no hope anywhere. At last, disconsolate, Lorry returned to camp. Mr. Miser was there, busy around the campfire. Sympathetically he listened to Lorry's tale of woe and carefully examined the rod.

"Lad, nothing is ever as bad as it seems at first," he said. "I can mend this pole—make it as good as ever. You didn't leave a hook in that old buster. He lives in that hole. *And we'll catch him!*"

Three evenings after that Lorry was to see the old fisherman hook the same bass, stop his runs and turn him round.

"Take my pole!" yelled Mr. Miser, suddenly forcing it into Lorry's hands. Indeed Lorry could not have resisted had he tried. And there was a grand fight left in that bass. He leaped only once, but this was four feet into the air, so close to Lorry that he splashed water all over him. Only Lorry knew the weakness of his legs! If the bass had known enough to dash away again he would have pulled Lorry off his feet. But wearily he wove to and fro. The hook was deep. Soon Mr. Miser lifted the old scarred bronze-backed warrior out on the sand.

"One of the biggest kind, Lorry. . . . Seven pounds!" he boomed.

"Let's keep him alive—as long as we can," replied Lorry, overcome by the sight of that bass.

September found them back at Dillon's Falls with day near at hand when Lorry must go home. The farmer brought news that Dr. Dunn was trying to sell his property. This surprised Lorry, and shocked him into memory. It was then he confessed to his friend the trouble and disgrace he had brought upon his people.

"It is good, if you never do it again," replied the old man.

"My God! . . . I would die first," declared Lorry, moved to passion.

"Lad, we have had a wonderful happy time together. I wish I might have had a son like you. . . . We have talked. I have told you much. I could not ask more in response than you have given. But I never yet gave you an ideal of womanhood. Perhaps I couldn't find the right words. And so, I'll only tell you two things. Never forget them. When you think of women think of them as you do of your mother. All women are mothers of all men. . . . And never in your life lay a hand on any woman unless you honestly love her."

Lorry did not make promises lightly. But he made this one ringingly, despite tha fact that he only vaguely understood, and was troubled by strange emotion.

Mr. Miser walked as far as the covered bridge with Lorry. It was plain he was going to be lonely. At last he halted and shook Lorry's hand. The sun had set and dusk lay in the hollows of the hills. The water below the falls roared low and sadly.

"I—I won't say goodbye," said Lorry, and hurried into the shadowy tunnel of the bridge, rattling the loose boards with his bare feet. He did not look back. It would not have been any use, for his eyes were blinded by tears.

Letters of a Little Lady Vagabond

(Continued from page 31)

neater "line" of gallantry. The Baron kept to the head of the class all along, though.

The following day I started very early. At 7 o'clock I was called and invited to make a trip to Lake O'Hara with a charming man by the name of McDonald. (Woods up here are just full of nice men.) Train leaving at 7:30. In exactly fifteen minutes I was downstairs with my ears pinned back. We breakfasted on the train with the rest of the party, reached Hector about 9:30, found our ponies waiting, and within five minutes were in our saddles and on the ten-mile trail.

Up, up, higher and higher climbed the slippery and rocky path. Through miles of timberland, through noisy little glacier streams, on every side surrounded by majestic God-made temples, peaks snow-covered, lost to view in the clouds. Somehow, after the first few miles one becomes subdued by the quiet dignity of it all.

Lake Louise is so perfectly beautiful that it almost hurts one to look at it. I reached there the night of my O'Hara day, not half so weary as I expected to be after my twenty mile horseback ride, and found that the Dutch journalists and their guardian angel had left a light shining bright in the window for me. There they all were (with a Scotch couple added to the party), the quaint darlings, and I was given the prodigal's welcome.

As we all sat before the log-filled fireplace, I told of my wonderful day and they of theirs. The warmth of the fire, to say nothing of a hot toddy in a quiet corner, made me so sleepy I forgot my manners and fell asleep right in the middle of one of Mr. Calder's really clever jokes. (He will never forgive me for it.)

My room looked right over Lake Louise and it was moonlight. I cast but one sleepy eye out over all this rare beauty—scenery is always nicer in the morning anyway—and gone from my bones are the fifty-seven kinds of kinks that have come on during the last hour. sleep!

Faithfully yours,
THE LITTLE LADY VAGABOND.

Mammoth Pass

(Continued from page 30)

surface of the lake I improved the opportunity of privacy and not too high a wind by a cold plunge into the snow waters. With the rub-down came the reaction of exhuberance and well being, which is the heritage of the lone traveler in God's mountains—a monarch of all he surveys. Then bacon, eggs, and coffee, piping hot, and I was on my way.

The trails were now the pumice-surfaced ones peculiar to all the high country in this particular section of California. This stone is not very dusty and, though soft, it did not impede my progress as other types of loose trail do. In fact, it is actually full of air and seemed to impart a spring or rebound to my every footstep.

There is a story told of this country. Once upon a time, it seems, the authorities at Mono Lake had occasion to arrest a certain offender and desired to place him in durance. But, alas; they had no jail! So they took him out in a boat to Paoha, the large island of pumice rock in the midst of the lake, and left him there. But the prisoner rolled a large piece of the pumice into the lake. The rock, of course, floated. So, using it for a raft, he just paddled himself ashore and got away.

Passing the highest point in Mammoth Pass, which is indicated by a government marker, the trail began to drop quite rapidly and I paused to take in the immensities of Mammoth Pass, the great shoulder of Mammoth Peak to my right and Mammoth Crest to the left. All along the trail here, on the higher side, I read the story of some prehistoric upheaval in the outcroppings of a lava ledge. At last, through the timber which was large and very tall, I got an occasional glimpse of the highest peaks in the Minaret Range—snow-capped, they glistened in the afternoon sun.

Suddenly the trail dropped through little moist spots where weeds and grass were growing. Then, around a bend and I found myself out in a large and well-watered meadow—a meadow at the elevation of 7,900 feet! The prevalence of red-stemmed grasses, turning the green to purple, gave these flats the name of Red Meadow.

Before passing on I investigated the Hot Soda Spring which the "marker" stated was 300 feet from the trail. I found the water to be tepid and insipid; in other words, it was neither very "hot" nor very "soda," therefore not very pleasing to a travel-worn hiker! But it is a good spring, nevertheless, with a large flow gliding quietly out from under an immense flat stone. Oddly enough, there are no other mineral springs in the vicinity.

Crossing several small streams, I followed the trial through the grass and then straight across the wooded section of Red Meadow westward. This trail led me on around the shoulder of a hillock to my right, through a little pass, bringing me

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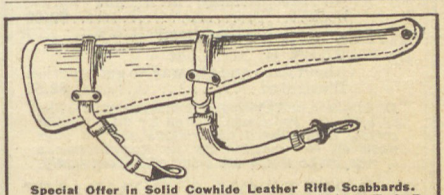

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up suddenly right at the very foot of the Devil's Postpile. A sight, was this, worth traveling far to see!

The Federal Government has considered this wonder of such importance that a National Monument has been created of its environs, to be administered in much the same manner as the National Parks are conducted.

The "Postpile" is volcanic and its name could hardly be improved upon. It is composed of lava columns from thirty to eighty feet high, more than twice the average height of the basalt posts which compose the Giant's Causeway on the north coast of Ireland. They are laid slantingly against the side of the hill, much like huge fence posts stood up there rather loosely to season in the sun. They are not cylindrical, but have well-defined edges, and are either square, octagonal, or with five faces, or six; and they measure, on the average, more than two feet in diameter.

Alaskan Campfires

(*Continued from page 19*)

nothing against his moral character. So far as I know, he was a shining example of canine impeccability. But he gave me a sad and sorrowful day. "You take that dog," said his owner. "I won't use him today." (How I wish he had!) "He'll bring in every duck you kill." He did, but I will state here that his health didn't suffer because of overwork. Maybe his owner could handle him, because I could not. Now, I had selected a likely spot up the lake, had cut brush for a blind, and made all preparations for a day's hunt there, when in an evil hour I took that dog. I made the blind, sat down, and had not long to wait. Yonder, in good range, came some yellow bills! I waited, tense, ready! So did the dog. I raised to aim, and out he leaped, "Woof! woof! Woof!" "Bang! Bang!" The bark and the shot were practically simultaneous. But the ducks had quickly shifted, and went unharmed. His eye had a roguish look, as if to say, "Scared 'em good, didn't we!" So it went on. And when finally I brought one down, he carefully retrieved it, placing it some fifty yards away on the quaking bog. No amount of cajolery or inducement availed to get him to bring it nearer.

But the crowning blow came later. Suddenly, across the wide expanse of marsh and lake, sounded the musical "honk-honk" of many geese. I turned and then crouched low. A great flock of them! Nearer they came, unseeing and flying low! Restlessly I fingered the trigger, and then—my faithful ally saw them. Though I had him in leash, out he squirmed and saluted them with glad acclaim. In bitterness of soul I fired two shells vainly after them, as they swiftly sheered away, counting ninety-three honkers in the flock—and then longed earnestly to send one more shell at very short range and report an accidental canine death.

Well, there were some things which helped to make up for these times. One was a very material thing· our guide's ability to serve toothsome meals. There is not a hunter or outdoor man but can imagine how good these meals tasted. How hungry we were! Golden flapjacks and good coffee for breakfast, a sandwich or two for lunch on the stands, and then in the evening when we came in ravenous, to find a great pan of fat young mallards, broiled, with just a bit of onion inside to add savor to the whole!

And then, as we saw, one late afternoon with the setting sun making him alive with roseate glory, Mount McKinley, that monarch of American heights! There he stood, serene and clear. Some seventy-five miles away, perhaps, but even at that distance seeming to dominate the whole landscape. Unveiled from foot to shining summit, snow blanketed and snow crowned. Shall we ever forget that sight, as we sat feasting our eyes on the great glowing bulk, so wondrous in majestic strength and solitude.

The hunting season is short in interior Alaska. It takes but mighty few of the sharp nights to send the feathered game on their long southward flight. By the middle of September there are few left, and they soon take their leave. But such hunting days are not easily forgotten. And best of all, I think, when the early darkness came, and except for the whistling spriggs as flocks of them flew overhead in the darkness, all was silent, to gather around the campfire, light the pipes of good fellowship, and yarn. How the good stories of hunts and exploits of many kinds and types did travel. And as in Alaska men foregather from the four quarters of the globe, so we heard stories from and of every land. Narrow escapes, lively jaunts, long tramps, the gladsome beckoning of nature under every sky. And then, as the darkness deepened, and the campfire flickered, and the stories slackened, each to his bunk or bed to dream of greater luck on the morrow.

Oh, sometimes, as cities oppress my soul, and the round of duties pall, memory sweeps back to the sweet solitude of the Alaskan wilderness. To the companions of the trail and the chase. To the sweep of the hills, or the dying glow of the campfire, and with Service, I would sing:

"Yes, they're wanting me, they're haunting me, the awful lonely places;
They're whining and they're whimpering as if each had a soul;
They're calling from the wilderness, the vast and Godlike spaces,
The stark and sullen solitudes that sentinel the Pole.
They miss my little campfires, ever brightly, bravely gleaming
In the womb of desolation, where was never man before;
As comradeless I sought them, lion hearted, loving, dreaming,
And they hailed me as a comrade, and they loved me evermore."

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A nature lover should be a Nature Liver. I think it probable that camping out is, to most sportsmen, simply a more or less pleasant mode of living which enables them to eat and sleep in the vicinity of their hunting or fishing grounds. Such campers miss a lot of fun. Camp life *in itself* should be sufficient to draw men and women out of the towns and into the forest.

Its greatest virtue lies not in gratification of the lust to catch or kill, but in the opportunity afforded for doing and being what we dream of, but cannot accomplish, amid our ordinary surroundings. To those of us who hold this attitude toward camping, no season is closed. Outings can be as pleasant and profitable in December as in May. Idealistic as it may sound, I believe that the wilderness should result in the steady growth of those attributes essential to character.

If you are a novice, search diligently for a well informed companion, who can identify the forms of wild life likely to be seen. Interest in a tree, stone, bird, fish or animal generally begins with positive identification. Fuller knowledge comes later.

If you are not a novice, but are anxious to learn something of the mental processes of animals, birds or insects—go alone. During the course of one day and night spent in the forest, the lone camper is apt to closely observe more interesting things than two together will notice in a month. In the event that solitary camping proves to be unpleasant, leave to others the study of timid creatures and devote your chief attention to things that can't travel.

Professional pacifists argue that mere possession of adequate equipment is an incentive to its use. On this point I agree with them. When one's complete camp outfit is ready-packed, to be shouldered at a moment's notice, the chances are that it will be used often. But when the prospective camper must spend half a day and considerable money in preparing for a week-end trip, he is tempted to postpone it and to substitute some other form of recreation not so beneficial but less troublesome.

I offer this advice to everyone who feels the call of the out of doors: Get a first class outfit as soon as possible and keep it ready-packed for instant use. Week-end camping is worthy of a permanent place in the citizen's budget and a regular allowance should be made for it as a necessary, legitimate expenditure.

The first trip may well be one of exploration, to find a suitable locality and perhaps an actual camp site. This should be within an hour's walk of wheel or water transportation, so that the time and effort incident to "back packing" thither will not be excessive.

If the chosen spot will serve for repeated week-ends, an insect-proof metal trunk, box or wash boiler may be brought in on the next trip. Buried in the ground, it will serve as storeroom for any food and equipment left between visits.

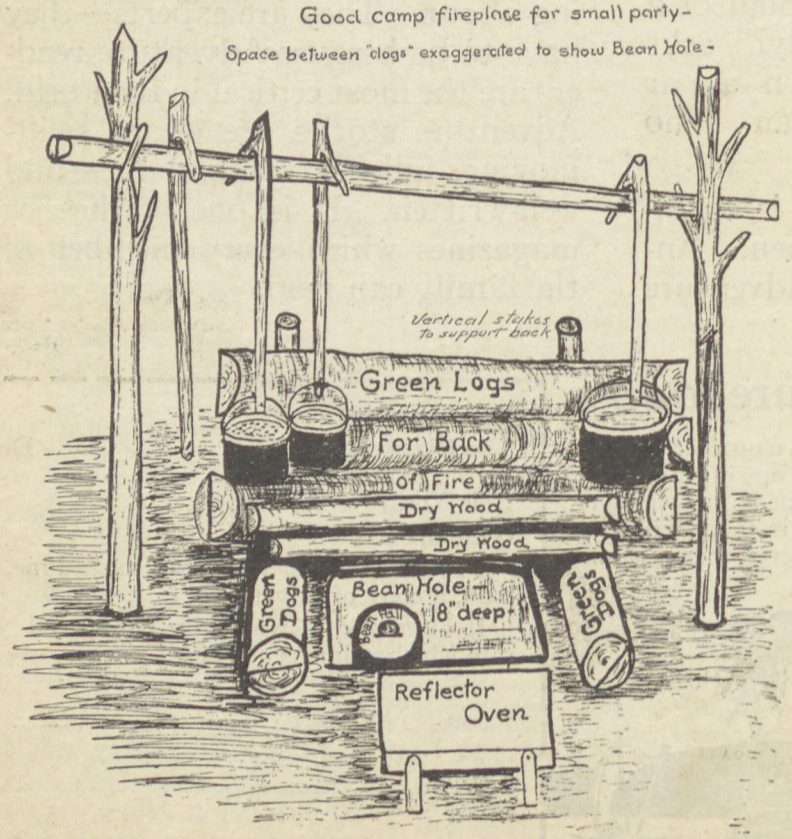
Among the things which can be learned from regular week-end camping are campcraft, weather wisdom and the seasonal changes in habits and appearance of almost every form of wild life.

The camper should rapidly develop the faculty of observation, which means, of course, the improvement of his vision, hearing, sense of touch and memory. The importance of these in every day life can hardly be exaggerated.

Campcraft is that branch of the science of woodcraft which enables those skilled in it to make themselves physically comfortable in the wilderness with whatever materials are available. Of course there is no fixed standard of physical comfort, interior or exterior. The term is purely relative and varies with conditions as well as with individuals.

When, on a long lean trail, shortage of supplies forces a greatly reduced daily ration, the traveler is almost sure to dream of sumptuous banquets served amid the most luxurious surroundings imaginable. Later, when real hunger approaches, the phantom feast is shorn of all fancy trimmings; it is reduced to such commonplace viands as steak and potatoes, ham and eggs or corned beef and cabbage. Upon reaching the stage where a reef in the belt must substitute for a meal, the mental menu, though still vivid, is apt to consist of very few items—and these simply the accepted standards of nourishment in the region traversed.

In the Northwest, this fare would be bannock, bacon and beans; in the Northeast, ship biscuit, pemmican and tea; and I have been told that in the vicinity of the pole, the dream food of both primitive Eskimo and super-civilized white is almost sure to be blubber—solid, satisfying,



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soul sustaining blubber—and nothing else.

Exterior physical comfort, too, is relative. Ask the soldiers who have spent some time in the trenches. Men who at home could not endure woolen underwear, or sleep on wrinkled sheets, learned to consider as luxurious any clothing or bedding that was dry and warm.

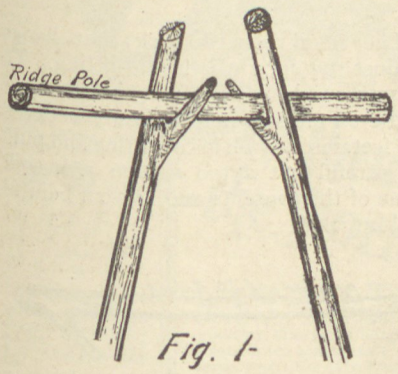

Fig. 1-

Most types of camp shelter require poles for their support. In the following diagrams I illustrate the right and wrong methods of arranging these poles.

Figure 1 shows one of the most common methods. It is unsound. Any slight swaying motion which causes one pole to settle will throw all the strain on the other. Even if the load is equally divided between both, it is carried upon the points least able to bear it.

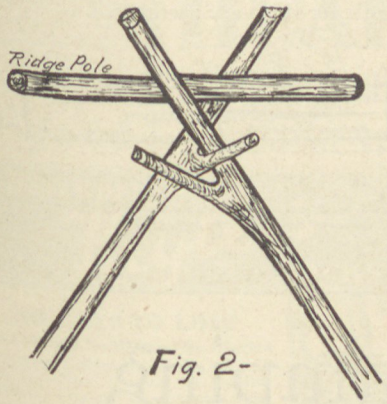

Fig. 2-

Figure 2 represents a frequent result of attempts to arrange crotches as shown in Figure 3.

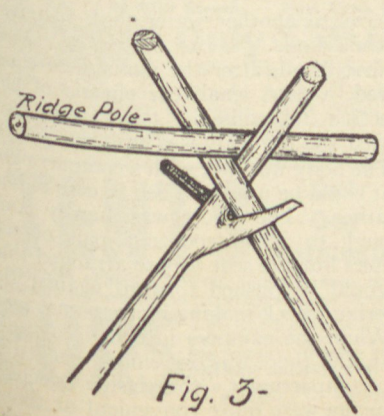

Fig. 3-

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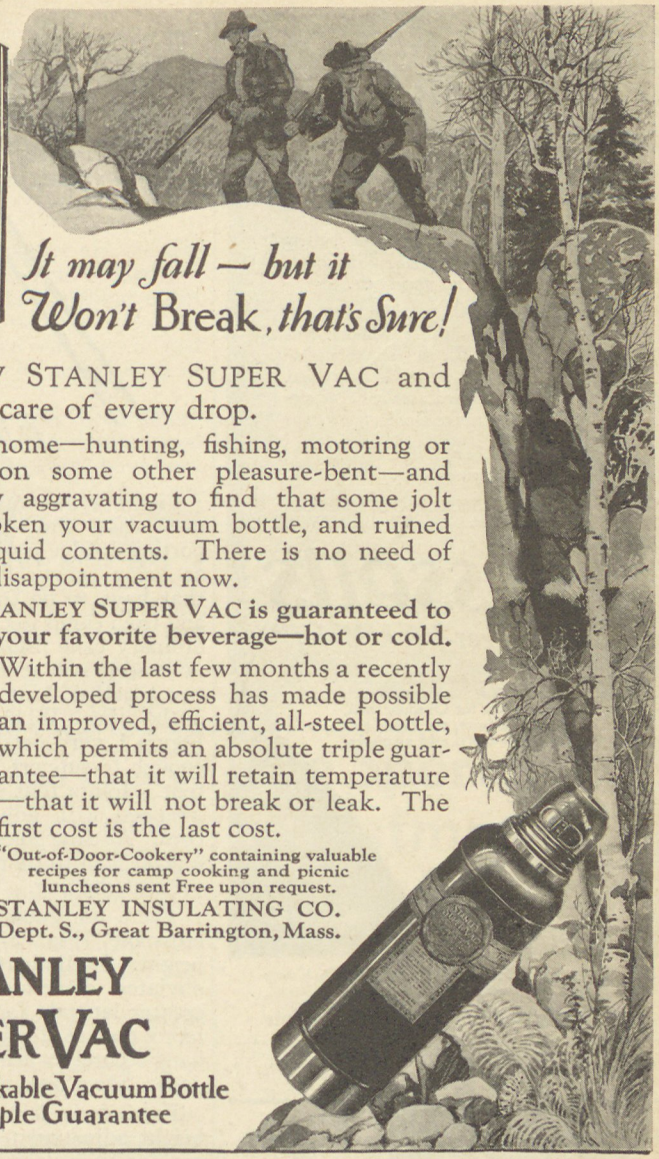

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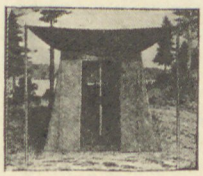

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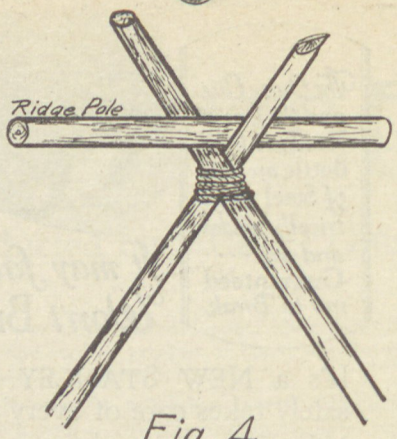

Fig. 4

Figure 4 illustrates the safest, and in most cases the easiest, method of supporting a ridge pole. It is recommended as being practically fool proof. Poles that have to be transported from town and from camp to camp may be cut from ordinary cane fishing rods. If no single poles seem stiff enough for the ridge, bind two together, butt of one resting on tip of the other. When arranged as shown in Figure 4, very slender canes prove strong enough to support a good sized silkolene tent. Joints that show splits should be wrapped with adhesive tape or waxed cord. As cane poles are very smooth it is a good plan to tie ridge pole to shears to prevent slipping.

There are good reasons for elevating crosspole (Fig. 5) to about shoulder height. It eliminates danger of burning, obviates unnecessary stooping, gives greater latitude for adjustment and enforces the use of long pot hooks which will hang securely when relieved of their burdens. Short ones won't.

Extra forks left on uprights serve for height adjustment and hold dish cloths, cooking utensils or other articles.

There should be no spaces between back-logs through which heat or flame can escape. Top log may be omitted until after supper. As shown in the sketch, it is too high for use as a rest for frying pan, but just right for reflecting light and heat into an open front tent. Dogs should be just far enough apart to admit reflecting oven and must be thick enough to allow a free draft of air under the fuel. Remember that back-logs are not supposed to be fuel. Dog ends, therefore, should be against, but *not under*, the bottom back-log.

The small hooked stick that hangs against the upright is for lid lifting. To remove a tight lid from a hot kettle, place kettle on ground, hold it firmly between the feet, insert hook in cover ring and pull. Be careful lest a too sudden jerk spill some of the contents and cause a painful scald.

Before driving the nail (Fig. 6a) a small hole should be bored to receive it—otherwise the stick may split. It is almost sure to, if frozen. For this and many other camp uses, I carry a diamond shaped awl in a home made handle and case (see Fig. 7). Two hardwood plugs fitted tightly into empty brass shells form sheath and handle for this very useful tool.

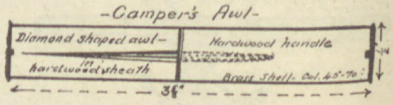

Fig. 7

Two hardwood plugs fitted into brass shells form handle and sheath for this useful tool.

Motor Camping

Conducted by HOMER BOW

An auto camping outfit was recently launched and started on a year's tour through the western and southern parts of the United States. Some time was spent in planning and when it was completed about a week before the start of the trip the captain and first mate invited me to come out and inspect the ship. The campers dismantled it and explained the workings in detail.

It was one of the most compact, convenient and comfortable affairs of its kind that I have ever had the pleasure of seeing and some of the ideas were well worth remembering for future application. Every bit of space was utilized, from the water tank fastened to the top of the car to another water tank fastened on the chassis.

First of all, after the plans were completed, a new, small car chassis of the selective transmission type, was purchased and the body was built on.

The body was low, with a compartment that could be used as a bed in case of bad weather. The body was hardly long enough to accommodate a pair of six-footers but the seat was so arranged that it could be pushed forward against the steering wheel, making more room.

While the campers intended to use a tent, and there was one snugly packed in its compartment, the inside sleeping quarters were quite convenient at times.

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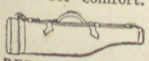

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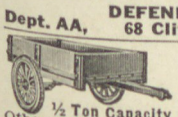

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The kitchen was packed on the side of the car. A tarpaulin rolled around two small but strong poles and neatly fastened to the roof of the car on one side. The idea was that the canvas could be unrolled, supported with the poles at the far end and fastened by ropes which were staked to the ground. In this manner, a kitchen, of the lean-to type, could be set up in short order.

When the kitchen was set up, the side of the car under the canvas opened out and there was the entire cooking outfit neatly arranged in brackets. The air pressure gasoline stove was handy and packed so that it would not vibrate or rattle.

An onlooker would have been astonished at the revelation of a kitchen and pantry, but that surprise would have been mild when he observed one of the campers take a pan, turn a spigot and draw water as if he were using the kitchen faucet at home. For convenience a small tank of about three gallons capacity had been fastened to the top supports. It contained perhaps three gallons and of course had to be refilled frequently. A large water tank was suspended on the chassis.

Added to the regular kitchen utensils and nested in a box was a small one-compartment fireless cooker. It was stated that when the fire was going at night the soapstones would be heated and in the morning the noon-day dinner would be placed in the cooker and that when the stop was made at noon all that was necessary was to open out the kitchen side of the car and take out the folding chairs and tables, which were also in rattle-tight compartments, open the cooker and dinner was served.

These were merely a few of the details of the well equipped land-schooner. Detailed drawings and information as to equipment will be given this winter.

Contrary to the general impression, the body comes off of your car rather easily and if measurements are correct the body can be built elsewhere, or in the garage, if there is room, and when completed the conventional body may be removed and the other hoisted into position. It is a great convenience, not a terrible expenditure and will, for a small party, add a great deal to that camping trip that you are dreaming over for the next year.

Automobile manufacturers have realized that the vacationist of today is turning more and more into a motor gypsy and they have placed on the market models that are easily converted into a miniature Pullman. One manufacturer who for years has made a popular priced car has a sedan model so arranged that the front cushion may be placed behind the rear seat and the back of the front seat lowered and a bed formed. Others have made types that are really more efficient for the auto camper than they are for every-day use.

The builders of these cars are only meeting a demand in making the standard camp models, as back in the pioneer days of auto camping, those on long trips had machines altered to suit their taste. Body builders are still reaping a harvest from this trade.

The adaptability of the convertible car is doubtful. The models now made will not accommodate over two comfort-

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ably, and even at that, conditions are rather cramped. It has its advantages, however, as perhaps the day's drive is ended in a drenching downpour; it would then be far more comfortable and pleasant to be able to turn a crank or two and tighten up a thumb screw and be set for the night.

Auto campers today have reduced things to a science.

Tell your Motor Camping Wants to Homer Bow, Auto Camping Department, Outdoor America

Shooting Moose

(Continued from page 26)

quietly, and, like a statue, stood there looking straight at the camera. Now we've all heard terrible tales of what a big bull moose will do and even though most of them are not true, we realize that a bull moose is not exactly the most docile creature in the fall of the year. To a novice who has never had the experience of looking one in the face at close range, all sorts of possibilities suggested themselves. Had the blind been of concrete, the operator would perhaps have felt more secure, because those antlers looked as big as steam shovels, and not the sort of thing with which one would wish to have his ribs perforated. Though perhaps harmless, he was altogether too close for comfort.

However, there he stood, and there was the golden opportunity, so very quietly the camera was set in motion. He was not scared but stood still and perhaps from curiosity took a step nearer. Finally, assuring himself that no harm was to come, he walked out to feed and was immediately joined by a cow and a calf. The three of them stayed for an hour. The bull called several times and on each occasion got "into the movies."

After the animals departed, Mr. Perkins, who had seen the entire performance from his blind in the tree, came down and asked "What luck?" The three animals had walked directly under his blind and down the trail giving him an opportunity to obtain two hundred feet of beautiful pictures. Both were overjoyed at the successful "windup" and returned to camp with the ravenous appetite that only the out-of-door man knows.

Now, dear reader, don't get excited, or take down the old 30-30, for Isle Royale is a game preserve belonging to the State of Michigan. Shooting of any kind is forbidden, consequently game is plentiful. The island is over forty miles long, and perhaps averages nine miles wide and lays a few miles out in Lake Superior off Port Arthur, Ontario. It is said that about twenty years ago moose and caribou came over the ice from the mainland to the island. There they have multiplied, and with continued protection, will glorify the State as one of the few in the Union that can boast of having within its borders one of the largest and finest of North American game animals.

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WHAT more appropriate or useful as a Christmas present from one club member to another, or from any member of the family to a hunting brother, son, or husband, than a Woods Arctic Eiderdown Sleeping Robe! HOW HE WILL APPRECIATE IT!! A lifetime of comfort at a moderate price, useful not only on outdoor trips but also winter open-air sleeping at home.

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Dept. O-6, Ottawa, Canada.
Please send me your free Booklet.

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BEAN'S WINTER SPORTS CAP

Made of high-grade mahogany glove leather, trimmed with the very finest pure white lambskin. When worn with ear protectors down, looks like aviator's helmet and presents a very sporty appearance.

Ideal for snow-shoeing, skiing, skating, and other winter sports. Built to give full protection to head, neck, and ears in cold, wind or snow. Weight only six ounces. Price, $3.85 delivered. Send for new catalog and samples of leather and lambskin.

L. L. BEAN, Mfr.
1104 Main St., Freeport, Maine

TINY BIRD ARROW POINTS

Finest in the world, of Agate and Jasper, from Oregon. Mailed on selection to good buyers. Illustrated price list free. Bead work relics of the Sioux Indians. Shirts, coats, vests, leggings, moccasins, bows, arrows, pipes, tobacco bags, etc. Wholesale Price List to dealers only. Collectors get the Retail List. Either free. *41st year.*

L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, So. Dakota

John Moreland—Fisherman

(Continued from page 33)

"We must get him, we must get him," Strong repeated over and over again, and his heart meanwhile pounded against his ribs like the beat of a hammer.

Never was there more fight crammed into a black bass than nature had given to this one. After thirty minutes the fish had not even exhibited the first signs of surrender. It seemed impossible to conquer it. The reader must understand that both Walter Strong and Nate Ward were old men and that a strange oppression comes over one while battling a big fish in darkness. It is no easy task for a young man to hold a boat for a half hour in an eight mile current, and Nate was far from a youngster, but as gritty as they make them. Strong was now breathing hard and he was desperately tired, but there was no thought of quitting, instead he labored on and with the greatest of care no matter how hard the fish battled on in the darkness, though the moon by this time was just beginning to peep over the black hill tops.

"I wish he would come to the top oftener and slash the water because that would help tire him out," said Nate. "I hate a fish that hangs down low and jerks away as does this one," gasped Strong.

No sooner had Strong panted forth this remark than the fish came up in a mad leap. It struck the water flat on its side and the sound was quite like the slap of a paddle when forcibly banged upon the surface of the water.

"What's the matter—I think I've lost him—No I haven't—he's still on—but all the fight has gone out of him—he's only a dead weight."

"Reel him in carefully—that fish killed himself when he broke—broke something having to do with his heart. I've known that to happen before with big heavy fish. Reel him in carefully," said Nate, "he's your fish—if the hook don't fall out. Start him a-coming while I get the net ready."

Walter Strong followed directions and the big bass came to the net without a struggle and Nate netted him easily. The moon now circled into sight and silvered the river with its light. The two tired but happy fishermen looked at the fish and its great size in speechless amazement. Out came Nate's flash light and they could see the fish was stone dead.

First the bass was measured and that showed it to be 25 inches in length. Then it was weighed and it pulled the scales down to five pounds and two ounces.

"We win," said Strong—"Yes, we win," said Ward. "Let's take a drink." "Alright, we need one," answered Nate, and out came Strong's silver flask. A big hooker was poured into their drinking cups by each. "To our winning fish," triumphantly cried Strong. "Here goes," saluted Nate and after he wiped his mouth he said "That five thousand dollars is as good as won."

So through the moonlight went the rejoicing pair, their hearts singing within them the godlike pleasures of victory.

(To be concluded)

New Belt Takes 2 to 4 Inches Off Girth—*Instantly*

Just as the illustrations show, this amazing belt reduces your waistline from two to four inches—the moment you put it on. And by *supporting* and *strengthening* the abdominal muscles in a natural way, this reduction quickly becomes *permanent*.

Tested Method Reduces Weight Every Hour of the Day

No need of carrying excess fat like this

Director does exactly as we claim—without drugs—without diet—without strenuous exercise. Slip into a Director in the morning and note the feeling of *ease* and *comfort* it immediately gives you. The sagging muscles are supported comfortably and held firmly in their natural position. Not only does this give you a more trim and athletic figure by reducing the waistline 2 to 4 inches, but more important still it has a direct bearing on your physical condition. When you wear a Director the weight of the abdomen is supported by the *muscles of the back*, just as it should be. Thus you experience greater comfort and added energy throughout the whole day. The weakened front muscles are held together by a firm but gentle pressure and with every step you take and every movement of your body these muscles are kneaded together and fatty tissue is dissolved. Wearing a Director gives immediate reduction, great comfort, and a permanent dispersion of fat. It works every hour of the day.

No Laces, Hooks or Buttons

Director is woven from the finest mercerized web elastic — *all in one piece*. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Since each Director is *made to measure*, no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of business and professional men testify.

Waistline is inches thinner with Director

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Send No Money. Just clip the coupon below and mail it to us. We will send you, in a plain envelope, full information on the Director Belt and the special 10 day trial offer we are able to make because of the amazing success of Director. This places you under no obligation. *Mail the coupon today.*

Landon & Warner, 225 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 9-B, Chicago, Ill.

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Send me full information on Director Belt and details of 10 day trial offer. This places me under no obligation whatsoever.

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are dropping into marshes everywhere that have been planted with Wild Rice, and other plants that provide food and cover. Cost is less than heavy baiting and results are permanent. Wild Rice seed can be planted now where water is not frozen. Write for free planting advice.

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Canoes and Small Boats

Conducted by EDGAR S. PERKINS
EDITOR WATER SPORTS

This is the opening of a Canoe and Small Boats Department in Outdoor America. This department will prove of great value to our readers interested in this form of outdoor recreation. Mr. Perkins, who will conduct this department, is an authority on this subject and the editor of Water Sports, the official canoe magazine. He will answer any and all inquiries pertaining to canoes or boating. Address Edgar S. Perkins, Canoe and Small Boats Department, Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

THE WHITE MAN'S ADAPTATION OF THE ESKIMO KAYAK

We have all read the wonderful story somewhere of how the white man has improved on the Indian method of transportation, namely canoes; but how many of you are aware of what modern civilization and manufacturing ingenuity has done with the Eskimo Kayak type.

To those of the canoeing brotherhood who have traveled the European Continent, this will not be new, as in Germany, Denmark, Finland, Sweden and even the British Isles, the Kayak is recognized as a standard boat. In fact, some of the nations use the craft as part of their military equipment. This latter would seem proof sufficient of its dependability. As further proof of their usefulness, it might be well to add that Roald Amundsen took three Kayaks along on his flight to the North Pole, and the famous Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, had one while exploring the Tibet.

Practically all kayaks are manufactured as folding or collapsible canoes, especially in United States, and, therefore, in addition to other advantages are easier to transport. In Europe they have what are known as Kayak Clubs, and on holidays the clubs carry their canoes either on train or in cars to their destination and a large time is had by all. What does this idea mean to you. On Sunday morning pick up the boat, board a train or car to some stream or lake in your state, spend the day paddling around the lake or down the river, boarding another train in the evening. A wonderful day's sport, and yet you perhaps do not live within thirty or forty miles of any large body of water. If you have an automobile you can cover even more territory.

Going into the surf with a kayak.

The kayak as manufactured in this country is made seventeen feet long and is three feet wide in the middle, and is usually designed for two people. Its carrying capacity is seven hundred and fifty pounds; the boat weighs less than fifty pounds. When folded up the frame makes a bundle about half the length of a double paddle with a diameter about the size of a golf bag. The skin makes a pack about two feet square and a half foot through. The frame is constructed of oak with brass fittings and is the most rigid construction possible when assembled. The skin is made of an almost indestructible three-ply rubberized canvas. The boat can be put together or taken apart in about fifteen minutes, and one person can carry it with ease.

We have covered the transportation difficulty now for the kayak's other advantages. One of the most important features of any boat is stability. To the average canoeist the difference between using the

seat of the ordinary canoe and sitting in the bottom, especially in rough waters, is well known and very useful. Imagine, then, the difference between using the bottom of a canoe, which is still placing the weight either above or at the water level, and a place that brings the weight two to four inches below the water level. When using a double bladed paddle even in the roughest of waters it is almost impossible to overturn a kayak.

The two other greatest features of the kayak are also two of the most important to a canoeist. Weight, speed and ease in handling, and comfort of the paddlers.

The kayak weighs under fifty pounds, has no keel and therefore is not only easy to handle even with a heavy load, but is also very fast. In Europe, on account of this, the kayak is raced in a class of its own. It is said that a kayak holding two men and using double bladed paddles can overtake any boat with an outboard motor attached. It also makes a very fast and comfortable sailing craft.

These canoes are designed to carry one or two passengers, as desired, being decked all over with the exception of a space in the center, and this in turn can, when desirable, be covered with an apron which fits around the paddler's waist, making the boat water-tight. You can readily see the advantage you would have when riding through large rapids, surf on the large lakes or ocean. Even in cruising, it would keep the paddler dry from the waist down during a rainy spell, and also enable you to have a dry outfit when you get ashore, as there is plenty of room at each end of the boat to store duffle in.

If any of our readers have any questions regarding this type of boat, send them in and this department will gladly answer them.

CRUISING CANOES, ADAPTABILITY, CARE AND WHERE TO CRUISE

General Discussion of Models and Types of Canoes

The best model of a canoe for cruising. Readers, what is it? Let's all get together and see if, by publication of questions, suggestions and answers, we can find out the model or type best suited for an all around trip. The following may be used as the basis for the subject.

In northern Minnesota the canvas canoes with a few wooden or cedar ones have met the cruising demand for years. However, within the last few years a canoe of the plywood type has seemed to find the most favor. This is owing to the great carrying capacity, stability, and ease in handling, both in and out of the water. The floor of this craft is very wide, which accounts for the large loads and stability. Being made of one piece of plywood the boat is just as smooth inside as out, as there are no ribs. This also helps in the matter of loading. As there is no keel and it has a large flat floor, the boat swings easily, and with one or two paddlers is very easy to handle.

The boat has been advertised as very sturdy, but I found a great reluctance on the part of guides to gamble in bad places with it, which is no doubt due to the almost impossibility of repairing a break. One can just about ruin a canvas canoe,

30 Days Trial — BE WELL AND KEEP WELL — 30 Days Trial

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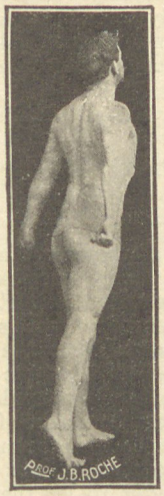

It increases blood circulation, strengthens and soothes the nerves. Brings sleep to the sleepless

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You cannot realize the benefits derived from the machine except you try it. One treatment will convince you of its extraordinary qualities. If you are suffering from paralysis, locomotor ataxia, vertigo, apoplexy, neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago, gout, hardening of the arteries or high blood pressure, be sure to investigate this machine. For it wards off and overcomes such ailments. Takes the place of exercise and hand manipulation. Gives your muscles firm elasticity. Be neither fat nor thin.

NORMALIZE YOUR WEIGHT

Do you realize what this machine means to one wanting in vital strength, or suffering from general weakness, nervous debility, insomnia, constipation, headaches or pains through the back and limbs? It is the only treatment for prostatic gland trouble or varicose veins.

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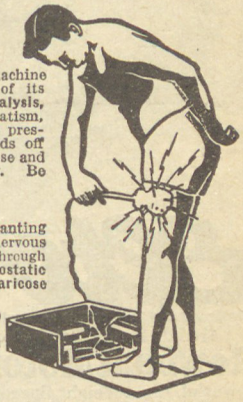

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Our machine should be in every home. Write for our trial offer and testimonials. It is for men and women who want to become healthy, vigorous and efficient. Address:

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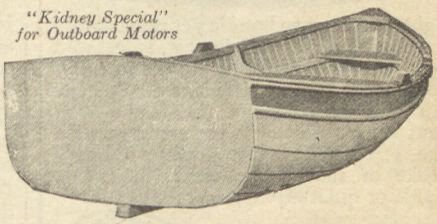

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(41)

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Rowboat Motor

Powerful, Light Weight, Speedy, Quiet Running, Practically Vibrationless. Starts on a quarter turn. Easily carried with you anywhere you go. No rowing, no work, no bother. Just ride and enjoy the greatest of water sports. Slow down for fishing. Speed up for racing. Great power.

Write for FREE Catalog describing all the new features, especially the famous Propello Pump. Only Elto has it. Write today.

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CANOES

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The Badger outboard motor boat sweeps into another season with added beauty and refinement, exquisite finish and splendid durability. A safe, seaworthy and fast boat for any member of the family. Especially constructed to care for any make of outboard motor.

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and with cloth, odd strips of wood, matches and a small can of well-known canoe glue, make it dry and usable, but the plywood boat is practically done once it is crashed. As the sides are fairly low and also the ends, the plywood canoe on large expanses of water would be apt to get rather wet, especially considering the load one can easily place in it. It is found that if the plywood canoe is kept in a rather damp place it is much better for it.

The Smoke Owl

(*Continued from page 15*)

the Injun camps was to show 'er that 'e was bein' revenged. They prophesied 'e'd always stay by 'er on 'er little island when 'e wasn't off after food or scalps for 'er. The dreams showed that the ol' squaw knowed all this, an' that was the reason she wouldn't go back to the village. She knowed she'd always be looked after.

"The chiefs talked over what the medicine men 'ad found out an' it was decided it would be better to let the ol' woman stay where she was, but the next winter Wabejo an' the same three Injuns thought they'd go ag'in an' try to git 'er to come out.

"When they got to the hut they looked in an' there was the poor ol' squaw dead. The owl was settin' up on 'is perch movin' the films of 'is eyes up an' down. They stood 'round a long time wonderin' what to do. They couldn't bury Silver Wing in the frozen ground, so they made up their minds to shoo the owl out an' burn ev'rything up. They c'lected all the scalps to take back to the tribe. Then they filled the hut up with dry moss an' dead tamarack brush an' set fire to it. When they got off a ways they found they'd fergot the bundle o' scalps, but it was too late to git 'em.

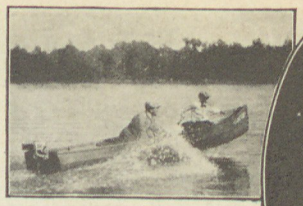
"It was dark when they was only part way out o' the marsh. They looked back an' saw a bright red glare an' a heavy cloud o' smoke. The tamaracks near the hut 'ad took fire an' the whole marsh was beginnin' to blaze. Up in the smoke 'bout over where the hut was burnin' they c'd see a big black thing floppin' 'round in the sky, an' they c'd hear the ol' owl screechin' an' hootin'.

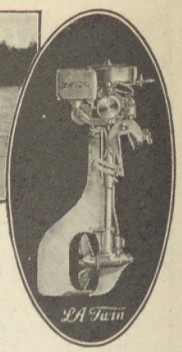
"The Injuns 'ad a bad time gittin' out o' the swamp 'fore the fire got to 'em. The tamaracks burnt like tinder, an' they was all gone by mornin', an' the marsh was nothin' but a black waste.

"The Smoke Owl was never seen ag'in, an' Wabejo said all them scalps was prob'ly purified by fire, an' that Pakona, in the form of the owl, took 'is mother's spirit away to the spirit land, an' all the scalps went with 'em."

We wondered if the Ancient's world was enlarged by his imagination, but he assured us that the story of the Smoke Owl must be true because Wabejo would have no object in telling him anything that was not "stric'ly c'rect."

Outdoor America For Christmas





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DRIVES the ordinary rowboat 8 miles or more per hour. Weighs but 52 lbs. complete. Abundant power for every purpose. *Quiet exhaust.* Automatic Tilting and patented L-A Slipping Clutch Propeller. See your dealer or write for full particulars.

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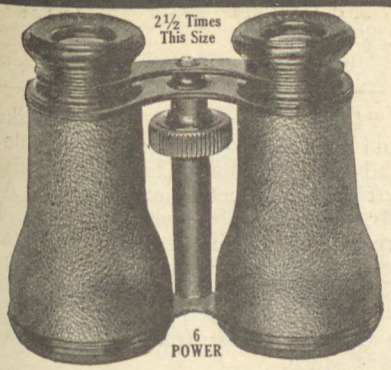

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224 East 42nd St., New York

Memories

(*Continued from page 23*)

of bass, of their gaminess, their speed, and their wariness, and the word had come to mean all that was to be desired in the life of a fisherman. Since that day I have taken many kinds of fish, from the little fighters of the mountain streams to the lordly denizens of the salt water, but I still maintain that "black bass" is a name to conjure with. So, as I looked down at the big fish, I was filled with a great and natural desire—to take him home to Dad.

My first move was to place a large and tempting worm upon my hook, which I carefully lowered until it wriggled enticingly a scant two inches from the fish's nose. Most folks have never seen a bass turn up his nose. I assure you that it can be done, and that this particular bass did it emphatically. I jiggled my hook up and down, in the vain hope that the fish would change his mind. But unfortunately a bass does not change his mind. He knows exactly what he wants and refuses to be cajoled. I have often wished that I possessed this quality when a book agent or a vacuum cleaner salesman called! It did not take me long to realize that my worm was wasting his time, so I withdrew him hastily and sought a grasshopper. The grasshopper met with an even more cold reception than had the worm, and after a few despairing kicks, gave up the ghost. To those tender souls who will shiver at my cruelty in sacrificing a grasshopper for the sake of a fish, let me say that this grasshopper met a far nobler death than most grasshoppers meet—he died for a great cause, whereas the average grasshopper just dies, of overeating or old age.

Finally I decided on a frog. I went on the same principle as the old darky, who said, "Dis yere dog aint no good fo' foxes an' he aint no good fo' 'coons an' 'possums an' he aint no good fo' rabbits. He mus' be a fine b'ar dog!" I assumed that since the bass had refused all other attractions, he must be hungry for a frog. As a matter of fact, the old fish was not particularly hungry for anything at all. When I lowered the frog for his consideration, he moved his fins slowly back and forth and apparently sized up the frog from a standpoint of edibility. At this juncture, I jerked the line and the poor frog, who had hitherto dangled limply in the water like a two day old salad, gave two or three lusty kicks. Whether the bass was insulted at the frog's seeming bravado, or whether he really was hungry, I do not know. I do know that the next minute Mr. Black Bass was flopping on the pier, and I was the proudest boy in Michigan. I think I showed that fish to everyone in the camp—until he was almost worn out—and finally carried him triumphantly home. With the passage of the years that fish grows in size. At the time of writing I think he weighs around five pounds. Twenty years from now he will weigh fifty! If I should live to be a very old man, I shall have to move the scene of the encounter to Lake Michigan, for my fish will then have attained a size unsuited to a mere "pond" of some seven miles in length!

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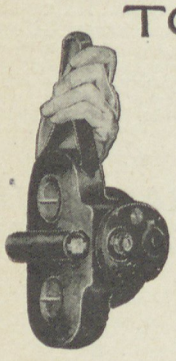

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That First Tarpon

(*Continued from page 17*)

"What's your philosophy of fishing?" the visitor ventured.

"Hmmmmmm! Not so easy to put into words. I think though that it is a sad commentary when a man doesn't have a hobby. An older man who has retired from active business relationships is lost if he doesn't have one real interest outside his home and family. It may be flowers; it may be birds; perhaps it is collecting pictures, books in rare editions, or curios. It need not be fishing. But whatever it is, it takes a man out of himself. If all younger men would cultivate even moderately some enthusiasm as big and vital as fishing, even if they can't indulge it much, when they are older and more established, they will have a chance to realize their earlier desires. Catching deep sea fish, when you've wanted to all your life, is like making dreams come true. Of course they will tell you they haven't time to have a hobby. They'll have time to die some day!

"Understand me. Your fishing thrill isn't the catch; it is the whole out-of-doors experience. One summer in Minnesota a business friend and I were out in the launch. I was raving a bit, but sincerely, about the lake, the sparkle of the water, the fascination of the shore line. 'Oh hell,' interrupted my friend, 'a lake's a lake!' He felt sorry for me, and I surely pitied his blindness.

"I have a poem somewhere you'd like," said Mr. Hood. "I've never been able to find out the author. These are my ideas, but infinitely better expressed." And Mr. Hood fished—why not?—in his treasure drawer in the den table, and produced these verses:

Fish can be bought in the market place
So it isn't the fish I'm after.
I want to get free from the care-drawn face,
And back to an honest laughter;
I want to get out where the skies are clear,
And rest by the river's brink;
I want to get out where the woods are green,
I want a few hours to think.
Oh, it isn't the fish I am greedy for
It's the chatter and song of the birds,
And the talk of trees that I've known before,
I am weary of selfish words.
I want to stretch out, just my soul and I
In a place from the strife afar,
And let a few care-filled hours pass by,
As I think of the things that are.
Oh, it isn't the fish that I go to get,
Though there's joy in a swishing line,
And a splendid thrill when my grip I set,
And a small-mouthed bass is mine.
But my soul seems cramped in the stilling air
That is heavy with talk of gain
And I want to get out where the world is fair,
And there isn't so much of pain.

Surf Riding in Hawaii

(*Continued from page 12*)

muscles in performing the motions is the trick that counts in both swimming and surfing.

The surfing directions are simple. Pick out a good wave, accelerate the board by kicking the feet and paddling with the hands until the wave catches, grips and hurls the board shoreward. Once the board has caught the wave, it is turned along the side and then various positions can be taken, such as standing, kneeling, sitting or doing "stunts."

To come from a position of lying on the stomach to that of kneeling, the change must be lightning-quick. The hands are placed on each side of the board, gripping the edge, the weight of the body thrown forward on the hands and the feet brought up and tucked under. From the kneeling to the standing position the hands remain at the sides of the board and the erect attitude assumed only after the feet are solidly planted, coming up with the body bent forward to counteract the speed of the inclined board. The outstretched arms are used at first to maintain balance, but the more experienced surf-riders may often be seen coming in with hands on hips, body steady and erect and feet together with the knees sagging occasionally to shift the weight in guidance.

Later on as the rider develops confidence will come a desire for "stunts." These are many and new ones are constantly being devised. "Standing on the head" is an old one. Another is stepping forward on the tip of the board and letting the back swing around and going forward and then stepping forward again and letting the front swing back. This a "pivot" that takes time to learn and is accomplished by many spills.

Another "stunt" is that of facing backward and letting the board take its own merry way. Then, too, the Hawaiian rider often changes boards while riding; one man stepping to another board and the other dropping back. A stunt which was developed during the visit of the Prince of Wales has proved a favorite. When four or five riders catch the same wave, they close up and ride together and one man will step from his own board to the next and then right on down the line to the last board. Carrying a lighter man on the shoulders is a feat often performed by Duke Kahanamoku. Riding tandem on a board is a favorite method of giving the fair sex a thrill without any work on the part of the girl. And thus grows and keeps growing the lexicon of "stunts."

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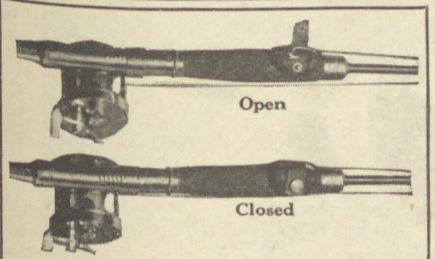

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The surf is not always the same at Waikiki. Some days it is bigger than others. And on days when there is a white line of breaking foam stretching from Castle Point, which is the sea end of Diamond Head, across the horizon to the west, the riders are sure to be out in full force, for on such days come "first break" waves. "First break" waves are those which foam a little at the top long before they near the reef. To catch a "first break" wave is a hard task even for an experienced rider and to "slide" on one of them is a feat that always brings applause. For "first break" waves are sometimes twenty and twenty-five feet high and travel so fast that where they first break, the motion is too rapid to allow the foam to run down the incline in front. Dropping from the top of a tall building will give the same sensation as that experienced while riding down the side of a "first break" wave.

During the past four or five years tourists from the mainland, after learning to surf-ride here, have shipped boards back to their home beaches. According to estimates by "Dad" Center more than forty boards have been shipped away as well as three or four small outrigger canoes.

Some of these boards, made in Hawaii, will be found on Long Island, New York, some in Florida, and some on the Californian coast. While the surf at those mainland beaches is not comparable to that of Waikiki, nevertheless there is enough for some measure of pleasure, and some seasons ago Duke Kahanamoku gave a number of exhibitions on Long Beach, Long Island, in a small "break" there.

The revival of surf-riding is due mainly to one man who, until he settled in Honolulu, was a "malihini." His name is Alexander Hume Ford, now with the Pan-Pacific Union. Years ago when he came, surf-riding was a lost art, but he dug in and learned it from old Hawaiians. Then he looked around and found a piece of property belonging to the estate of the late Queen Emma. This property was right on the beach located between two beach hotels and consisted mainly of a narrow strip of sand and a slough. He set to work, organized the Outrigger Canoe club, obtained a lease on the land for the club and saw to it that canoe surfing and board surfing became the principal interests of the members. Swimming was incidental.

Today the Outrigger Canoe club has the largest membership of any club in the Hawaiian islands. It has its own pavilion, surfboard lockers, outrigger canoe sheds, dining rooms and dancing floors.

True to the ideals of its founder it has fostered aquatic sports until today Hawaii stands high in that field. And not only has the fostering of aquatic sports proved an attraction for tourists, but it has aided in developing the youths and girls of Honolulu into strong-bodied men and women. And those Hawaiians who have taken up the sports of their forefathers have developed the physique and characteristics that made the Hawaiian race of old a powerful and sturdy one, through and through.

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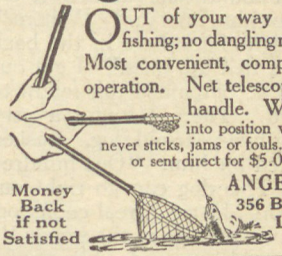

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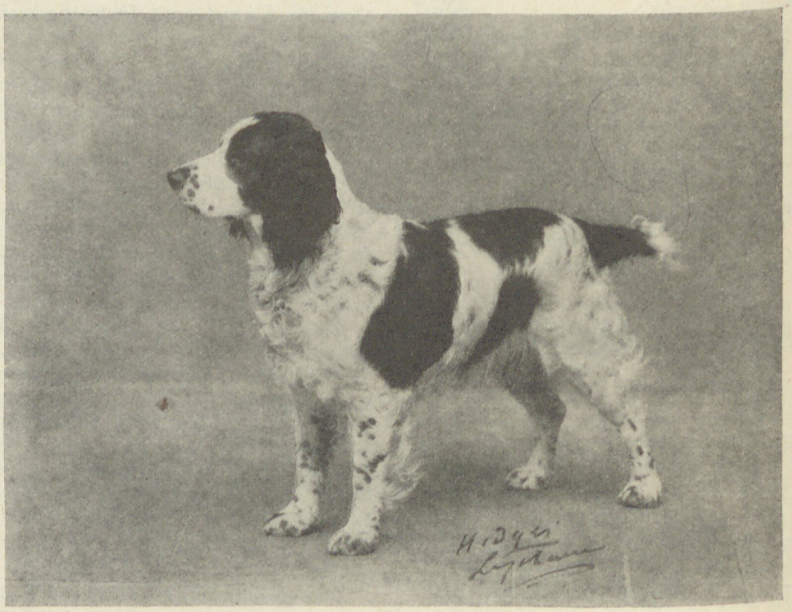
By Doc. Beatty



Boghurst Rover, a nice type.

It was early in October, 1924, that business interests called me to Iowa, the state where the corn grows tall. I stopped at the Hotel Fort Des Moines.

On the fifth day of October, I started early in the morning on a drive about eighty miles north. After going about thirty-five miles out, I noticed a fine looking, big black and tan hound, romping in the yard with a colored man. I stopped my car, and said to the colored gentleman, "Quite a good looking hound you have there. How old is he?" "Three years old, sah." "What can he do?" "Everything, boss." "That's covering a lot of territory. Now what will he run?" "Everything, sah." "Well, sir, I would not give a dirty dime for him. What I want is a coon hound that can deliver the goods." "I got him, mistah." "Where?" I asked. "Right back here in the back yard—got him tied up, boss." I got out of my car and accompanied this fellow to the back yard. There I found a very coonie looking five-year-old dog. I asked what he wanted for him. "One hundred dollars, sah. This dog can go right out and do the work; he am a real coon dog. Any time you want to go in the woods I'll show you that he can do his stuff." "Very well, but it will be impossible for me to go in the woods with you at this time. However, I am willing to put up the money at your bank, for fifteen days, and if the dog is satisfactory at the end of that time the money is yours." This was satisfactory to the colored gentleman, so we went to the bank and I put up the money.

I found this five-year-old dog to be as represented and soon notified the bank to pay check.

My business kept me in Iowa longer than I had expected, possibly for the fact that the territory for coon hunting looked mighty fine. I wrote home and had a pair of my best dogs sent on to Des Moines. I found coon hunting exceptionally good there. I bagged forty-eight fine big coon the first sixteen nights out.

One night I suggested to the members of our hunting party that we go out to Moran, as I had promised the colored gentleman I would come back sometime to hunt with him. I telephoned that we would be at his place about nine o'clock. We arrived on time, and found that the Lytles, the people with whom the colored gentleman, Mr. Ross, boarded, had prepared a fine dinner of fried chicken, sweet potatoes, hot biscuits, pie, and everything that goes to make a good meal. This was unexpected, but if there is anyone who enjoys a good meal more than the writer, it is a coon hunter who hunts more, and I don't see how that could be.

After we had finished the meal and were about to start for the river bottoms, the big black and tan pup, that first attracted my attention, came into the house. In those big eyes of his he seemed to say, "Take me with you, Doc. I'll make good." Mr. Ross asked, "What will you give me for him now, boss?" I replied, that while he was a good looking young dog and I admired his looks very much, at the same time I would not care to be bothered with a dog that would run rabbits, skunk, and fox. After looking him over I could not help but admire him. He was a nice clean cut fellow, and very intelligent. He tried in his way to show me that if given a chance he would make good. I realized that they fed him good, kept him clean, and were kind to him, and it possibly wasn't the pug's fault that he was running everything. I asked, "What do you want for this pup?" He replied, "Twenty-five dollars, boss." I thought he was worth that much to look at, and I took him, but I did not take him in the woods that night, neither did I take him for several nights.

Afterwards, each night when we would get ready to leave our headquarters to start for the woods, Black Boy would get excited. He would let out the greatest bawls I ever heard in a building. It was difficult for my care-taker to keep him quiet after we left. This went on for several nights. Mr. Nelson, one of my hunting party, suggested that we take Black Boy with us. He said he would keep him on the lead until Black Jack, Coonie, or Queen Victoria would strike. With this understanding, I consented that we take Black Boy.

We drove out about forty miles, then down a long lane that led to a big corn field close to the Des Moines River. We had with us four dogs, Black Jack, Coonie, Queen Victoria, and Black Boy. We parked our cars and were soon going through one of the big corn fields leading toward the river. We hadn't gone far when we heard Queen strike, soon Black Jack, and Coonie joined in on the race. They are all open trailers and coon only. The wonderful music they were giving us was great.

Mr. Nelson was having his hands full to hold Black Boy, in fact, he couldn't control him. I said, "It is time to let

him go." He joined right in with the others, his voice was the best of the four. They took Mr. Coon down through the corn field, and down the river, then again to the corn field, and back to the river bottoms. Part of the time Black Boy was leading the trail. They ran that trail for nearly two hours before they treed. To my surprise and pleasure, that pup, the green three-year-old Black Boy, was tree barking as nicely as any of the old timers. There were two old hunters in our party and when they came to the tree and saw Black Boy doing his stuff, one of them said, "Don't try and kid us, Doc, about Black Boy never running coon before; I'll give you one hundred fifty dollars for him right now." I refused his offer.

I shinned the tree, and saw a nice coon. One of the party said, "I'll climb the tree and shake him off." This was in November. We put the leads on the three dogs, leaving Black Boy to do the killing. When that buck coon hit the ground, Black Boy got him, then the coon got Black Boy, and the real fight was on. When Black Boy would catch him and sling him loose, the coon would get up, bow his back, and come right back for more. Black Boy was anxious to serve him. Black Boy wasn't on to the killing methods; however, he was game and was doing his best. There wasn't a leaf, or a blade of grass, close to the tree that wasn't smeared with coon or dog blood. The boys were having a time holding the three dogs back, but by this time I thought Black Boy had enough, so I told the boys to let Black Jack loose. The coon did not last very long when Black Jack got him. He pushed him to the ground and held him there. It was only a few minutes until one of the boys had Mr. Coon on his back and we were back on our way along the river.

This coon weighed twenty-four pounds and had been run for years. He was cunning and wise. That is the kind I take pride in bringing home.

Black Boy was badly cut and scratched; however, he seemed to have only one thought, and that was coon. We hunted the rest of the night, and made three other strikes. We treed on three different trees. Black Boy worked just as well on these as he did on the one just described. One of these was on the inside, and we left him. However, when we returned to Des Moines at three o'clock in the morning we had three splendid coons.

Black Boy's nose was swollen, his ears were torn and he was tired when we returned, but he is the gamest pup we have ever seen. The next night at eight bells we hit again. Black Boy showed that he had coon entirely on his mind, as he did not run anything else, and we were hunting in a territory where there were plenty of fox, rabbits and skunk.

In order to shorten this story, will state that we hunted Black Boy every night that we were in the woods. He aided us in getting one hundred twenty-eight coon, all in one season, and Black Boy, the same as the other three, never opened or ran anything but coon.

Mr. P. V. Arkeketa, of Anadarko, Oklahoma, made me an offer of five hundred dollars cash for this grand young dog. I refused his offer. With all my

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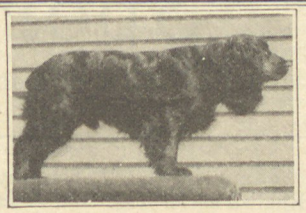

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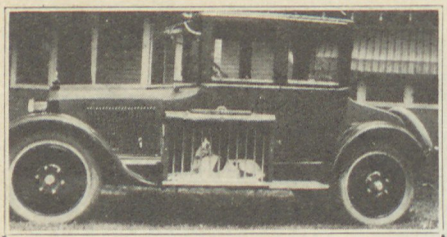

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with reinforced back and finished in du Pont Duco, is a value for the money and piece of workmanship that has delighted sportsmen in all parts of the United States.

It takes less than one-half a minute to clamp it on the running board, and may be removed just as quickly, and is adjustable so that it does not touch the body of the car. The top is built like the tops on the closed cars, has storm curtain, and all wooden parts are protected so the dog cannot gnaw. The floor is trimmed with bright metal moulding to match the running board and all trimmings are nickel-plated. The patented door on the Bird Dog's Palace enables you to let the dog or dogs in or out without leaving the driver's seat. It is built throughout of quality materials and finished to go with the good looking cars. Price $12.50 for the one-dog size and $15 for the two-dog size.

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At Stud: Ch. Corseletts Son of a Gun. Puppies for immediate delivery by Ch. Corseletts Son of a Gun and Ch. Loyal Lord. Dams by Champions and bred to Champions. No puppies better bred. ***Prices right.***

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THIS DOG COLLAR (Your name in Gold) **SEND NO MONEY** Pay postman, plus postage on arrival. *State Size.* **$1**
KENNEL SUPPLY CO.
Dept. A Fitchburg, Mass.

experience of the past twenty years in coon hunting, I am positive that Black Boy is, without question, the greatest young dog I have ever owned. He is not for sale.

Again I emphasize the fact, GIVE YOUR DOG A CHANCE. Had Black Boy remained at the home of the colored gentleman, the chances are, one hundred to one, that they never would have given him a chance on coon, as they considered him a combination prospect only.

Sport

By James Armstrong

I am going to tell about my uncle's fine English setter dog.

When my uncle bought him he was about six weeks old, and uncle and I decided to call him Sport. He was left with me to care for. I first fed him milk, till later, of course, he needed something more. About the time he was two months old I would pitch sticks out of sight for him to hunt and find.

He had a notion for howling at night till we decided to punish him, and out in the chimney corner the beating set in. Well, he kept quiet at night from then.

Along about the age of four months we took him, with his mother and another good dog, to hunt. When we were about one mile away from home he seemed to be scared and ran home as fast as he could. Of course I had to go and get him and lead him back. We then kept him tied till we were about a quarter of a mile of the house. Then, when loose, away to the house he went, but this was the last time he ever wanted to come in before we would.

As soon as dinner was over, on the first day he hunted, away we went again taking Nellie (Sport's mother). She soon pointed a large covey of quail and the pup just fell off over the rocks into the quail as awkward as anything could.

Of course this scared the quail and they flew and lit down in our corn. When we got down there with the mother dog, there stood Sport on a point, and about five of that covey was killed. He also pointed three or four other coveys that afternoon.

He would point the quail in coveys, or just single, any way they happened to come. He got so fond of hunting he would go out alone and stay on a point as long as an hour at a time. To keep from having to tie him, uncle decided to take him to his home in Richland and turn him in his large, nice yard.

Once or twice Sport got out of the yard and went to town. Once, when uncle went to Sunday school, the dog decided he would leave home for a play. He went to a neighbor, who petted him, but it seemed he knew Sunday school would soon be over and away for home he went.

Uncle kept an inner tube up in the fork of a tree to whip Sport with, but only had to use it twice. Once a young boy coaxed Sport away to hunt and while hunting the boy set his gun by the side of a stump,

SPRINGER SPANIEL PUPPIES
FROM MY PERSONAL SHOOTING DOGS

Sire and Dam both Field Trial and Bench winners. A combination of Dual Ch. Horsford Hetmen and Beechgrove Mark'em blood lines.

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H. J. Stead, Owner Geneva, N. Y.

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Buyer must be satisfied or no sale. Although we ship no dogs C. O. D. we will agree to refund purchase price on safe return of pups.

Springers are wonderful all around hunting dogs and make excellent retrievers.

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Destined to make real shooting dogs. Sired by Ch. Comanche Zig Field, Ferris Proctor's Frank, Tip of Joyouse, Whitted's Dusky Bimkins; dam by Ch. Comanche Frank, Ch. Jno. Proctor, Ch. Broomhill Dan, Kanawha Gilt Edge, Ferris' Manitoba Rap, Gary's Flashlight. Pups whelped January and February, weigh 40 to 50 lb.

Send for cut price list.

J. ROLAND DEAN Spartanburg, S. C.

IRISH SETTER PUPPIES

From splendid field-broken parents, sired by imported

CHAMPION SENSATION DEMPSEY

out of winning imported bitches

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ERNEST D. LEVERING, "Malvern," Ruxton, Md.
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No. 3x **65c** No. 8x **$2.00**

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Has Your Dog Distemper?

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You'll laugh at Distemper, Worms, Mange, Running Fits and all dog ailments if Xact Dog Remedies are used. Twenty-five years of proven success by a Veterinarian who knows. Let us prove it to you. Post paid for $1.00 per bottle. Ask for Prices on Fox, Coon, Skunk, Rabbit and Beagle Hounds. Puppies a specialty.

Lytle's Kennels, Fredericksburg, O.

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211 FEDERAL BUILDING LEXINGTON, KY.

IRISH TERRIERS EXCLUSIVELY

The Izaak Walton League of America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:

I am enclosing herewith copy for an advertisement to be run three months.

The similar ad run for three months last year produced greater results than five other publications combined. All of my puppies that were for sale we sold almost immediately and it is estimated that I could have placed five times as many had they been available. However, I am not in the game except for pleasure and only sell those puppies that my limited space will not permit me to keep.

Further your readers seem to be far above the ordinary, as most of the inquiries from that advertisement came from men who wanted a real high class dog and expected to pay a reasonable figure for it. They seemed to appreciate a good puppy when they received it also. Very truly yours,

(Signed) Edward B. McKinley,
Captain, Quartermaster
Corps, U. S. Army

some way catching the trigger on the stump, causing the gun to fire and shoot the boy in the stomach, which soon caused his death.

He first dragged himself to where he could call and make his folks hear, and when they got to him Sport was standing licking the poor boy's face.

Uncle soon heard where his dog was and went after him.

This dog has been known to point quails while retrieving a dead one.

If the birds fell across the creek or water the dog would swim across and bring them to you. When the birds were in front of him he would slip along, catlike, to keep from scaring them. Uncle Jim was offered a hundred dollars for Sport when he was less than six months old. He was the best, or as good a dog as was in Richland, and that means aplenty.

Once, while coming from my sick uncle's, we noticed Sport would run over my cur dog, and didn't understand why he did this till we began to look at his eyes and could see—he was blind. After all remedies failed to restore his sight came the part that pains me to repeat—we had him chloroformed, made a box (or coffin), and buried him in the barnyard.

My Dog

By H. K. HILL

Perhaps the story of my dog shouldn't be written because he is only a happy-go-lucky little cur, a mixture of poodle and water spaniel, but a lovable little cur at that. I first saw him, this little pal o' mine, on a cold October evening, in the midst of a group of dogs, all fast asleep. There were two dogs, just alike, twins perhaps, who attracted my attention, and when one of these opened his sleepy black eyes and twinkled at me, as much as to say, "Please buy *me*," I could not resist.

That was three years ago now, and each year this same canine becomes more and more of a nuisance, each year thinks up more mischief to do and is, in general, the neighborhood pest. But, nevertheless, people cannot help but love him, for he is, as I said before, such a lovable pest. He has a hundred bad habits; he jumps on clean beds with muddy feet, he carries off our shoes, chases birds and, what is worse, barks at everything and everybody. There are those who wonder why I keep him, so I call on you, Oh fellow dog lovers, to help me explain.

How many of you, each morning, hear the patter of puppy feet coming up the stairs and next feel a rough little pink tongue on your hand? Doesn't it make you want to hug that little ball of black and white? This is a daily occurrence with my dog and serves as well and as punctual as an alarm clock. Having then awakened me and pulled me half way out of bed, he jumps around in great glee while I dress, pulling this shoe and that stocking from the closet in his effort to help me. And what fun we have together, this little cur and myself! In the winter we frolic in the snow, playing fox and geese and running races, and how he loves to dodge from snowballs! In the

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(In Cans)

The Dogs Food Supreme

Should Be Your Dogs Favorite Food

All meat used in this PERFECT BALANCED RATION is inspected and passed by United States Department of Agriculture (Est. E67). For sale by grocers, druggists, sporting goods stores, seed stores, veterinarians, pet shops.

Pound sample will be gladly furnished upon request.

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Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to FEED AND TRAIN your dog KEEP HIM HEALTHY and CURE DOG DISEASES How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

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How to care for your dog.

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pups Registered; also Crossbred Bloodhound and Foxhound Pups. Make best Fox, Coon and Lynx hunters. Extra loud steady tonguers, true trailers, stayers to the finish. Write Charles Reasbeck, Vankleek Hill, Ontario.

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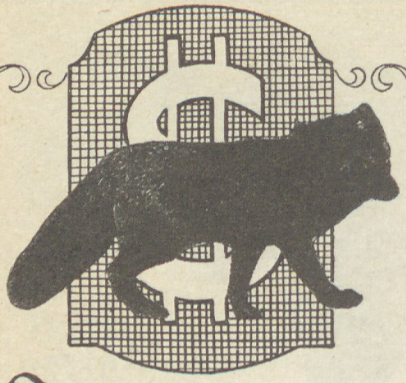
Every Desired Quality That Gives Satisfaction to the Purchaser. Dr. Knox, Box 50, Danbury, Conn.



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THERE is real enjoyment as well as good profits in raising Windswept Quality Silver Foxes. It is interesting outdoor work, requiring no previous experience. The important thing is to get strong, healthy foxes with good pelts. Windswept Quality Silvers are scientifically selected, fed, mated, and cared for. Our twelve years' experience is at your service in helping you make the largest possible profits.

Write today for full details of our four plans which make it easy to get started, even though you own no land or do not want to leave your present occupation.

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Two large ranches; several hundred high-grade foxes to select from, several of them closely related to the World's Champions, 1923 and 1924 shows. Write today for our broad guarantee and terms; also booklet, "SILVER FOXES AND GOLDEN RETURNS." Address
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FREE—one pair of quality Cross Foxes with every pair of silver foxes bought before Jan. 1st, 1926. Pedigreed silvers at $600, $700 and $800 a pair. Time payments.
Stamp for particulars.
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All our breeding Silver Foxes are choice quality stock. Registered and pedigreed. Have a number of fine pairs for sale, which are sure to please at our reasonable prices.
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Satisfaction hangs up its hat for a long stay when you put our foxes to housekeeping on your own ranch, on our ranch, or on our 20% dividend investment plan. $50. Unit Shares and up, 20% guaranteed for 10 years. (Reg. P. E. I. Silver Foxes bred for points.) Free details.
APOLLO FOX FARM, Box 17, Canaan, N. H.

spring he helps me dig my flower garden, always digging where I've planted, of course, but with such good intentions. Summer is my canine's favorite season, and such good times as he has! Great is his delight in boat riding and proudly he stands up at the prow, his curly black ears blowing in the wind, his head back and a look of defiance for all the world to see. He runs through the woods chasing first a squirrel and then a rabbit and leaping so high and far as to seem almost a rabbit himself. And how he loves to swim! Always he swims along with me, side by side and stroke by stroke, and never will he turn toward shore without me, no matter how far I may choose to swim. It is, I think, that air of protectiveness that he has toward me that endears him most to me. He follows me everywhere and waits for hours for me on the doorstep. Woe be upon the person or animal who dares even to touch me and I even account his habit of chasing cars one to protect me, in his mind.

Oh, I am proud of my little comrade as only those who own such as mine can understand. Never would I be ashamed because my dog is not high bred and when someone chances to ask about him I proudly say, "Just plain cur, lady, but a wonderful pal."

Waltonian Nook

(*Continued from page 48*)

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma's first municipal owned and operated fish hatchery—in *Muskogee.*

This is the information that we have just received from the Muskogee (Okla.) Chapter. The Park Board of City Council has authorized the building of two additional ponds in Honor Heights to be used for fish breeding purposes. The action of the Park Board follows the appearance of an Izaak Walton Committee before the city councilmen, which committee asked that the city sponsor such a movement.

Muskogee claims the distinction of being the first city in the state of Oklahoma to sponsor such a movement.

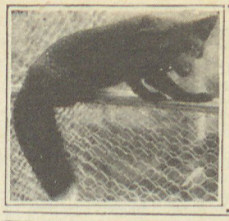
McAlester is now interesting the city government there in a similar project.

The officers of the Muskogee Chapter are: President, George K. Powell; Vice-Pres., L. A. Wheeler; Secretary, R. M. Jones; Treasurer, R. M. Jones.

The officers of the McAlester Chapter are: President, Sam L. Morley; Vice-Pres., T. S. Chapman; Secretary, W. C. Neal; Treasurer, Sam Horne.

Our Error

Everybody makes mistakes, and "Bill" Vogt's stenographer is no exception to the rule. In sending in the manuscript regarding Bill's ability with a fly rod she substituted "fly" for "Bait" so Bill hurried into the office and explained that he does not kill ducks with a fly rod but uses a bait casting rod for this purpose. In any event he's some caster!



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SILVER FOXES
BEFORE YOU BUY WRITE FOR MY FREE FOLDER
"60 Facts About Silver Foxes and Prices"
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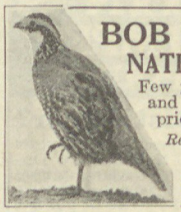

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Excellent plumage, moth proof, perfect specimens and true to life mounts.
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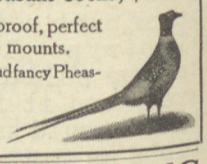

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REASBECK'S FUR FARM, Vankleek Hill, Ontario, Can.

Light Tackle Casting

(*Continued from page 21*)

what line is best. I have found that a line built as shown in Figure 8 will more nearly answer all conditions for both 4¾ and 5¾ ounce rods than any I have tried. The line shown can be used for a pick-up of from 75 to 95 feet and is so balanced that it will not tire the caster.

All material pertaining to scientific angling should be addressed to Frederick J. Lane, Editor Scientific Angling Department, Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois

Lost River

(*Continued from page 9*)

His face was white and set, and he shook his head at me. I glanced back at Koot-nai. He was holding his canoe a few yards to the right of us, bow to stern—so that Helen and Jean opposite each other, might have talked together. He smiled and nodded, and I saw the bow of his birch swerve as he dropped back in line with us, holding back to give us a tart.

I did not dare glance back at Mayhew while we ran the millrace. Twice block polished rocks flashed at us, almost scraping as we drove by, and I thought I heard someone shout. When we came out in quiet water finally, and Bulbous tried to talk, his voice shook so that I would not have known it.

"We'll go around the next one like that," he chattered.

Jean laughed. "Sorry, Mr. Mayhew, but there are no portages cut through here. It will take us two or three days if we try to carry. It is bad, though—with an incompetent guide. But of course you are not afraid for yourself—and our equipment is tied fast."

Bulbous snorted like an angry bear and said no more about carrying.

It still lacked an hour of sundown when Koot-nai drove his canoe past us, swung in and beached on a low point, on the west shore of the river.

He pointed northwest, and spoke to Mayhew when he stepped up out of our canoe. "Two days—in that direction. We camp on Lost River at sundown."

Jean came to us the next morning while we were breaking camp. He was smiling, and his eyes danced. He put a hand on my shoulder.

"She came to me last night, while I cooked supper, Jim, and told me that she is sorry for the way he talked to me. That she wanted to ride in my canoe! Today it is Koot-nai who knows the trail—we will walk together in spite of him!"

"Perhaps sometime Jean, he may go back alone," I told him again, and Jean laughed and went on with the packing.

(To be continued)

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Dogs

Chesapeakes and Spaniels—Cont'd

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Hounds—Continued

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Miscellaneous Dogs—Continued

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Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

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POLICE puppies, Kriminalpolizie blood lines. Ready for Xmas. Variety Farm, Gilman, Ill.

REGISTERED Police dogs. Bred Bitches and pups. John Hale, West Plains, Mo.

Dogs

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DID you never shift with the House of Shiff the Gunman, North Woodstock, New Hampshire? Largest stock standard guns. In 54 years absolutely never "Near," Inferior or Defective guns at any price. Exchanging on a straight 10% charge with four days' trial. My list is worth any man's stamp. (3-12)

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October 21, 1925.

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Yours very truly,
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IRISH Terriers. Satisfaction guaranteed. Registerable. Russell Morrison, Shelbyville, Ind. Route 7. (3-2)

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Danger ahead! Without taking your eyes off the pier, just lift the tiller—a natural impulse—and your Evinrude Sport Twin instantly reverses, and you travel full speed astern, instantly!

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CLAMP an EVINRUDE Sport Twin to any boat and it handles with the ease of your car and more responsively than a launch. Go full speed ahead—then reverse *quick,* almost instantly! Merely a lift of the tiller sends your boat astern!

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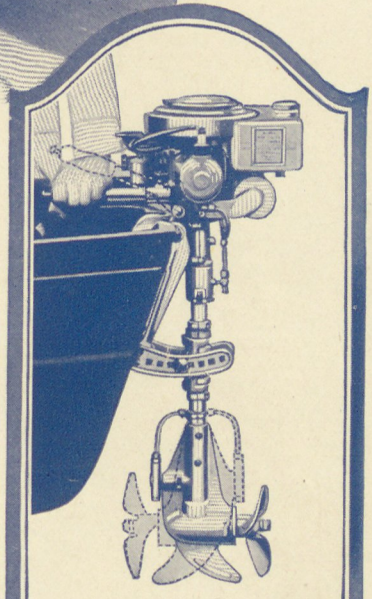

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